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A ROSE OF A HUNDRED LEAVES.

CHAPTER I.

THE WILD ROSE IS THE SWEETEST.

I TELL again the oldest, and the newest, story of all the world,—the story of Invincible Love!

This tale divine—ancient as the beginning of things, fresh and young as the passing hour—has forms and names various as humanity. The story of Aspatia Anneys is but one of these,—one leaf from all the roses in the world, one note of all its myriad of songs.

Aspatia was born at Seat-Ambar, an old house in Allerdale. It had Skiddaw to shelter it on the northwest; and it looked boldly out across the Solway, and into that sequestered valley in Furness known as "the Vale of the Deadly Nightshade." The plant still grew there abundantly, and the villagers still kept the knowledge of its medical value taught them by the old monks of Furness. For these curious, patient herbalists had discovered the blessing hidden in the fair, poisonous amaryllis, long before modern physicians called it "belladonna."

The plant, with all its lovely relations, had settled in the garden at Seat-Ambar. Aspatia's mother had loved them all: the girl could still remember her thin white hands clasping the golden jonquils in her coffin. This memory was in her heart, as she hastened through the lonely place one evening in spring. It ought to have been a pleasant spot, for it was full of snowdrops, and daffodils, and many sweet old-fashioned shrubs and flowers; but it was a stormy night, and the blossoms were plashed and downcast, and all the birds in hiding from the fierce wind and driving rain.

She was glad to get out of the gray, wet, shivery atmosphere, and to come into the large hall, ruddy and glowing with fire- and candle-light. Her brothers William and Brune sat at the table. Will was

counting money ; it stood in small gold and silver pillars before him ; Brune was making fishing-flies. Both looked up at her entrance : they did not think words necessary for such a little maid. Yet both loved her ; she was their only sister, and both gave her the respect to which she was entitled as co-heir with them of the Ambar estate.

She was just sixteen, and not yet beautiful. She was too young for beauty ; her form was not developed ; she would probably gain two or three inches in height, and her face, though exquisitely modelled, wanted the refining which either comes from a multitude of complex emotions or is given at once by some great heart-sorrow. Yet she had fascination for those capable of feeling her charm. Her large brown eyes had their child-like clearness ; they looked every one in the face with the security of good-will. Her mouth was a tempting mouth ; the lips had not lost their bow-shape ; they were red and pouting, but, withal, ever ready to part. She might have been born with a smile. Her hair, soft and dark, had that rarest quality of soft hair, a tendency to make itself into little curls and tendrils and stray down the white throat and over the white brow. Yet it was carefully parted and confined in two long braids, tied at the ends with a black ribbon.

She wore a black dress. It was plainly made, and its broad ruffle round the open throat gave it an air of simplicity almost child-like in effect. Her arms below the elbows were uncovered, and her hands were small and finely formed, as patrician hands should be. There was no ring upon them, and no bracelet above them. She wore neither brooch nor locket, nor ornament of any kind about her person,—only a daffodil laid against the snowy skin of her bosom. Even this effect was not the result of coquetry ; it was a holy and loving sentiment materialized.

Altogether, she was a girl quite in keeping with the antique, home-like air of the handsome room she entered ; her look, her manner, and even her speech, had the local stamp : she was evidently a daughter of the land. Her brothers resembled her, after their masculine fashion. They were big men, whom Nature had built for the spaces of the moors and mountains and the wide entrances of these old Cumberland homes. They would have been pushed to pass through narrow city door-ways. A fine open-air color was in their faces ; they had that confident manner which great physical strength imparts, and that air of conscious pride which is born in lords of the soil.

Indeed, William and Brune Anneys made one understand how truthfully popular nomenclature has called an Englishman "John Bull." For whoever has seen a bull in its native pastures—proud, obstinate, conscious of its strength, and withal a little surly—must understand that there is a taurine basis to the English character, finely expressed by the national appellation.

A great thing was to happen that hour, and all three were as unconscious of the approaching Fate as if it was to be a part of another existence. Squire William finished his accounts, and played a game of chess with his brother. Aspatria walked up and down the hall, with her hands clasped behind her, or sat still in the Squire's hearth-chair, with her dress lifted a little in front, to let the pleasant

heat fall upon her ankles. She did not think of reading, or of sewing, or of improving the time in any way. Perhaps she was not as dependent on books as the women of this generation. Aspatria's mind was sensitive and observing: it lived very well on its own ideas.

The storm increased in violence; the rain beat against the windows, and the wind howled at the nail-studded oak door, as if it intended to blow it down. A big ploughman entered the room, shyly pulled his front hair, and looked with stolid inquiry into his master's face. The Squire pushed aside the chess-board, rose, and went to the hearth-stone, for he was young in his authority, and he felt himself on the hearth-stone to hold an impregnable position.

"Well, Steve Bell, what is it?"

"Be I to sow the high land next, sir?"

"If you can have a face or back wind, it will be best; if you have an elbow-wind, you must give the land an extra half-bushel."

"Be I to sow mother-of-corn * on the east holme?"

"It is matterless. Is it going to be a flashy spring?"

"A right season, sir,—plenty of manger-meat."

"How is the weather?"

"The rain is near past; it will take up at midnight."

As he spoke, Aspatria—who had been sitting with folded hands and half-shut eyes—straightened herself suddenly, and threw up her head to listen. There was certainly the tramp of a horse's feet, and in a moment the door was loudly and impatiently struck with the metal handle of a riding-whip.

Steve Bell went to answer the summons; Brune trailed slowly after him. Aspatria and the Squire heard nothing on the hearth but a human voice blown about, and away, by the wind. But Steve's reply was distinct enough:

"You be wanting Redware Hall, sir? *Cush!* it's unsensible to try for it. The hills are slape as ice; the becks are full; the moss will make a mouthful of you—horse and man—to-night."

The Squire went forward, and Aspatria also. Aspatria lifted a candle, and carried it high in her hand. That was the first glimpse of her that Sir Ulfar Fenwick had.

"You must stay at Seat-Ambar to-night," said William Anneys. "You cannot go further and be sure of your life. You are welcome here, heartily, sir."

The traveller dismounted, gave his horse to Steve, and, with words of gratitude, came out of the rain and darkness into the light and comfort of the home opened to him. "I am Ulfar Fenwick," he said,—*"Fenwick of Fenwick and Outerby; and I think you must be William Anneys of Ambar-Side."*

"The same, sir. This is my brother Brune, and my sister Aspatria. You are dreeping wet, sir. Come to my room and change your clothing."

Sir Ulfar bowed and smiled assent; and the bow and the smile were Aspatria's. Her cheeks burned; a strange new life was in all

* Clover.

her veins. She hurried the housekeeper and the servants, and she brought out the silver, and the damask, and the famous crystal cup in its stand of gold, which was the lucky bowl of Ambar-Side. When Fenwick came back to the hall, there was a feast spread for him; and he ate, and drank, and charmed every one with his fine manner and his witty conversation.

They sat until midnight,—an hour strange to Seat-Ambar. No one native in that house had ever seen it before, no one ever felt its mysterious influence. Sir Ulfar had been charming them with tales of the strange lands he had visited and the strange peoples who dwelt in them. He had not spoken much to Aspatia, but it was in her face he had found inspiration and sympathy. For her young eyes looked out with such eager interest, with glances so seeking, so without guile and misgiving, that their bright rays found a corner in his heart into which no woman had ever before penetrated. And she was equally subjugated by his more modern orbs,—orbs with that steely point of brilliant light generated by large experience and varied emotion,—electric orbs, such as never shone in the elder world.

When the clock struck twelve, Squire Anneys rose with amazement. "Why, it is strike of midnight!" he said. "It is past all, how the hours have flown! But we mustn't put off sleeping-time any longer. Good-night heartily to you, sir. It will be many a long day till I forget this night. What doings you have seen, sir!"

He was talking thus to his guest, as he led him to the guest-room. Aspatia still stood by the dying fire. Brune rose silently, stretched his big arms, and said, "I'll be going, likewise. You had best remember the time of night, Aspatia."

"What do you think of him, Brune?"

"Fenwick? I wouldn't think too high of him. One might have to come down a peg or two. He sets a good deal of store by himself, I should say."

"You and I are of two ways of judging, Brune."

"Never mind: Time will let light into all our ways of judging."

He went yawning up-stairs, and Aspatia slowly followed. She was not a bit sleepy. She was wider awake than she had ever been before. Her hands quivered like a swallow's wings; her face was rosy and luminous. She removed her clothing, and unbraided her hair and shook it loose over her slim shoulders. There was a smile on her lips through all these preparations for sleep,—a smile innocent and glad. Suddenly she lifted the candle and carried it to the mirror. She desired to look at herself, and she blushed deeply as she gratified the wish. Was she fair enough to please this wonderful stranger?

It was the first time such a query had ever come to her heart. She was inclined to answer it honestly. Holding the light slightly above her head, she examined her claims to his regard. Her expressive face, her starry eyes, her crimson, pouting lips, her long dark hair, her slight, virginal figure in its gown of white muslin scantily trimmed with English thread-lace, her small, bare feet, her air of child-like, curious happiness,—all these things, taken together, pleased and satisfied her desires, though she knew not how or why.

Then she composed herself with intentional earnestness. She must "say her prayers." As yet it was only "saying prayers" with Aspatia,—only a holy habit. A large Book of Common Prayer stood open against an oaken rest on a table; a cushion of black velvet was beneath it. Ere she knelt, she reflected that it was very late, and that her "Collect" and "Lord's Prayer" would be sufficient. Youth has such confidence in the sympathy of God. She dropped softly on her knees and said her portion. God would understand the rest. The little ceremony soothed her, as a mother's kiss might have done; and with a happy sigh she put out the light. The old house was dark and still, but her guardian angel saw her small hands loose lying on the snowy linen, and heard her whisper, "*Dear God! how happy I am!*" And this joyous orison was the "acceptable prayer" that left the smile of peace upon her sleeping face.

In the guest-chamber, Ulfar Fenwick was also holding a session with himself. He had come to his room very wide awake: midnight was an early hour to him. And the incidents he had been telling filled his mind with images of the past. He could not at once put them aside. Women he had loved and left visited his memory,—light loves of a season, in which both had declared themselves broken-hearted at parting and both had known they would very soon forget. Neither was much to blame: the maid had long ceased to remember his vows and kisses; he, in some cases, had forgotten her name. Yet, sitting there by the glowing oak logs, he had visions of fair faces in all kinds of surroundings,—in lighted halls, in moonlit groves under the great stars of the tropics, on the Shetland seas when the Aurora made for lovers an enchanted atmosphere and a light in which Beauty was glorified. Well, they had passed as April passes, and now,—

As a glimpse of a burnt out-ember
Recalls a regret of the sun,
He remembered, forgot, and remembered,
What Love saw done, and undone.

Aspatia was different from all. He whispered her strange name on his lips, and he thought it must have wandered from some sunny southern clime into these northern solitudes. His eyes shone; his heart beat; he said to it, "Make room for this innocent little one! What a darling she is! How clear! how candid! how beautiful! Oh to be loved by such a woman! Oh to kiss her!—to feel her kiss me!" He set his mouth tightly; the soft dreamy look in his face changed to one of purpose and pleasure.

"I shall win her, or die for it," he said. "By St. George! I would rather die than know any other man married her."

Yet the word "marriage" somewhat sobered him. "I should have to give up my voyage to the Spanish Colonies,—and I am very much interested in their struggle. I could not take her to Mexico, I suppose,—there is nothing but fighting there,—and I could not—no, I could not leave her. If she was mine, I should hate any one else to breathe the same air with her. I could not endure others to speak to her. I should want to strike any man who touched her hand.

Perhaps I had better go away in the morning, and ride this road no more. *I have made my plans.*"

And Fate had made other plans. Who can fight against his destiny? When he saw Aspatria in the morning, every plan that did not include her seemed unworthy of his consideration. She was ten times lovelier in the daylight. She had that fresh invincible charm which women of culture and intellect seldom have: she was inspired by her heart. It taught her a thousand delightful subjugating ways. She served his breakfast with her own fair hands, she offered him the first sweet flowers in the garden, she fluttered around his necessities, his desires, his intentions, with a grace and a kindness nothing but love could have taught her.

He thanked her with marvellous glances, with smiles, with single words dropped only for her ears, with all the potent eloquence which passion and experience teach. And he had to pay the price, as all men must do. The lesson he taught he also learned. "*Aspatria!*" he said, in soft, penetrating accents, and when she answered his call and came to his side, her dress trailing across his feet bewitched him. They were in the garden, and he clasped her hand, and went down the budding alleys with her, speechless, but gazing into her face until she dropped her tremulous, transparent lids before her eyes; they were too full of light and love to show to any mortal.

The sky was white and blue, the air fresh and sweet; the swallows had just come, and were chattering with the starlings; hundreds of daffodils "danced in the wind" and lighted the ground at their feet; troops of celandines starred the brook that babbled by the bee-skips; the southernwood, the wall-flower, the budding thyme and sweet-brier,—a thousand exhalations filled the air and intensified that intoxication of heart and senses which makes the first stage of love's fever delirious.

Fenwick went away in the afternoon, and his adieus were mostly made to the Squire. He had done his best to win his favor, and he had been successful. He left Seat-Ambar under an engagement to return soon and try his skill in wrestling and pole-leaping with Brune. Aspatria knew he would return: a voice which Fenwick's voice only echoed told her so. She watched him from her own window across the meadows, and up the mountain, until he was lost to her vision.

She was doubtless very much in love, though as yet she had not admitted the fact to herself. The experience had come with a really "shocking" swiftness. Her heart was half angry, and half abashed by its instantaneous surrender. Two circumstances had promoted this condition. First, the singular charm of the man. Ulfar Fenwick was unlike any one she had ever seen. The squires and gentlemen who came to Seat-Ambar were physically the finest fellows in England; but noble women look for something more than mere bulk in a man. Sir Ulfar Fenwick had this "something more." Culture, travel, great experience with women, had added to his heroic form a charm flesh and sinew alone could never compass. And if he had lacked all other physical advantages, he possessed eyes which had been filled to the brim with experiences of every kind,—gray eyes with pure, full lids

thickly fringed,—eyes always lustrous, sometimes piercingly bright. Secondly, Aspatria had no knowledge which helped her to ward off attack or protract surrender. In a multitude of lovers there is safety; but Fenwick was Aspatria's first lover.

He rode hard, as if he would ride from Fate. Perhaps he hoped at this early stage of feeling to do as he had often done before,—

To love—and then ride away.

He had also a fresh, pressing anxiety to see his sister, who was Lady of Redware Manor. Seven years—and much besides years—had passed since they met. She was his only sister, and ten years his senior. She loved him as mothers love,—unquestioningly, with miraculous excuses for all his shortcomings. She had been watching for his arrival many hours before he appeared.

"Ulfar! how welcome you are!" she cried, with tears in her eyes and in her voice. "Oh, my dear! how happy I am to see you once more!"

She might have been his only love, he kissed and embraced and kissed her again so fondly. Oh, wondrous tie of blood and kinship! At that moment there really seemed to Ulfar Fenwick no one in the whole world half so dear as his sister Elizabeth.

He told her he had lost his way in the storm and been detained by Squire Anneys; and she praised the Squire, and said "she would evermore love him for his kindness. I have met him once at the Election Ball in Kendal. He danced with me; 'we neighbor each other,' you see; and they are a grand old family, I can tell you."

"There is a younger brother, called Brune."

"I never saw him."

"A sister also,—a child yet, but very handsome. You ought to see her."

"Why?"

"You would like her. I do."

"Ulfar, there is a 'thus far' in everything. In your wooing and pursuing, the line lies south of Seat-Ambar. To wrong a woman of that house would be wicked and dangerous."

"Why should I wrong her? I have no intention to do so. I say she is a lovely lady, a great beauty, worthy of honest love and supreme devotion."

"Such a rant about love and beauty! Nine-tenths of the men who talk in this way do but blaspheme Love by taking his name in vain."

"However, Elizabeth, it is marriage or the Spanish Colonies for me. It is Miss Anneys, or Cuba, New Orleans, and Mexico. Santa Anna is a supreme villain. I have a fancy to see such a specimen."

"You are then between the devil and the deep sea; and I should say the one-legged Spaniard was preferable to the deep sea of matrimony."

"She is so fair! She has a virgin timidity that enchants me."

"It will become matronly indecision, or mental weakness of will. In the future it will drive you frantic."

"Her sweet sensibility——"

"Will crystallize into passionate irritation or callous opposition. These child-like, tender, clinging maidens are often capable of sudden and dangerous action. Better go to Cuba, or even to Mexico, Ulfar."

"I suppose she has wealth. You will admit that excellence?"

"She is co-heir with her brothers. She may have two thousand pounds a year. You cannot afford to marry a girl so poor."

"I have not yet come to regard a large sum of money as a kind of virtue, or the want of it as a crime."

"Your wife ought to represent you. How can this country-girl help you in the society to which you belong?"

"Society! What is society? In its elemental verity it means toil, weariness, loss of rest and health, useless expense, envy, disappointment, heartburnings,—all for the sake of exchanging entertainments with A and B, C and D. It means chaff instead of wheat."

"If you want to be happy, Ulfar, put this girl out of your mind. I am sure her brothers will oppose your suit. They will not let their sister leave Allerdale. No Anneys has ever done so."

"You have strengthened my fancy, Elizabeth. There is a deal of happiness in the idea of prevailing, of getting the mastery, of putting hinderances out of the way."

"Well, I have given you good advice."

"There are many 'counsels of perfection' nobody dreams of following. To advise a man in love, not to love, is one of them."

"Love!" she cried, scornfully. "Before you make such a fuss about the Spanish Colonies and their new-found freedom, free yourself, Ulfar! You have been a slave to some woman all your life. You are one of those men who are naturally not their own property. A child can turn you hither and thither; a simple country-girl can lead you."

And he laughed softly, and murmured,—

"There is a rose of a hundred leaves,
But the wild rose is the sweetest."

CHAPTER II.

FORGIVE ME, CHRIST!

THE ultimatum reached by Fenwick in the consideration of any subject was, to please himself. In the case of Aspatia Anneys he was particularly determined to do so. It was in vain Lady Redware entreated him to be rational. How could he be rational? It was the preponderance of the emotional over the rational in his nature which imparted so strong a personality to him. He grasped all circumstances by feeling, rather than by reason.

In a few days he was again at Seat-Ambar. Aspatia drew him, as the candle draws the moth which has once burnt its wings at it. And among the simple Anneys folk he found a hearty welcome. With Squire William he travelled the hills, and counted the flocks, and specu-

lated on the value of the iron-ore cropping out of the ground. With Brune he went line-fishing, and in the wide barns tried his skill in wrestling, or pole-leaping, or single-stick. He tolerated the rusticity of the life, for the charming moments he found with Aspatria.

No one like Ulfar Fenwick had ever visited Ambar-Side. To the young men, who read nothing but *The Gentleman's Magazine* and the *Whitehaven Herald*, and to Aspatria, who had but a volume of "The Ladies' Garden Manual," "Notable Things," her Bible and Common Prayer, Fenwick was a book of travel, song, and story, of strange adventures, of odd bits of knowledge and funny experiences. Things old and new fell from his handsome lips. Squire William and Brune heard them with grave attention, with delight and laughter, Aspatria with eyes full of wonder and admiration.

As the season advanced and they grew more familiar, Aspatria was thrown naturally into his society. The Squire was in the hay-field; Brune had his task there also. Or they were down at the Long Pool, washing the sheep, or on the fells, shearing them. In the haymaking, Aspatria and Fenwick made some pretence of assistance; but they both very soon wearied of the real labor. Aspatria would toss a few furrows of the warm, sweet grass; but it was much sweeter to sit down under the oak-tree, with Fenwick at her side, and watch the moving picture, and listen to the women singing in their high, shrill voices, as they turned the swaths, the "Song of the Mower," and the men mournfully shouting out the chorus to it,—

"We be all like grass! we be all like grass!"

As for the oak, it liked them to sit under it; all its leaves talked to each other about them. The starlings—though they are always in a hurry—stopped to look at the lovers, and went off with a Q-q-q of satisfaction. The crows—who are a bad lot—croaked innuendoes, and said "it was to be hoped evil would not come of such folly." But Aspatria and Fenwick only listened to each other: they saw the whole round world in each other's eyes.

Fenwick spoke very low: Aspatria had to droop her ear to his mouth to understand his words. And they were such delightful words, she could not bear to lose one of them. Then, as the sun grew warm, and the scent of the grass filled the soft air, and the haymakers were more and more subdued and quiet, heavenly languors stole over them. They sat hand in hand,—Aspatria sometimes with shut eyes humming to herself, sometimes dreamily pulling the long grass at her side; Fenwick mostly silent, yet often whispering those words which are single because they are too sweet to be double,—"Darling! Dearest! Beauty! Angel!" and the words drew her eyes to his eyes, drew her lips to his lips; ere she was aware, her heart had passed from her in long, loving, stolen kisses. On the fells, in the garden, in the empty, silent rooms of the old house, it was a repetition of the same divine song, with wondrously celestial variations. Goethe puts in "Faust" an "Interlude in Heaven:" Fenwick and Aspatria were in their "Interlude."

One evening they stood among the wheat-sheaves. The round,

yellow harvest-moon was just rising above the fells, and the stars trembling into vision. The reapers had gone away; their voices made faint, fitful echoes down the misty lane. The Squire was driving home one load of ripe wheat, and Brune another. Aspatria said, softly, "The day is over. We must go home. Come!"

She stood in the warm mystical light, with one hand upon the bound sheaf, the other stretched out to him. Her slim form in its white dress, her upturned face, her star-like eyes,—he saw all at a glance. He was subjugated to the innermost room of his heart. He answered, with inexpressible emotion,—

"Come! come to me, my Dear One! My Love! My Joy! My Wife!" He held her close to his heart; he claimed her by no formal special "Yes," but by all the sweet reluctances, and sweeter yieldings, the thousand nameless consents won day by day.

Oh, the glory of that homeward walk! The moon beamed upon them. The trees bent down to touch them. The heath and the honey-suckle made a posy for them. The nightingale sang them a canticle. They did not seem to walk; they trod on ether; they moved as people move in happy dreams of other stars, where thought and wish are motion. It would have been heaven upon earth, if those minutes could have lasted; but it was only an "Interlude."

That night Fenwick spoke to Squire William and asked him for his sister. The Squire was honestly confounded by the question. Aspatria was such a "little lass!" It was "beyond everything to talk of marrying her." Still, in his heart he was proud and pleased at such high fortune for the "little lass;" and he said, "as soon as Fenwick's father and family came forward as they should do, he would never be the one to say nay."

Fenwick's father lived at Fenwick Castle, on the shore of bleak Northumberland. He was an old man, but his natural feelings and wisdom were not abated. He consulted the "History of Cumberland," and found that the family of Ambar-Anneys was as ancient and honorable as his own. But the girl was country-bred, and her fortune was small, and in a measure dependent upon her brother's management of the estate. A careless Master of Ambar-Side would make Aspatria poor. While he was considering these things, Lady Redware arrived at the castle, and they talked over the matter together.

"I expected Ulfar to marry very differently; and I must say I am disappointed. But I suppose it will be useless to make any opposition, Elizabeth," the old man said to his daughter.

"Quite useless, father. But absence works miracles. Try and secure twelve months. You ought to go to a warm climate this winter: ask Ulfar to take you to Italy. In a year, Time may re-shuffle the cards. And you must write to the girl, and to her eldest brother, who is a fine fellow and as proud as Lucifer. I called upon them before I left Cumberland. She is very handsome."

"Handsome! Old men know, Elizabeth, that six months after a man is married, it makes little difference to him whether his wife is handsome or not."

"That may be, or it may not be, father. The thing to consider is,

that young men, unfortunately, persist in marrying for that first six months."

"Well, then, Fortune pilots many a ship not steered. Suppose we leave things to circumstances?"

"No, no! Human affairs are for the most part arranged in such a way that those turn out best to which most care is devoted."

So the letters were thoughtfully written, the one to Aspatria being of a paternal character, that to her brother polite and complimentary. To his son Ulfar the old baronet made a very clever appeal. He reminded him of his great age, and of the few opportunities left for showing his affection and obedience. He regretted the necessity for a residence in Italy during the winter, but trusted to his son's love to see him through the experience. He congratulated Ulfar on winning the love of a young girl so fresh and unspoiled by the world, but kindly insisted upon the wisdom of a little delay, and the great benefit this delay would be to himself.

It was altogether a very temperate, wise letter, appealing to the best side of Ulfar's nature. Squire William read it also, and gave it his most emphatic approval. He was in no hurry to lose his little sister. She was but a child yet, and knew nothing of the world she was going into; and "surely to goodness," he said, looking at the child, "she must have a lot of things to look after, before she could think of wedding."

This last conjecture touched Aspatria on a very womanly point. Of course there were all her "things" to get ready. She had never possessed but a few frocks at a time, and those of the simplest character; but she was quite alive to the necessity of an elaborate wardrobe, and she had also an instinctive sense of what would be proper for her position.

So the suggestions of Ulfar's father were accepted in their entirety, and the old gentleman was put into a very good temper by the fact. And what was a year? "It will pass like a dream," said Ulfar. "And I shall write constantly to you, and you will write to me; and when we meet again it will be to part no more." Oh, the poverty of words in such straits as these! Men say the same things in the same extremities now that have been said millions of times before them. And Aspatria felt as if there ought to have been entirely new words, to express the joy of their betrothal and the sorrow of their parting.

The short delay of a last week together was perhaps a mistake. A very young girl, to whom great joy and great sorrow are alike fresh experiences, may afford a prolonged luxury of the emotions of parting. Love, more worldly-wise, deprecates its demonstrativeness, and would avert it altogether. The farewell walks, the sentimental souvenirs, the pretty and petty devices of Love's first dream, are tiresome to more practised lovers; and Ulfar had often proved what very cobwebs they were to bind a straying fancy.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Perhaps so, if the last memory be an altogether charming one. It was, unfortunately, not so in Aspatria's case. It should have been a closely personal farewell with Ulfar alone; but Squire Anneys, in his hospitable ignorance, gave

it a public character. Several neighboring squires and dames came to breakfast. There was cup-drinking, and toasting, and speech-making, and Ulfar's last glimpse of his betrothed was standing in the wide porch, surrounded by a waving, jubilant crowd of strangers, whose intermeddling in his joy he deeply resented. Anneys had invited them in accord with the traditions of his house and order. Fenwick thought it was a device to make stronger his engagement to Aspatria.

"As if it needed such contrivances!" he muttered, angrily. "When it does, it is a broken thread, and no Anneys can knot it again."

The weeks that followed were full of new interests to Aspatria. Mistress Frosthams, the wife of a near shepherd-lord, had been the friend of Aspatria's mother; she was fairly conversant with the world outside the fells and dales, and she took the girl under her care, accompanied her to Whitehaven, and directed her in the purchase of all considered necessary for the wife of Ulfar Fenwick.

Then the deep snows shut in Seat-Ambar, and the great white hills stood round about it like fortifications. But as often as it was possible the Dalton postman fought his way up there, with his packet of accumulated mail; for he knew that a warm welcome and a large reward awaited him. In the main, the long same days went happily by. William and Brune had a score of resources for the season; the farm-servants worked in the barn; they were making and mending sacks for the wheat, and caps for the sheep's heads in fly-time, sharpening scythes and tools, doing the in-door work of a great farm, and mostly singing as they did it.

As Aspatria sat in her room, surrounded by fine cambric and linen and that exquisite English thread-lace now gone out of fashion, she could hear their laughter and their song; and she unconsciously set her stitches to its march and melody. The days were not long to her. So many dozens of garments to make with her own slight fingers! She had not a moment to waste; but the necessity was one of the sweetest delight. The solitude and secrecy of her labor added to its charm. She never took her sewing into the parlor. And yet she might have done so: William and Brune had a delicacy of affection for her which would have made them blind to her occupation, and densely stupid as to its design.

So, although the days were mostly alike, they were not unhappily so; and at intervals Destiny sent her the surprises she loves. One morning in the beginning of February, Aspatria felt that the postman ought to come; her heart presaged him. The day was clear and warm,—so much so, that the men working in the barn had all the windows open. They were singing in rousing tones the famous North Country song to the "Barley Mow," and drinking it through all its verses, out of the jolly brown bowl, the nipperkin, the quarter-pint, the quart and the pottle, the gallon and the anker, the hogshead and the pipe, the well, and the river, and the ocean, and then rolling back the chorus, from ocean to the jolly brown bowl. Suddenly, while a dozen men were shouting in unison,—

"Here's a health to the barley mow!"

the verse was broken by the cry of "Here comes Ringham the post-man!" Then Aspatria ran to the window and saw him climbing the fell. She did not like to go down-stairs until Will called her; but she could not sew another stitch. And when at last the aching silence in her ears was filled by Will's joyful "Come here, Aspatria! Here is such a parcel as never was,—from foreign parts, too!" she hardly knew how her feet twinkled down the long corridor and stairs.

The parcel was from Rome. Ulfar had sent it to his London banker, and the banker had sent a special messenger to Dalton with it. Over the fells at that season no one but Ringham could have found a safe way; and Ringham was made so welcome that he was quite imperious. He ordered himself a rasher of bacon and a bowl of the famous barley broth, and spread himself comfortably before the great hearth-place. At the table stood Aspatria, William, and Brune. Aspatria was nervously trying to undo the seals and cords that bound Love's message to her. Will finally took his pocket-knife and cut them. There was a long letter, and a box containing exquisite ornaments of Roman cameos,—precious onyx, made more precious by work of rare artistic beauty; a comb for her dark hair; a necklace for her white throat; bracelets for her slender wrists; a girdle of stones linked with gold for her waist. Oh, how full of simple delight she was! She was too happy to speak. Then Will discovered a smaller package. It was for himself and Brune. Will's present was a cameo ring, on which were engraved the Anneys and Fenwick arms. Brune had a scarf-pin, representing a lovely Hebe. It was a great day at Seat-Ambar. Aspatria could work no more; Will and Brune felt it impossible to finish the game they had begun.

There is a tide in everything: this was the spring-tide of Aspatria's love. In its overflowing she was happy for many a day after her brothers had begun to speculate and wonder "why Ringham did not come." Suddenly it struck her that the snow was gone, and the road open, and there was no letter. She began to worry, and Will quietly rode over to Dalton, to ask if any letter was lying there. He came back empty-handed, silent, and a little surly. "The anniversary of their meeting was at hand: surely Ulfar would remember it," so Aspatria thought, and she watched from dawn to dark, but no token of remembrance came. The flowers began to bloom, the birds to sing, the May sunshine flooded the earth with glory, but fear and doubt and dismay and daily disappointment made deepest, darkest winter in the low, long room where Aspatria watched and waited. Her sewing had been thrown aside. The half-finished garments, neatly folded, lay under a cover she had no strength to remove.

In June she wrote a pitiful little note to her lover. She said he ought to tell her, if he was tired of their engagement. She told Will what she had said, and asked him to post the letter. He answered, angrily, "Don't you write a word to him, good or bad." And he tore the letter into twenty pieces before her eyes.

"Oh, Will, I cannot bear it!"

"Thou art a woman: bear what other women have tholed before thee." Then he went angrily from her presence. Brune was thrum-

ming on the window-pane. She thought he looked sorry for her: she touched his arm and said, "Brune, will you take a letter to Dalton post for me?"

"For sure I will. Go thy ways and write it, and I'll be gone before Will is back."

It was an unfortunate letter, as letters written in a hurry always are. Absolute silence would have piqued and worried Ulfar. He would have fancied her sick,—dying, perhaps,—and the uncertainty, vague and portentous, would have prompted him to action, if only to satisfy his own mind. Sometimes he feared that a girl so sensitive would fade away in neglect; and he expected a letter from William Anneys saying so. But a hurried, halting, not very correct epistle, whose whole tenor was, "What is the matter? What have I done? Do you remember last year at this time?" irritated him beyond reply.

He was still in Italy when it reached him. Sir Thomas Fenwick was not likely ever to return to England. He was slowly dying, and he had been removed to a villa in the Italian hills. And Elizabeth Redware had a friend with her,—a young widow just come from Athens, who affected at times its splendid, picturesque, national costume. She was a very bright, handsome woman, whose fine education had been supplemented by travel, society, and a rather unhappy matrimonial experience. She knew how to pique and provoke, how to flirt to the very edge of danger and then sheer off, how to manipulate men before the fire of passion, as witches used to manipulate their waxen images before the blazing coals.

She had easily won Ulfar's confidence; she had even assisted in the selection of the cameos; and she declared to Elizabeth that "she would not for a whole world interfere between Ulfar and his pretty innocent! A natural woman was such a phenomenon! She was glad Ulfar was going to marry a phenomenon."

Elizabeth knew her better. She gave the couple opportunity, and they needed nothing more. There were already between them a good understanding, transparent secrets, little jokes, a confessed confidence. They quickly became affectionate. The lovely Sarah, "relict of Herbert Sandys, Esq.," not only reminded Ulfar of his vows to Aspatria, but in the very reminder she tempted him to break them. When Aspatria's letter was put into his hand, she was with him, marvellously arrayed in tissue of silver and brilliant colors. A head-dress of gold coins glittered in her fair braided hair; her long white arms were shining with bracelets; she was at once languid and impulsive, provoking Elizabeth and Ulfar to conversation, and then amazing them by the audacity and contradiction of her opinions.

"It is so fortunate," she said, "that Ulfar has found a little out-of-the-way girl to appreciate his great beauty. The world at present does not think much of masculine beauty. A handsome fellow who starts for any of its prizes is judged to be frivolous and poetical,—perhaps immoral: you see Byron's beauty made him unfit for a legislator; he could do nothing but write poetry. I should say it was Ulfar's best card to marry this innocent with the queer name: with his face and figure, he will never get into Parliament. No one would

trust him with taxes. He is born to make love; and he and his country Phyllis can go simpering and kissing through life together. If I was interested in Ulfar——”

“You *are* interested in Ulfar, Sarah,” interrupted Elizabeth. “You said so to me last night.”

“Did I? Nevertheless, life does not give us time to really question ourselves, and it is the infirmity of my nature to mistake feeling for evidence.”

“You must not change your opinions so quickly, Sarah.”

“It is often an element of success to change your opinions. It is hesitating among a variety of views that is fatal. The man who does not know what he wants is the man who is held cheap.”

“I am sure I know what I want, Sarah.” And, as he spoke, Ulfar looked with intelligence at the fair widow, and in answer she shot from her bright blue eyes a bolt of summer lightning that set aflame at once the emotional side of Ulfar’s nature.

“You say strange things, Sarah. I wish it was possible to understand you.”

“‘Who shall read the interpretation thereof?’ is written on everything we see,—especially on women.”

“I believe,” said Elizabeth, “that Ulfar has quarrelled with his country maid. Is there a quarrel, Ulfar, really?”

“No,” he answered, with some temper.

Sarah nodded at Ulfar, and said, softly, “The absent must be satisfied with the second place. However, if you have quarrelled with her, Ulfar, turn over a new leaf. I found that out when poor Sandys was alive. People who have to live together must blot a leaf now and then with their little tempers. The only thing is to turn over a new one.”

“If anything unpleasant happens to me,” said Ulfar, “I try to bury it.”

“You cannot do it. The past is a ghost not to be laid; and a past which is buried alive!—it is terrible.” It was Sarah who spoke, and with a sombre earnestness not in keeping with her usual character. There was a minute’s pregnant silence, and it was broken by the entrance of a servant with a letter. He gave it to Ulfar.

It was Aspatria’s sorrowful, questioning note. Written while Brune waited, it was badly written, incorrectly constructed and spelt, and generally untidy. It had the same effect upon Ulfar that a badly-dressed, untidy woman would have had. He was ashamed of the irregular, childish scrawl. He did not take the trouble to put himself in the atmosphere in which the anxious, sorrowful words had been written. He crushed the paper in his hand with much the same contemptuous temper with which Elizabeth had seen him treat a dunning letter. She knew, however, that this letter was from Aspatria, and, saying something about her father, she went into an adjoining room, and left Ulfar and Sarah together. She thought Sarah would be the proper alterative.

The first words Sir Thomas Fenwick uttered regarded Aspatria. Turning his head feebly, he asked, “Has Ulfar quarrelled with Miss Anneys? I hear nothing of her lately.”

"I think he is tired of his fancy for her. There is no quarrel."

"She was a good girl?—eh? Kind-hearted,—beautiful,—eh, Elizabeth?"

"She certainly was."

He said no more then; but at midnight, when Ulfar was sitting beside him, he called his son, and spoke to him on the subject. "I am going—almost gone—the way of all flesh, Ulfar. Take heed of my last words. You promised to make Miss Anneys your wife?—eh?"

"I did, father."

"Do not break your promise. If she gives it back to you, that might be well; but you cannot escape from your own word and deed. Honor keeps the door of the House of Life. To break your word is to set the door wide open,—open for sorrow and evil of all kinds. Take care, Ulfar."

The next day he died, and one of Ulfar's first thoughts was that the death set him free from his promise for one year at the least. A year contained a multitude of chances. He could afford to write to Aspatria under such circumstances. So he answered her letter at once, and it seemed proper to be affectionate, preparatory to reminding her that their marriage was impossible until the mourning for Sir Thomas was over. Also Death had softened his heart, and his father's last words had made him indeterminate, and a little superstitious. A clever woman of the world would not have believed in this letter; its *aura*—subtle but persistent as the perfume of the paper—would have made her doubt its fondest lines. But Aspatria had no idea other than that certain words represented absolutely certain feelings.

The letter made her joyful. It brought back the roses to her cheeks, the spring of motion to her steps. She began to work in her room once more. Now and then her brothers heard her singing the old song she had sung so constantly with Ulfar:

"A shepherd in a shade his plaining made,
Of Love, and lovers' wrong,
Unto the fairest lass that trod on grass,
And thus began his song:
Restore, restore my heart again,
Which thy sweet looks have slain,
Lest that, enforced by your disdain, I sing,
Fye! fye on Love! It is a foolish thing!"

"Since Love and Fortune will, I honor still
Your dark and shining eye;
What conquest will it be, sweet nymph, to thee,
If I for sorrow die?
Restore, restore my heart again,
Which thy sweet looks have slain,
Lest that, enforced by your disdain, I sing,
Fye! fye on Love! It is a foolish thing!"

But the lifting of the sorrow was only that it might press more heavily. No more letters came; no message of any kind; none of the pretty love-gages he delighted in giving during the first months of their acquaintance. A gloom more wretched than that of death or

sickness settled in the old rooms of Seat-Ambar. William and Brune carried its shadow on their broad, rosy faces into the hay-fields and the wheat-fields. It darkened all the summer days, and dulled all the usual mirth-making of the ingathering feasts. William was cross and taciturn. He loved his sister with all his heart, but he did not know how to sympathize with her. Even mother-love, when in great anxiety, sometimes wraps itself in this unreasonable irritability. Brune understood better. He had suffered from a love-change himself; he knew its ache and longing, its black despairs and still more cruel hopes. He was always on the lookout for Aspatria; and one day he heard news which he thought would interest her. Lady Redware was at the Hall. William had heard it a week before, but he had not considered it prudent to name the fact. Brune had a kinder intelligence.

"Aspatria," he said, "Redware Hall is open again. I saw Lady Redware in the village."

"Brune! Oh, Brune, is he there too?"

"No, he isn't. I made sure of that."

"Brune, I want to go to Redware. Perhaps his sister may tell me the truth. Go with me. Oh, Brune, go with me! I am dying of suspense and uncertainty."

"Ay, they're fit to kill anybody, let alone a little lass like you. It will put William about, and it may make bad bread between us; but I'll go with you, even if we do have a falling-out. I'm not flayed for William's rages."

The next market-day Brune kept his word. As soon as Squire Anneys had climbed the fell breast and passed over the brow of the hill, Brune was at the door with horses for Aspatria and himself. She was a good rider, and they made the distance, in spite of hills and hollows, in two hours. Lady Redware was troubled at the visit, but she came to the door to welcome Aspatria, and she asked Brune with particular warmth to come into the house with his sister. Brune knew better: he was sure in such a case it would prove a mere formal call, and that Aspatria would never have the courage to ask the questions she wished to.

But Aspatria had come to that point of mental suffering when she wanted to know the truth, even though the truth was the worst. Lady Redware saw the determination on her face, and resolved to gratify it. She was shocked at the change in Aspatria's appearance. Her beauty was, in a measure, gone. Her eyes were hollow, and the lids dark and swollen with weeping. Her figure was more angular. The dew of youth, the joy of youth, was over. She drooped like a fading flower. If Ulfar saw her in such condition he might pity, but assuredly he would not admire her.

Lady Redware kissed the poor girl. "Come in, my dear," she said, kindly. "How ill you look! Here is wine: take a drink."

"I am ill. I even hope I am dying. Life is so hard to bear. Ulfar has forgotten me. I have vexed him, and cannot find out in what way. If you would only tell me!"

"You have not vexed him at all."

"What then?"

"He is tired, or he has seen a fresher face. That is Ulfar's great fault. He loves too well, because he does not love very long. Can you not forget him?"

"No."

"You must have other lovers?"

"No. I never had a lover until Ulfar wooed me. I will have none after him. I shall love him until I die."

"What folly!"

"Perhaps. I am only a foolish child. If I had been wise and clever he would not have left me. It is my fault. Do you believe he will ever come to Seat-Ambar again?"

"I do not think he will. It is best to tell you the truth. My dear, I am truly sorry for you! Indeed I am, Aspatria!"

The girl had covered her face with her thin white hands. Her attitude was so hopeless that it brought the tears to Lady Redware's eyes. Hoping to divert her attention, she said,—

"Who called you Aspatria?"

"It was my mother's name. She was born in Aspatria, and she loved the place very much."

"Where is it, child? I never heard of it."

"Not far away, on the sea-coast,—a little town that, brother Will says, has been asleep for centuries. Such a pretty place, straggling up the hill-side, and looking over the sea. Mother was born there, and she is buried there, in the church-yard. It is such an old church,—one thousand years old! Mother said it was built by Saint Kentigern. I went there to pray last week, by mother's grave. I thought she might hear me, and help me to bear the suffering."

"You poor child! It is shameful of Ulfar!"

"He is not to blame. Will told me that it was a poor woman couldn't keep what she had won."

"It was very brutal in Will to say such a thing."

"He did not mean it unkindly. We are plain-spoken people, Lady Redware. Tell me, as plainly as Will would tell me, if there is any hope for me. Does Ulfar love me at all, now?"

"I fear not."

"Are you sure?"

"I am sure."

"Thank you. Now I will go." She put out her hands before her, as if she was blind and had to feel her way; and in answer to all Lady Redware's entreaties to remain, to rest, to eat something, she only shook her head, and stumbled forward. Brune saw her coming. He was standing by the horses, but he left them, and went to meet his sister. Her misery was so visible that he put her in the saddle with fear. But she gathered the reins silently, and motioned him to proceed; and Aspatria's last sad smile haunted Lady Redware for many a day. Long afterwards, she recalled it with a sharp gasp of pity and annoyance. It was such a proud, sorrowful farewell.

She reached home, but it took the last remnant of her strength. She was carried to her bed, and she remained there many weeks. The hills were white with snow, and the winter winds were sounding

among them like the chant of a high mass, when she came down once more to the parlor. Even then, Will carried her like a baby in his arms. He had carried her mother in the same way, when she began to die; and his heart trembled and smote him. He was very tender with his little sister, but tempests of rage tossed him to and fro when he thought of Ulfar Fenwick.

And he was compelled lately to think of him very often. All over the fell side, all through Allerdale, it had begun to be whispered, "Aspatria Anneys has been deserted by her lover." How the fact had become known it was difficult to discover: it was as if it had flown from roof to roof with the sparrows. Will could see it in the faces of his neighbors, could hear it in the tones of their speech, could feel it in the clasp of their hands. And he thought of these things, until he could not eat a meal or sleep an hour in peace. His heart was on fire with suppressed rage. He told Brune that all he wanted was to lay Fenwick across his knees and break his neck. And then he spread out his mighty hands, and clasped and unclasped them with a silent force that had terrible anticipation in it. And he noticed that after her illness his sister no longer wore the circlet of diamonds which had been her betrothal-ring. She had evidently lost all hope. Then it was time for him to interfere.

Aspatria feared it when he came to her room one morning and kissed her and bade her good-by. He said he was "going a bit off, and might be a week away,—happen more." But she did not dare to question him. Will at times had masterful ways, which no one dared to question.

Brune knew where his brother was going. The night before, he had taken Brune to the little room which was called "the Squire's room." In it there was a large oak chest, black with age and heavy with iron bars. It contained the title-deeds, and many other valuable papers. Will explained these and the other business of the farm to Brune; and Brune did not need to ask him why. He was well aware what business William Anneys was bent on, before Will said,—

"I am going to Fenwick Castle, Brune. I am going to make that measureless villain marry Aspatria."

"Is it worth while, Will?"

"It is worth while. He shall keep his promise. If he does not, I will kill him—or he must kill me."

"If he kills you, Will, he must then fight me." And Brune's face grew red and hot, and his eyes flashed angry fire.

"That is as it should be: only keep your anger at interest until you have lads to take your place. We mustn't leave Ambar-Side without an Anneys to heir it. I fancy your wrath won't get cold while it is waiting."

"It will get hotter and hotter."

"And, whatever happens, don't you be saving of kind words to Aspatria. The little lass has suffered more than a bit; and she is that like mother! I couldn't bide, even if I was in my grave, to think of her wanting kindness."

The next morning Will went away. Brune would not talk to

Aspatria about the journey. This course was a mistake: it would have done her good to talk continually of it. As it was, she was left to chew over and over the cud of her mournful anticipations. She had no womanly friend near her. Mrs. Frostham had drawn back a little when people began to talk of "poor Miss Anneys." She had daughters, and she did not feel that her friendship for the dead included the living, when the living were unfortunate and had questionable things said about them.

And the last bitter drop in Aspatria's cup full of sorrow was the hardness of her heart towards Heaven. She could not care about God; she thought God did not care for her. She had tried to make herself pray, even by going to her mother's grave; but she felt no spark of that hidden fire which is the only acceptable prayer. There was a Christ cut out of ivory, nailed to a large ebony cross, in her room. It had been taken from the grave of an old abbot in Aspatria Church, and had been in her mother's family three hundred years. It was a Christ that had been in the grave and had come back to earth. Her mother's eyes had closed forever while fixed upon it; and to Aspatria it had always been an object of supreme reverence and love. She was shocked to find herself unmoved by its white pathos. Even at her best hours she could only stand with clasped hands and streaming eyes before it, and with sad imploration cry,—

"I cannot pray! I cannot pray! Forgive me, Christ!"

CHAPTER III.

ONLY BROTHER WILL.

It was a dull raw day in late autumn, especially dull and raw near the sea, where there was an evil-looking sky to the eastward. Ulfar Fenwick stood at a window in Castle Fenwick which commanded the black, white-frilled surges. He was watching anxiously the point at which the pale gray wall of fog was thickest,—a wall of inconceivable height, resting on the sea, reaching to the clouds,—when suddenly there emerged from it a beautifully-built schooner-yacht. She cut her way through the mysterious barrier as if she had been a knife, and came forward with short, stubborn plunges.

All over the North Sea there are desolate places full of the cries of parting souls, but nowhere more desolate spaces than around Fenwick Castle; and, as the winter was approaching, Ulfar was anxious to escape its loneliness. His yacht had been taking in supplies; she was making for the pier at the foot of Fenwick Cliff, and he was dressed for the voyage and about to start upon it. He was going to the Mediterranean,—to Civita Vecchia,—and his purpose was the filial one of bringing home the remains of the late baronet. He had promised faithfully to see them laid with those of his fore-elders* on the windy Northumberland coast; and he felt that this duty must be done,

* A North Country word for *ancestors*.

ere he could comfortably travel the westward route he had so long desired.

He was slowly buttoning his pilot-coat, when he heard a heavy step upon the flagged passage. Many such steps had been up and down it that hour, but none with the same fateful sound. He turned his face anxiously to the door, and as he did so it was flung open, as if by an angry man, and William Anneys walked in, frowning and handling his big walking-stick with a subdued passion that filled the room as if it had been suddenly charged with electricity. The two men looked steadily at each other, neither of them flinching, neither of them betraying by the movement of an eyelash the emotion that sent the blood to their faces and the wrath to their eyes.

"William Anneys! What do you want?"

"I want you to set your wedding-day. It must not be later than the fifteenth of this month."

"Suppose I refuse to do so? I am going to Italy for my father's body."

"You shall not leave England until you marry my sister."

"Suppose I refuse to do so?"

"Then you will have to take your chances of life or death. You will give me satisfaction first; and, if you escape the fate you well deserve, Brune may have better fortune."

"Duelling is now murder, sir, unless we pass over to France."

"I will not go to France. Wrestling is not murder, and we both know there is a 'throw' to kill; and I will 'throw' until I do kill,—or am killed. There's Brune after me."

"I have ceased to love your sister. I dare say she has forgotten me. Why do you insist on our marriage? Is it that she may be Lady Fenwick?"

"Look you, sir! I care nothing for lordships or ladyships: such things are matterless to me. But your desertion has set wicked suspicions loose about Miss Anneys; and the woman they dare to think her, you shall make your wife. By God in heaven, I swear it!"

"They have said wrong of Miss Anneys! Impossible!"

"No, sir! they have not 'said' wrong. If any man in Allerdale had dared to 'say' wrong, I had torn his tongue from his mouth before I came here; and as for the women, they know well I would hold their husbands, or brothers, or sons, responsible for every ill word they spoke. But they *think* wrong, and they make me feel it everywhere. They look it; they shy off from Aspatria—oh, you know well enough the kind of thing going on."

"A wrong thought of Miss Anneys is atrocious. The angels are not more pure." He said the words softly, as if to himself; and William Anneys stood watching him with an impatience that in a moment or two found vent in an emphatic stamp with his foot.

"I have no time to waste, sir. Are you afraid to sup the ill broth you have brewed?"

"Afraid!"

"I see you have no mind to marry. Well, then, we will fight! I like that best."

"I will fight both you and your brother,—make any engagement you wish,—but if the fair name of Miss Anneys is in danger I have a prior engagement to marry her. I will keep it first. Afterwards I am at your service, Squire,—yours and your brother's ; for I tell you plainly that I shall leave my wife at the church door and never see her again."

"I care not how soon you leave her: the sooner the better. Will the eleventh of this month suit you?"

"Make it the fifteenth. To what church will you bring my fair bride?"

"Keep your scoffing for a fitter time. If you look in that way again, I will strike the smile off your lips, with a hand that will leave you little smiling in the future." And he passed his walking-stick to his left and doubled his large right hand with an ominous readiness

"We may even quarrel like gentlemen, Mr. Anneys."

"Then don't you laugh like a blackguard,—that's all."

"Answer me civilly. At what church shall I meet Miss Anneys, and at what hour on the fifteenth?"

"At Aspatria Church, at eleven o'clock."

"Aspatria?"

"Ay, to be sure! There will be witnesses there, I can tell you,—generations of them,—centuries of generations. They will see that you do the right thing, or they will dog your steps till you have paid the uttermost farthing of the wrong. Mind what you do, then."

"The dead frighten me no more than the living do."

"You will find out, maybe, what the vengeance of the dead is. I would be willing to leave you to it, if you shab off, and I am not sure but what you will."

"William Anneys, you are sure I will not. You are saying such things to provoke me to a fight."

"What reason have I to be sure? All the vows you made to Aspatria you have counted as a fool's babble."

"I give you my word of honor. Between gentlemen that is enough."

"To be sure! To be sure! Gentlemen can make it enough. But a poor little lass,—what can she do but pine herself into a grave?"

"I will listen to you no longer, Squire Anneys. If your sister's good name is at stake, it is my first duty to shield it with my own name. If that does not satisfy your sense of honor, I will give you and your brother whatever satisfaction you desire. On the fifteenth of this month, at eleven o'clock, I will meet you at Aspatria Church. Where shall I find the place?"

"It is not far from Gosforth and Dalton,—on the coast. You cannot miss it,—unless you never look for it."

"Sir!"

"Unless you never look for it. I do not feel to trust you. But this is a promise made to a man,—made to William Anneys,—and he will see that you keep it, or else that you pay for the breaking of it."

"Good-morning, Squire. There is no necessity to prolong such an unpleasant visit."

"Nay, I will not 'good-morning' with you. I have not a good wish of any kind for you."

With these defiant words he left the castle, and Fenwick threw off his pilot-coat and sat down to consider. First thoughts generally come from the selfish, and therefore the worst, side of any nature; and Fenwick's first thoughts were that his yacht was ready to sail, and that he could go away, and stay away until Aspatria married—or some other favorable change took place. He cared little for England. With good management he could bring home and bury his father's dust without the knowledge of William Anneys. Then there was the West! America was before him, North and South. He had always promised himself to see the whole Western Continent ere he settled for life in England.

Such thoughts were naturally foremost, but he did not encourage them. He felt no lingering sentiment of pity or love for Aspatria, but he realized very clearly what suspicion—what the slant eye, the whispered word, the scornful glance, the doubtful shrug—meant in those primitive valleys. And he *had* loved the girl dearly; he *had* promised to marry her. If she wished him to keep his promise,—if it was a necessity to her honor,—then he would redeem with his own honor his foolish words. He told himself constantly that he had not a particle of fear, that he despised Will and Brune Anneys and their brutal vows of vengeance; but—but perhaps they did unconsciously influence him. Life was sweet to Ulfar Fenwick, full of new dreams and hopes set in all kinds of new surroundings. For Aspatria Anneys why should he die? It was better to marry her. The girl had been sweet to him, very sweet! After all, he was not sure but what he preferred she should be so bound to him as to prevent her marrying any other man. He still liked her well enough to feel pleasure in the thought that he had put her out of the reach of any future lover she might have.

Squire Anneys rode home in what Brune called "a pretty temper for any man." His horse was at the last point of endurance when he reached Seat-Ambar, he himself 'wet and muddy, "cross and unreasonable beyond everything." Aspatria feared the very sound of his voice. She fled to her room and bolted the door. At that hour she felt as if death would be the best thing for her; she had brought only sorrow, and trouble, and apprehended disgrace, to all who loved her.

"I think God has forgotten me too!" she cried, glancing with eyes full of anguish to the pale Crucified One hanging alone and forsaken in the darkest corner of the room. Only the white figure was visible: the Cross had become a part of the shadows. She remembered the joyous, innocent prayers that had been wont to make peace in her heart and music on her lips; and she looked with a sorrow that was almost reproach at her Book of Common Prayer, lying dusty and neglected on its velvet cushion. In her rebellious hopeless grief, she had missed all its wells of comfort. Oh, if an angel would only open her eyes! One had come to Hagar in the desert: Aspatria was almost in equal despair.

Yet when she heard her brother Will's voice she knew not of any

other sanctuary than the little table which held her Bible and Prayer Book, and upon which the wan, sad, ivory Christ looked down. In speechless misery, with clasped hands and low-bowed head, she knelt there. Will's voice, strenuous and stern, reached her at intervals. She knew from the silence in the kitchen and farm-offices, and the hasty movements of the servants, that Will was "cross;" and she greatly feared her eldest brother when he was in what Brune called "one of his rages."

A long lull was followed by a sharp call. It was Will calling her name. She felt it impossible to answer, impossible to move; and as he ascended the stairs and came grumbling along the corridor, she crouched lower and lower. He was at her door, his hand on the latch; then a few piteous words broke from her lips: "*Help, Christ, Saviour of the world!*"

Instantly, like a flash of lightning, came the answer, "*It is I. Be not afraid.*" She said the words herself, gave to her heart the promise and the comfort of it, and, so saying them, she drew back the bolt and stood facing her brother. He had a candle in his hand, and it showed her his red, angry face, and showed him the pale, resolute countenance of a woman who had prayed and been comforted.

He walked into the room and put the candle down on a small table in its centre. They both stood a moment by it; then Aspatria lifted her face to her brother and kissed him. He was taken aback and softened, and troubled at his heart. Her suffering was so evident; she was such a gray shadow of her former self.

"Aspatria! Aspatria! my little lass!" Then he stopped and looked at her again.

"What is it, Will? Dear Will, what is it?"

"You must be married on the fifteenth. Get something ready. I will see Mrs. Frostham and ask her to help you a bit."

"Whom am I to marry, Will? On the fifteenth? It is impossible! See how ill I am!"

"You are to marry Ulfar Fenwick. Ill? Of course you are ill; but you must go to Aspatria Church on the fifteenth. Ulfar Fenwick will meet you there. He will make you his wife."

"You have forced him to marry me. I will not go. I will not go. I will not marry Ulfar Fenwick."

"You shall go, if I carry you in my arms! You shall marry him, or I—will—kill—you!"

"Then kill me! Death does not terrify me. Nothing can be more cruel hard than the life I have lived for a long time."

He looked at her steadily, and she returned the gaze. His face was like a flame; hers was white as snow.

"There are things in life worse than death, Aspatria. There is dishonor, disgrace, shame."

"Is sorrow dishonor? Is it a disgrace to love? Is it a shame to weep when Love is dead?"

"Ay, my little lass, it may be a great wrong to love and to weep. There is a shadow round you, Aspatria; if people speak of you they drop their voices and shake their heads; they wonder, and they think

evil. Your good name is being smiled and shaken away, and I cannot find any one, man or woman, to thrash for it."

She stood listening to him with wide-open eyes, and lips dropping a little apart, every particle of color fled from them.

"It is for this reason Fenwick is to marry you."

"You forced him. I know you forced him." She seemed to drag the words from her mouth; they almost shivered; they broke in two as they fell halting on the ear.

"Well, I must say he did not need forcing, when he heard your good name was in danger. He said, manly enough, that he would make it good with his own name. I do not much think I could have either frightened or flogged him into marrying you."

"Oh, Will! I cannot marry him in this way! Let people say wicked things of me, if they will."

"Nay, I will not! I cannot help them *thinking* evil; but they shall not *look* it, and they shall not *say* it."

"Perhaps they do not even think it, Will. How can you tell?"

"Well enough, Aspatia. How many women come to Ambar-Side now? If you gave a dance next week, you could not get a girl in Allerdale to accept your invitation."

"Will?"

"It is the truth. You must stop all this by marrying Ulfar Fenwick. He saw it was only just and right: I will say that much for him."

"Let me alone until morning. I will do what you say.—Oh, mother! mother! I want mother now!"

"My poor little lass! I am only brother Will; but I am sorry for thee,—I am that!"

She tottered to the bedside, and he lifted her gently, and laid her on it; and then, as softly as if he was afraid of waking her, he went out of the room. Outside the door he found Brune. He had taken off his shoes, and was in his stocking-feet. Will grasped him by the shoulder and led him to his own chamber.

"What were you watching me for? What were you listening to me for? I have a mind to hit you, Brune."

"You had better not hit me, Will. I was not bothering myself about you. I was watching Aspatia. I was listening, because I knew the madman in you had got loose, and I was feared for my sister. I was not going to let you say, or do, things you would be sorry to death for when you came to yourself. And so you are going to let that villain marry Aspatia? You are not of my mind, Will. I would not let him put a foot into our decent family, or have a claim of any kind on our sister."

"I have done what I thought best."

"I don't say it is best."

"And I don't ask for your opinion. Go to your own room, Brune, and mind your own affairs."

And Brune, brought up in the religious belief of the natural supremacy of the elder brother, went off without another word, but with a heart full to overflowing of turbulent, angry thoughts.

In the morning Will went to see Mrs. Frostham. He told her of his interview with Ulfar Fenwick, and begged her to help Aspatria with such preparations as could be made. But neither to her nor yet to Aspatria did he speak of Fenwick's avowed intention to leave his wife after the ceremony. In the first place, he did not believe that Fenwick would dare to give him such a cowardly insult; and then, also, he thought that the sight of Aspatria's suffering would make him tender towards her. William Anneys's simple, kindly soul did not understand that of all things the painful results of our sins are the most irritating. The hatred we ought to give to the sin, or to the sinner, we give to the results.

Surely it was the saddest preparation for a wedding that could be. Will and Brune were "out." They did not speak to each other, except about the farm-business. Aspatria spent most of her time in her own room with a sempstress, who was making the long-delayed wedding-dress. The silk for it had been bought more than a year, and it had lost some of its lustrous color. Mrs. Frostham paid a short visit every day, and occasionally Alice Frostham came with her. She was a very pretty girl, gentle and affectionate to Aspatria, and just because of her kindness Will determined at some time to make her Mistress of Seat-Ambar.

But in the house there was a great depression, a depression that no one could avoid feeling. Will gave no orders for wedding-festivities: a great dinner and ball would have been a necessity under the usual circumstances, but there were no arrangements even for a breakfast. Aspatria wondered at the omission, but she did not dare to question Will; indeed, Will appeared to avoid her as much as he could.

Really, William Anneys was very anxious and miserable. He had no dependence upon Fenwick's promise, and he felt that if Fenwick deceived him there was nothing possible but the last vengeance. He had this thought constantly in his mind; and he was quietly ordering things on the farm for a long absence, and for Brune's management or succession. He paid several visits to Whitehaven, where he banked his money, and to Gosport, where his lawyer lived. He felt, during that terrible interval of suspense, very much as a man under sentence of death might feel.

The morning of the fifteenth broke chill and dark, with a promise of rain. Great Gable was carrying on a conflict with an army of gray clouds assailing his summit and boding no good for the weather. The fog rolled and eddied from side to side of the mountains, which projected their black forms against a ghastly, neutral tint behind them; and the air was full of that melancholy stillness which so often pervades the last days of autumn.

Squire Anneys had slept little for two weeks, and he had been awake all the previous night. While yet very early, he had every one in the house called. Still there were no preparations for company or feasting. Brune came down grumbling at a breakfast by candle-light, and he and William drank their coffee and made a show of eating almost in silence. But there was an unspeakable tenderness in William's heart, if he had known how to express it. He looked at Brune with a new

speculation in his eyes. Brune might soon be Master of Ambar-Side: what kind of a Master would he make? Would he be loving to Aspatria? When Brune had sons to heir the land, would he remember his promise, and avenge the insult to the Anneys, if he, William, should give his life in vain? Out of these questions many others arose; but he was naturally a man of few words, and not able to talk himself into a conviction that he was doing right; nor yet was he able to give utterance to the vague objections which, if defined by words, might perhaps have changed his feelings and his plans.

He had sent Aspatria word that she must be ready by ten o'clock. At eight she began to dress. Her sleep had been broken and miserable. She looked anxiously in the glass at her face. It was as white as the silk robe she was to wear. A feeling of dislike to the unhappy garment rose in her heart. She had bought the silk in the very noon of her love and hopes,—a shining piece of that pearl-like tint which only the most brilliant freshness and youth can becomingly wear. Many little accessories were wanting. She tried the Roman cameos with it, and they looked heavy; she knew in her womanly heart that it needed the lustre of gems, the sparkle of diamonds or rubies.

Mrs. Frostham came a little later and assisted her in her toilet; but a passing thought of the four bridemaids she had once chosen for this office made her eyes dim, while the stillness of the house, the utter neglect of all symbols of rejoicing, gave an ominous and sorrowful atmosphere to the bride-robing. Still, Aspatria looked very handsome; for, as the melancholy toilet offices proceeded with so little interest and so little sympathy, a sense of resentment had gradually gathered in the poor girl's heart. It made her carry herself proudly; it brought a flush to her cheeks, and a flashing, trembling light to her eyes which Mrs. Frostham could not comfortably meet.

A few minutes before ten, she threw over all her fateful finery a large white cloak, which added a decided grace and dignity to her appearance. It was a garment Ulfar had sent her from London,—a long, mantle-like wrap, made of white cashmere, and lined with quilted white satin. Long cords and tassels of chenille fastened it at the throat; and the hood was trimmed with soft white fur. She drew the hood over her head; she felt glad to hide the wreath of orange-buds and roses which Mrs. Frostham had insisted upon her wearing,—the sign and symbol of her maidenhood.

Will looked at her with stern lips, but as he wrapped up her satin-sandalled feet in the carriage he said softly to her, "God bless you, Aspatria!" His voice trembled, but not more than Aspatria's as she answered, "Thank you, Will. You and Brune are father and mother to me, to-day. There is no one else."

"Never mind, my little lass. We are enough."

She was alone in the carriage. Will and Brune rode on either side of her. The Frosthams, the Dawsons, the Bellendens, the Atkinsons, and the Lutons, followed. Will had invited every one to the church, and curiosity brought those who were not moved by sympathy or regard. Fortunately, the rain kept off, though the air was damp and exceedingly depressing.

When they arrived at Aspatria Church, they found the yard full : every gravestone was occupied by a little party of gossips. At the gate there was a handsome travelling-chariot with four horses. It lifted a great weight of apprehension from William Anneys ; for it told him that Fenwick had kept his word. He helped Aspatria to alight, and his heart ached for her. How would she be able to walk between that crowd of gazing, curious men and women ? He held her arm tight against his big heart, and Brune, carefully watching her, followed close behind.

But Aspatria's inner self had taken possession of the outer woman. She walked firmly and proudly, with an erect grace, without hesitation, and without hurry, towards her fate. Something within her kept saying words of love and encouragement ; she knew not what they were,—only they strengthened her like wine. She passed the church door whispering the promise given her,—“*It is I. Be not afraid.*” And then her eyes fell upon the ancient stone font, at which her father and mother had named her. She put out her hand and just touched its holy chalice.

The church was crowded with a curious and not unsympathetic congregation. Aspatria Anneys was their own, a daleswoman by a thousand years of birthright. Fenwick was a stranger. If he was going to do her any wrong, and Will Anneys was ready to punish him for it, every man and woman present would have stood shoulder to shoulder with Will. There was an undefined expectation of something unusual, of something more than a wedding. This feeling, though unexpressed, made itself felt in a very pronounced way. Will and Brune looked confidently round ; Aspatria gathered courage with every step. She felt she was among her own people,—living and dead.

As soon as they really entered the church, they saw Fenwick. He was with an officer wearing the uniform of the Household Troops ; and he was evidently pointing out to him the ancient tombs of the Ambar-Anneys family,—the Crusaders in stone, with sheathed swords and hands folded in prayer ; and those of the family abbots, adorned with richly-floriated crosses.

When he saw Aspatria he bowed, and advanced rapidly to the altar. She had loosened her cloak and flung back her hood, and she watched his approach with eyes that seemed two separate souls of love and sorrow. One glance from them troubled him to the seat of life. He motioned to the waiting clergyman, and took his place beside his bride. There was a dead stillness in the church, and a dead stillness outside ; the neighing of a horse in it sounded sharp, imperative, fateful. A ripple of a smile followed : it was a lucky omen to hear a horse neigh. Brune glanced at his sister, but she had not heeded it. Her whole being was swallowed up in the fact that she was standing at Ulfar's side, that she was going to be his wife.

The aged clergyman was fumbling with the Prayer Book : “The Form of Solemnization of Matrimony” seemed hard to find. And so vagrant is thought, that while he turned the leaves Aspatria remembered the travelling-chariot, and wondered, did Ulfar mean to carry her away in it ? and what would she do for proper clothing ? Will ought

to have told her something of the future. How cruel every one had been! It took but a moment for these and many other thoughts to invade Aspatria's heart, and spread dismay and anxiety, and again the sense of resentment.

Then she heard the clergyman begin to talk. His voice was like that of some one speaking in a dream, till she sharply called herself together, hearing also Ulfar's voice, and knowing that she too would be called upon for her assent. She glanced up at Ulfar,—who was dressed with great care and splendor and looking very handsome,—and said her "I will" with the glance. Ulfar could not receive it unmoved; he looked steadily at her, and then he saw the ruin of youth that his faithlessness had made. Remorse bit him like a serpent; but remorse is not repentance. Then William Anneys gave his sister to his enemy, and the gift was like death to him; and the look accompanying the gift filled Ulfar's heart with a contemptuous anger fatal to all juster or kinder feelings.

He burned with this emotion till he heard the clergyman drone out that allusion to the example of Sarah, which has always been so really obsolete; then he turned his face to the assembled people, and said, in a loud voice, "All here are witnesses that I have performed my promise to marry Miss Anneys."

At these words every one stood up, and Fenwick turned to Aspatria and offered her his hand. She put hers into his, and so he led her down the aisle, and through the church-yard, to her own carriage. William had followed close. He wondered if Fenwick meant to take his wife with him, and he resolved to give him the opportunity to do so. But as soon as he perceived that the bridegroom would carry out his threat, and desert his bride at the church gates, he stepped forward, and said,—

"That is enough, Sir Ulfar Fenwick. I have made you keep your word. I will care for your wife. She shall neither bear your name nor yet take anything from your bounty."

Fenwick paid no heed to his brother-in-law. He looked at Aspatria. She was whiter than snow; she had the pallor of death. He lifted his hat, and said,—

"Farewell, Lady Fenwick. We shall meet no more."

"Sir Ulfar," she answered, calmly, "it is not my will that we met here to-day."

"And as for meeting no more," said Brune, with passionate contempt, "I will warrant that is not in your say-so, Ulfar Fenwick."

As he spoke, Fenwick's friend handed Will Anneys a card; then they drove rapidly away. Will was carefully wrapping his sister for her solitary ride back to Seat-Ambar; and he did this with forced deliberation, trying to appear undisturbed by what had occurred; for, since it had happened, he wished his neighbors to think he had fully expected it. And while so engaged he found opportunity to whisper to Aspatria, "Now, my little lass, bear up as bravely as may be. It is only one hour. Only one hour, dearie! Don't you try to speak. Only keep your head high till you get home, darling!"

So the sad procession turned homeward, Aspatria sitting alone in

her carriage, William and Brune riding on either side of her, the squires and dames bidden to the ceremony following slowly behind. Some talked softly of the affair; some passionately assailed William Anneys for not "felling the villain where he stood." Gradually they said good-by and so went to their own homes. Aspatria had to speak to each, she had to sit erect, she had to bear the wondering, curious gaze not only of her friends, but of the hinds and peasant-women in the small hamlets between the church and Seat-Ambar; she had to endure her own longing and disappointment, and make a poor attempt to smile when the children flung their little posies of late flowers into the passing carriage.

To the last moment she bore it. "A good, brave girl!" said Will, as he left her at her own room door. "My word! it is better to have good blood than good fortune: good blood never was beat! Aspatria is only a little lass, but she is more than a match for yon villain!—a big villain he is! a villain with a latchet!"

The miserable are sacred. All through that wretched afternoon no one troubled Aspatria. Will and Brune sat by the parlor fire, for the most part silent. The rain, which had barely held off until their return from the church, now beat against the window-panes, and drenched and scattered even the hardy Michaelmas daisies. The house was as still as if there had been death instead of marriage in it. Now and then Brune spoke, and sometimes William answered him, and sometimes he did not.

At last, after a long pause, Brune asked, "What was it Fenwick's friend gave you? A message?"

"A message."

"You might as well say what, Will."

"Ay, I might. It said Fenwick would wait for me a week at the Sceptre Inn, Carlisle."

"Will you go to Carlisle?"

"To be sure I will go. I would not miss the chance of 'throwing' him—no, not for ten years' life!"

"Dear me! what a lot of trouble has come with just taking a stranger in out of the storm!"

"Ay, it is a venturesome thing to do. How can any one tell what a stranger may bring in with him?"

CHAPTER IV.

FOR MOTHER'S SAKE.

IN the upper chamber where Will had left his sister, a great mystery of sorrow was being endured. Aspatria felt as if all *had been*. Life had no more joy to give, and no greater grief to inflict. She undressed with rapid, trembling fingers; her wedding-finery was hateful in her sight. On the previous night she had folded all her store of clothing and laid it ready to put in a trunk. She had been quite in the dark as to her destiny: the only thing that appeared certain to her was that she would have to leave home. Perhaps she would go with

Ulfar from the church door. In that case Will would have to send her clothing, and she had laid it in the neatest order for the emergency.

On the top of one pile lay a crimson Canton crape shawl. Her mother had worn it constantly during the last year of her life, and Aspatria had put it away, as something too sacred for ordinary use. She now folded it around her shoulders, and sat down. Usually, when things troubled her, she was restless and kept in motion; but this trouble was too bitter and too great to resist: she was quiet; she took its blows passively, and they smote her on every side.

Could she ever forget that cruel ride home?—ever cease to burn and shiver when she remembered the eyes that had scanned her during its progress? The air seemed full of them. She covered her face to avoid the pitying, wondering, scornful glances. But this ride through the Valley of Humiliation was not the bitterest drop in her bitter cup; she could have smiled as she rode and drank it, if Ulfar had been at her side. It was his desertion that was so distracting to her. She had thought of many sorrows in connection with this forced marriage, but this sorrow had never suggested itself as possible.

Therefore, when Ulfar bade her farewell she had felt as if standing on the void of the universe. It was the superhuman woman within her that had answered him, and that had held up her head, and had strengthened her for her part, all through that merciless ride. And the sight of her handsome, faithless lover, the tones of his voice, the touch of his hand, his half-respectful, half-pitying kindness, had awakened in her heart a tenfold love for him.

For she understood then, for the first time, her social and educational inferiority. She felt even that she had done herself less than justice in her fine raiment: her country breeding and simple beauty would have appeared to greater advantage in the white merino she had desired to wear. She had been forced into a dress that accentuated her deficiencies. At that hour she thought she could never see Mrs. Frostham again.

To these tempestuous, humiliating, heart-breaking reflections the storm outside made an angry accompaniment. The wind howled down the chimney and wailed round the house, and the rain beat against the window and pattered on the flagged walks. The darkness came on early, and the cold grew every hour more searching. She was not insensible to these physical discomforts, but they seemed so small a part of her misery that she made no resistance to their attack.

Will and Brune, sitting almost speechless down-stairs, were both thinking of her. When it was quite dark they grew unhappy. First one, and then the other, crept softly to her room door. All was as still as death. No movement, no sound of any kind, betrayed in what way the poor soul within suffered. No thread of light came from beneath the door: she was in the dark, and she had eaten nothing all day.

About six o'clock, Will could bear it no longer. He knocked softly at her door, and said, "My little lass, speak to Will! Have a cup of tea! Do have a cup of tea, dearie!"

The voice was so unlike Will's voice, it startled Aspatria. It told her of a suffering almost equalling her own. She rose from the chair

in which she had been sitting for hours, and went to him. The room was dark; the passage was dark; he saw nothing but the denser dark of her figure, and her white face above it. She saw nothing but his great bulk and his shining eyes. But she felt the love flowing out from his heart to her; she felt his sorrow and his sympathy; and it comforted her. She said, "Will, do not fret about me. I am over-getting the shame and sorrow. Yes, I will have a cup of tea; and tell Tabitha to make a fire here. Dear Will, I have been a great care and shame to you."

"Ay, you have, Aspatria; but I would rather die than miss you, my little lass."

This interview gave a new bent to Aspatria's thoughts. As she drank the tea, and warmed her chilled feet before the blaze, she took into consideration what misery her love for Ulfar Fenwick had brought to her brothers' once happy home,—the anxiety, the annoyance, the shame, the ill-will and quarrelling, the humiliations, Will and Brune had been compelled to endure. Then suddenly there flashed across her mind the card given to Will by Ulfar's friend. She was not too simple to conceive of its meaning. It was a defiance of some kind; and she knew how Will would answer it. Her heart stood still with terror.

She had seen Will and Ulfar wrestling; she had heard Will say to Brune, when Ulfar was absent, "He knows little about it: when I had that last grip, I could have flung him into eternity." It was common enough for dalesmen quarrelling to have a "fling" with one another and stand by its results. If Will and Ulfar met thus, one or both would be irremediably injured. In their relation to her, both were equally dear. She would have given her poor little life cheerfully for the love of either. Her cup shook in her hand. She had a sense of hurry in the matter, that drove her like a leaf before a strong wind. If Will got to bed before she saw him, he might be away in the morning ere she was aware. She put down her cup, and, while she stood a moment to collect her strength and thoughts, the subject on all its sides flashed clearly before her.

A minute afterwards she opened the parlor door. Brune sat bent forward, with a poker in his hands. He was tracing a woman's name in the ashes, though he was hardly conscious of the act. Will's head was thrown back against his chair; he seemed to be asleep. But when Aspatria opened the door, he sat straight and looked at her. A pallor like death spread over his face: it was the crimson shawl, his mother's shawl, which caused it. Wearing it, Aspatria closely resembled her. Will had idolized his mother in life, and he worshipped her memory. If Aspatria had considered every earthly way of touching Will's heart, she could have selected none so certain as the shawl, almost accidentally assumed.

She went direct to Will. He drew a low stool to his side, and Aspatria sat down upon it, and then stretched out her left hand to Brune. The two men looked at their sister, and then they looked at each other. The look was a vow. Both so understood it.

"Will and Brune,"—the girl spoke softly, but with a great steady-

ness,—“Will and Brune, I am sorry to have given you so much shame and trouble.”

“It is not your fault, Aspatria,” said Brune.

“But I will do so no more. I will never name Ulfar again. I will try to be cheerful, and to make home cheerful,—try to carry on life as it used to be—before he came. We will not let people talk of him; we will not mind it if they do. Eh, Will?”

“Just now, dear; in a little while.”

“Will, dear Will! what did that card mean?—the one Ulfar’s friend gave? You will not go near Ulfar, Will? Please do not.”

“I have a bit of business to settle with him, Aspatria; and then I never want to see his face again.”

“Will, you must not go.”

“Ay, but I must. I have been thought of with a lot of bad names, but no one shall think ‘coward’ of me.”

“Will, remember all I have suffered to-day.”

“I am not likely to forget it.”

“That ride home, Will, was like as if I was going up Calvary. My wedding-dress was heavy as a cross, and that foolish wreath of flowers was a wreath of cruel thorns. I was pitied and scorned, till I felt as if my heart—my real heart—was all bruised and torn. I have suffered so much, Will; spare me more suffering. Will! Will! for your little sister’s sake, put that card in the fire, and stay here,—right here, with me.”

“My lass! my dear lass, you cannot tell what you are asking.”

“I am asking you to give up your revenge. I know that is a great thing for a man to do. But, Will, dear, you stand in father’s place; you are sitting in father’s chair: what would he say to you?”

“He would say, ‘Give the rascal a good thrashing, Will. When a man wrongs a woman, there is no other punishment for him. Thrash him to within an inch of his cruel, selfish, contemptible life!’ That is what father would say, Aspatria. I know it. I feel it.”

“If you will not give up your revenge for me, nor yet for father, then I ask you for mother’s sake! What would mother say to-night if she was here?—very like she *is* here. Listen to her, Will. She is saying, ‘Spare my little girl any more sorrow and shame, Will, my boy Will!’—that is what mother would say. And if you hurt Ulfar you hurt me also; and if Ulfar hurts you my heart will break. The fell side is now ringing with my troubles. If I have any more, I will go away where no one can find me. For mother’s sake, Will! For mother’s sake!”

The strong man was sobbing behind his hands; the struggle was a terrific one. Brune watched it with tears streaming unconsciously down his cheeks. Aspatria sunk at Will’s feet, and buried her face on his knees.

“For mother’s sake, Will! Let Ulfar go free.”

“My dear little lass, I cannot!”

“For mother’s sake, Will! I am speaking for mother! For mother’s sake!”

“I—I—— Oh, what shall I do, Brune?”

"For mother's sake, Will!"

He trembled until the chair shook. He dared not look at the weeping girl. She rose up. She gently moved away his hands. She kissed his eyelids. She said, with an irresistible entreaty, "Look at me, Will. I am speaking for mother. Let Ulfar alone. I do not say forgive him."

"Nay, I will never forgive him."

"But let him alone. Will! Will! Let him alone, for mother's sake!"

Then he stood up. He looked into Aspatria's eyes; he let his gaze wander to the crimson shawl. He began to sob like a child.

"You may go, Aspatria," he said, in broken words. "If you ask me anything in mother's name, I have no power to say no."

He walked to the window and looked out into the dark stormy night, and Brune motioned to Aspatria to go away. He knew Will would regain himself best in her absence. She was glad to go. As soon as Will had granted her request, she fell to the lowest ebb of life. She could hardly drag herself up the long, dark stairs. She dropped asleep as soon as she reached her room.

It was a bitter awakening. The soul feels sorrow keenest at the first moments of consciousness. It has been away, perhaps, in happy scenes, or it has been lulling itself in deep repose, and then suddenly it is called to lift again the heavy burden of its daily life. Aspatria stood in her cold, dim room; and even while shivering in her thin night-dress, with bare feet treading the polished oak floor, she hastily put out of her sight the miserable wedding-garments. A large dower-chest stood conveniently near. She opened it wide, and flung dress and wreath and slippers and cloak into it. The lid fell from her hands with a great clang, and she said to herself, "I will never open it again."

The storm still continued. She dressed in simple household fashion, and went down-stairs. Brune sat by the fire. He said, "I was waiting for you, Aspatria. Will is in the barn. He had his coffee and bacon long ago."

"Brune, will you be my friend through all this trouble?"

"I will stand by you through thick and thin, Aspatria. There is my hand on it."

About great griefs we do not chatter; and there was no further discussion of those events which had been barely turned away from tragedy and death. Murder, and despairing Love and Sorrow, might have a secret dwelling-place in Seat-Ambar, but it was in the background. The front of life went on as smooth as ever: the cows were milked, the sheep tended, the men and maids tasked, the beds made, and the tables set, with the usual order and regularity.

And Aspatria found this "habit of living" to be a good staff to lean upon. She assumed certain duties, and performed them; and the house was pleasanter for her oversight. Will and Brune came far oftener to sit at the parlor fireside, when they found Aspatria there to welcome them. And so the days and weeks followed each other, bringing with them those commonplace duties and interests which give

to existence a sense of stability and order. No one named Fenwick ; but all the more Aspatria nursed his image in her heart and her imagination. He had dressed himself for his marriage with great care and splendor. Never had he looked so handsome and so noble in her eyes ; and never until that hour had she realized her social inferiority to him, her lack of polish and breeding, her ignorance of all things which a woman of birth and wealth ought to know and to possess.

This was a humiliating acknowledgment ; but it was Aspatria's first upward step, for with it came an invincible determination to make herself worthy of her husband's love and companionship. The hope and the object gave a new color to her life. As she went about her simple duties, as she sat alone in her room, as she listened to her brothers talking, it occupied, strengthened, and inspired her. Dark as the present was, it held the hope of a future which made her blush and tingle to its far-off joy. To learn everything, to go everywhere, to become a brilliant woman, a woman of the world, to make her husband admire and adore her,—these were the dreams that brightened the long, sombre winter and turned the low, dim rooms into a palace of enchantment.

She was aware of the difficulties in her way. She thought first of asking Will to permit her to go to a school in London. But she knew he would never consent. She had no friends to whom she could confide her innocent plans ; she had as yet no money in her own control. But in less than two years she would be of age. Her fortune would then be at her disposal, and the law would permit her to order her own life. In the mean time, she could read and study at home : when the spring came she would see the vicar, and he would lend her books from his library. There was an Encyclopædia in the house ; she got together its scattered volumes, and began to make herself familiar with its *mélange* of information.

In such efforts her heart was purified from all bitterness, wounded vanity, and impatience. Life was neither lonely nor monotonous : she had a noble object to work for. So the winter passed, and the spring came again. All over the fells the ewes and their lambs made constant work for the shepherds ; and Aspatria greatly pleased Will by going out frequently to pick up the perishing, weakly lambs and succor them.

One day in April she took a bottle of warm milk and a bit of sponge and went up Calder Fell. On the first reach of the fell she found a dying lamb, and carried it down to the shelter of some whin-bushes. Then she fed it with the warm milk, and the little creature went to sleep in her arms.

The grass was green and fresh, the sun warm ; the whins sheltered her from the wind, and a little thrush in them—busy building her nest—was making sweet music out of air as sweet. All was so glad and quiet : she, too, was happy in her own thoughts. A wagon passed, and then a tax-cart, and afterwards two old men going ditching. She hardly lifted her head : every one knew Aspatria Anneys. When the shadows told her it was near noon, she rose to go home, holding the lamb in her arms. At that moment a carriage came slowly from behind the hedge.

She saw the fine horses with their glittering harness, and knew it was a strange vehicle in Ambar-Side, so she sat down again until it should pass. The lamb was in her left arm. She threw back her head, and gazed fixedly into the whin-bush where the thrush had its nest. Whoever it was, she did not wish to be recognized.

Lady Redware, Sarah Sandys, and Ulfar Fenwick were in the carriage. At the moment she stood with the lamb in her arms, Ulfar had known his wife. Lady Redware saw her almost as quickly, and in some occult way she transferred, by a glance, the knowledge to Sarah. The carriage was going very slowly; the beauty of the thrown-back head, the simplicity of her dress, the pastoral charm of her position, all were distinct. Ulfar looked at her with the fire of passion in his eyes, Lady Redware with annoyance. Sarah asked, with a mocking laugh, "Is that really Little Bo-Peep?" The joke fell flat. Ulfar did not immediately answer it; and Sarah was piqued.

"I shall go to Italy again," she said. "Englishmen may be admirable *en masse*, but individually they are stupid or cross."

"In Italy there are the Capuchins," answered Ulfar. He remembered that Sarah had expressed herself strongly about the Order.

"I have just passed a week at Oxford among the Reverends: all things considered, I prefer the Capuchins. When you have dined with a lord bishop, you want to become a Socialist."

"Your Oxford friends are very nice people, Sarah."

"Excellent people, Elizabeth, quite superior people, and they are all sure not only of going to heaven, but also of joining the very best society the place affords."

"Best society!" said Ulfar, pettishly. "I am going to America. There, I hope, I shall hear nothing about it."

"America is so truly admirable. Why was it put in such an out-of-the-way place? You have to sail three thousand miles to get at it," pouted Sarah.

"All things worth having are put out of the way," replied Ulfar.

"Yes," sighed Sarah. "What an admirable story is that of the serpent and the apple!"

"Come, Ulfar!" said Lady Redware, "do try and be agreeable. You used to be so delightful! Was he not, Sarah?"

"Was he? I have forgotten, Elizabeth. Since that time a great deal of water has run into the sea."

"If you want an ill-natured opinion about yourself, by all means go to a woman for it." And Ulfar enunciated this dictum with a very scornful shrug of his shoulders.

"Ulfar!"

"It is so, Elizabeth."

"Never mind him, dear," said Sarah. "I do not. And I have noticed that the gentlemen who give bad characters to women have usually much worse ones themselves. I think Ulfar is quite ready for American society and its liberal ideas." And Sarah drew her shawl into her throat, and looked defiantly at Ulfar.

"The Americans are all Socialists. I have read that, Ulfar. You know what these liberal ideas come to,—always Socialism."

"Do not be foolish, Elizabeth. Socialism never comes from liberality of thought: it is always a bequest of tyranny."

"Ulfar, when are you going to be real nice and good again?"

"I do not know, Elizabeth."

"Ulfar is a standing exception to the rule that when things are at their worst they must mend. Ulfar, lately, is always at his worst, and he never mends."

There was really some excuse for Ulfar; he was suffering keenly, and neither of the two women cared to recognize the fact. He had just returned from Italy with his father's remains, and after their burial he had permitted Elizabeth to carry him off with her to Redware. In reality the neighborhood of Aspatria drew him like a magnet. He had been haunted by her last resentful, amazed, miserable look. He understood from it that Will had never told her of his intention to bid her farewell as soon as she was his wife; and he was not devoid of imagination. His mind had constantly pictured scenes of humiliation which he had condemned the woman he had once so tenderly loved to endure.

And that passing glimpse of her under the whin-bushes had revived something of his old passion. He answered his sister's and Sarah's remarks pettishly, because he wanted to be left alone with the new hope that had come to him. Why not take Aspatria to America? She was his wife. He had been compelled, by his sense of justice and honor, to make her Lady Fenwick; why should he deny himself her company, merely to keep a passionate, impulsive threat?

To the heart the past is eternal, and love survives the pang of separation. He thought of Aspatria for the next twenty-four hours. To see her! to speak to her! to hear her voice! to clasp her to his heart! Why should he deny himself these delights? What pleasure could pride and temper give him in exchange? Fenwick had always loved to overcome an obstacle, and such people cannot do without obstacles; they are a necessary aliment. To see and to speak with Aspatria was now the one thing in life worthy of his attention.

It was not an easy thing to accomplish. Every day for nearly a week he rode furiously to Calder Wood, tied his horse there, and then hung round the brow of Calder Cliff, for it commanded Seat-Ambar, which lay below it as the street lies below a high tower. With his glass he could see Will and Brune passing from the house to the barns or the fields; and once he saw Aspatria go to meet her brother Will; he saw her lift her face to Will's face, he saw Will put her arm through his arm and so go with her to the house. How he hated Will Anneys! What a triumph it would be to carry off his sister unknown to him and without his say-so!

One morning he determined if he found no opportunity to see Aspatria that day alone he would risk all, and go boldly to the house. Why should he not do so? He had scarcely made the decision when he saw Will and Brune drive away together. He remembered it was Dalton market-day; and he knew they had gone there. Almost immediately Aspatria left the house also. Then he was jealous. Where was she going as soon as her brothers left her? Shē was going to

the vicar's to return a book and carry him a cream cheese of her own making.

He knew then how to meet her. She would pass through a meadow on her way home, and this meadow was skirted by a young plantation. Half-way down, there was a broad stile between the two. He hurried his steps, and arrived there just as Aspatria entered the meadow. There was a high frolicking wind blowing right in her face. It had blown her braids loose, and her tippet and dress backward; her slim form was sharply defined by it, and it compelled her to hold up both her hands in order to keep her bonnet on her head.

She came on so, treading lightly, almost dancing with the merry gusts to and fro. Once Ulfar heard a little cry that was half laughter, as the wind made her pirouette and then stand still to catch her breath. Ulfar thought the picture bewitching. He waited until she was within a yard or two of the stile, ere he crossed it. She was holding her hat down: she did not see him until he could have put his hand upon her. Then she let her hands fall, and her hat blew backward, and she stood quite still, and quite speechless, her color coming and going, all a woman's softest witchery beaming in her eyes.

"Aspatria! dear Aspatria! I am come to take you with me. I am going to America." He spoke a little sadly, as if he had some reason for feeling grieved.

She shook her head positively, but she did not—or she could not—speak.

"Aspatria, have you no kiss, no word of welcome, no love to give me?" And he put out his hand, as if to draw her to his embrace.

She stepped quickly backward: "No, no, no! Do not touch me, Ulfar. Go away. Please go away."

"But you must go with me. You are my wife, Aspatria." And he said the last words very like a command.

"I am not your wife. Oh, no!"

"I say you are. I married you in Aspatria Church."

"You also left me there,—left me to such shame and sorrow as no man gives to the woman he loves."

"Perhaps I did act cruelly in two or three ways, Aspatria; but people who love forgive two or three offences. Let us be lovers as we used to be."

"No, I will not be lovers as we used to be. People who love do not commit two or three such offences as you committed against me."

"I will atone for them. I will indeed! Aspatria, I miss you very much. I will not go to America without you. How soon can you be ready? In a week?"

"You will atone to me? How? There is but one way. You shall, in your own name, call every one in Allerdale, gentle and simple, to Aspatria Church. You shall marry me again in their presence, and go with me to my own home. The wedding-feast shall be held there. You shall count Will and Brune Anneys as your brothers. You shall take me away, in the sight of all, to your home. Of all the honor a wife ought to have you must give me here, among my own people, a double portion. Will you do this in atonement?"

"You are talking folly, Aspatria. I have married you once."

"You have not married me once. You met me at Aspatria Church to shame me, to break my heart with love and sorrow, to humble my good brothers. No, I am not your wife! I will not go with you!"

"I can make you go, Aspatria. You seem to forget the law——"

"Will says the law will protect me. But if it did not, if you took me by force to your house or yacht, you would not have me. You could not touch me. Aspatria Anneys is beyond your reach."

"You are Aspatria Fenwick."

"I have never taken your name. Will told me not to do so. Anneys is a good name. No Anneys ever wronged me."

"You refused my home, you refused my money, and now you refuse my name. You are treating me as badly as possible. The day before our marriage I sent to your brother a signed settlement for your support,—the use of Fenwick Castle as a residence, and two thousand pounds a year. Your brother Will, the day after our marriage, took it to my agent and tore it to pieces in his presence."

"Will did right. He knew his sister would not have your home and money without your love."

She spoke calmly, with a dignity that became well her youth and beauty. Ulfar thought her exceedingly lovely. He attempted to woo her again with the tender glances and soft tones and caressing touch of their early acquaintance. Aspatria sorrowfully withdrew herself; she held only repelling palms towards his bending face. She was not coy; he could have overcome coyness; she was cold, and calm, and watchful of him and of herself. Her face and throat paled and blushed, and blushed and paled; her eyes were dilated with feeling; her pretty bow-shaped mouth trembled; she radiated a personality sweet, strong, womanly, a piquant, woodland, pastoral delicacy, all her own.

But after many useless efforts to influence her, he began to despair. He perceived that she still loved him,—perhaps better than she had ever done,—but that her determination to consider their marriage void had its source in a oneness of mind having no second thoughts and no doubt behind it. The only hope she gave him was in another marriage ceremony, which in its splendor and publicity should atone, in some measure, for the first. He could not contemplate such a confession of his own fault. He could not give Will and Brune Anneys such a triumph. If Aspatria loved him, how could she ask such a humiliating atonement? Aspatria saw the shadow of these reflections on his face. Though he said nothing, she understood it was this struggle that gave the momentary indecision to his pleading.

For herself, she did not desire a present reconciliation. She had nursed too long the idea of the Aspatria that *was to be*,—the wise, clever, brilliant woman who was to win over again her husband. She did not like to relinquish this hope for a present gratification,—a gratification so much lower in its aim that she now understood it never could long satisfy a nature so complex and so changeable as Ulfar's. She therefore refused him his present hope, believing that Fate had a far better meeting in store for them.

While these thoughts flashed through her mind, she kept her eyes upon the horizon. In that wide-open fixed gaze her loving, troubled soul revealed itself. Ulfar was wondering whether it was worth while to begin his argument all over again, when she said, softly, "We must now say farewell. I see the vicar's maid coming. In a few hours the fell side will know of our meeting. I must tell Will, myself. I entreat you to leave the dales as soon as possible."

"I will not leave them without you."

"Go to-night. I shall not change what I have said. There is nothing to be done but to part. We are no longer alone. Good-by, Ulfar!—dear Ulfar!"

"I care not who is present. You are my wife." And he clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

Perhaps she was not sorry. Perhaps her own glance of love and longing had commanded the embrace; for when she released herself she was weeping, and Ulfar's tears were on her cheeks. But she called the vicar's maid imperatively, and so put an end to the interview.

"That was my husband, Lottie," she said. It was the only explanation offered. Aspatria knew it was useless to expect any reticence on the subject. In that isolated valley, such a piece of news could not be kept: the very birds would talk about it in their nests. She must herself tell Will, and, although she had done nothing wrong, she was afraid to tell him.

When she reached home she was glad to hear Will had been sent for to Squire Frosthams. "It was something about a fox," said Brune. "They wanted me too, but Alice Frosthams is a girl I cannot abide. I would not go near her."

"Brune, will you take a long ride for my sake?"

"I will do anything for you I can."

"I met Ulfar Fenwick this morning."

"Then you did a bad thing. I would not have believed it of you. Good Lord! there is as much two-facedness in a woman as there is meat in an egg."

"Brune, you are thinking wrong. I did not know he was in the country, till he stood before me; and he did not move me a hair's breadth any way. But Lottie from the vicarage saw us together; and she was going to Dalton. You know what she will say; and by and by the Frosthams will hear; and then they will feel it to be 'only kind' to talk to Will about me and my affairs; and the end of it will be some foolish deed or other. If you love me, Brune, go to Redware to-night, and see Lady Redware, and tell her there is danger for her brother if he stays round here."

"I can say that truly. There is danger for the scoundrel; a good deal of it."

"Brune, it would be such a sorrow to me if every one was talking of me again. Do what I ask you, Brune. You promised to stand by me through thick and thin."

"I did; and I will go to Redware as soon as I have eat my dinner. If Lottie saw him, it will be known all over. And if no one came up here on purpose to tell Will, he would hear it at Dalton next week,

when that lot of bothering old squires sit down to their market dinner. It would be a grand bit for them to chew with their victuals."

"I thought they talked about politics."

"They are like other men. If you get more than one man in a place, they are talking bad about some woman. They call it 'politics,' but it is mostly slander."

"I am going to tell Will myself."

"That is a deal the best plan."

"Be sure and frighten Lady Redware: make her think Ulfar's life is in danger: anything, to get him out of the dales."

"She will feel as if the heavens were going to fall, when I get done with her. My word! who would have thought of him coming back! Life is full of surprises."

"But only think, if there was never anything accidental happened! Surprises are just what make life worth having,—eh, Brune?"

"Maybe so, and maybe not. When Will comes home, tell him everything, at once. I can manage Lady Redware, I'll be bound."

With the promise he went away to perform it, and Aspatria carried her trembling heart into solitude. But the lonely place was full of Ulfar. A thousand hopes were budding in her heart, growing slowly, strongly, sweetly, in that earth which she had made for them out of her love, her desires, her hopes, and her faithful aspirations.

CHAPTER V.

BUT THEY WERE YOUNG.

BRUNE arrived at Redware Hall while it was still afternoon, and he found no difficulty in obtaining an interview with its mistress. She was sitting at a table in a large bay-window, painting the view from it. For in those days ladies were not familiar with high art and all its nomenclature and accessories: Lady Redware had never thought of an easel, or a blouse, or indeed of any of the trappings now considered necessary to the making of pictures. She was prettily dressed in silk, and a square of Bristol board, a box of Newman's water-colors, and a few camel's-hair pencils were neatly arranged before her.

She rose when Brune entered, and met him with a suave courtesy; and the unsophisticated young man took it for a genuine pleasure. He felt sorry to trouble such a nice-looking gentlewoman; and he said so with a sincerity that made her suddenly serious. "Have you brought me bad news, Mr. Anneys?" she asked.

"I am afraid you will be put about a bit. Sir Ulfar Fenwick met my sister this morning; and they were seen by ill-natured eyes, and I came, quiet-like, to let you know that he must leave the dales to-night."

"Cannot Sir Ulfar meet his own wife?"

"Lady Redware, that is not the question. Put it, 'Cannot Sir Ulfar meet your sister?' and I will answer you quick enough: not while there is two honest men in Allerdale to prevent him."

"You cannot frighten Sir Ulfar from Allerdale. To threaten him is to make him stay.

"Dalesmen are not ones to threaten. I tell you that the vicar's maid saw Sir Ulfar and my sister together; and when William Anneys hears of it, Sir Ulfar will get such a notice to leave these parts as will give him no choice. I came to warn him away before he could not help himself. I say freely, I did so to please Aspatria, and out of no good-will going his way."

"But if he will not leave Allerdale?"

"But if William Anneys, and the sixty gentlemen who will ride with William Anneys, say he must go? What then?"

"Of course Sir Ulfar cannot fight a mob."

"Not one of that 'mob' of gentlemen would fight him. But they all carry stout riding-whips." And Brune looked at the lady with a sombre intentness which made further speech unnecessary. She had been alarmed from the first: she now made no further attempt to disguise her terror.

"What must I do, Mr. Anneys?" she asked. "What must I do?"

"Send your brother away from Cumberland to-night. I say he must leave to-night. To-morrow morning may be too late to prevent a great humiliation. Aspatria begged me to come to you. I do not say I wanted to come."

At this moment the door opened, and Sarah Sandys entered. Brune turned, and saw her; and his heart stood still. She came slowly forward, her garment of pale-green and white just touching her sandalled feet. She had a rush basket full of violets in her hands; there were primroses in her breast and belt; and her face was like a pink rose. High on her head her fair hair was lifted, and, being fastened with a large turquoise comb, it gave the idea of sunshine and blue sky.

Brune stood looking at her, as a mortal might look at the divine Cytherea made manifest. His handsome, open face, full of candid admiration, had almost an august character. He bowed to her, as men bow when they bend their heart and give its homage and delight. Sarah was much impressed by the young man's beauty, and she felt his swift adoration of her own charms. She made Lady Redware introduce her to Brune, and she completed her conquest of the youth as she stood a moment holding his hand and smiling with captivating grace into his eyes.

Then Lady Redware explained Brune's mission, and Sarah grasped the situation without any disguises. "It simply means flight, Elizabeth," she said. "What could Ulfar do with fifty or sixty angry Cumberland squires? He would have to go. In fact, I know they have a method of persuasion no mortal man can resist."

Brune saw that his errand was accomplished. Lady Redware thanked him for his consideration, and Sarah rang for the tea-service, and made him a cup, and gave it to him with her own lovely hands. Brune saw their exquisite form, their translucent glow, the sparkling of diamonds and emeralds upon them. The tea was as if brewed in Paradise; it tasted of all things delightful; it was a veritable cup of enchantments.

Then Brune rode away, and the two women watched him over the hill. He sat his great black hunter like a cavalry officer; and the creature devoured the distance with strides that made their hearts leap to the sense of its power and life.

"He is the very handsomest man I ever saw!" said Sarah.

"What is to be done about Ulfar? Sarah, you must manage this business. He will not listen to me."

"Ulfar has five senses. Ulfar is very fond of himself. He will leave Redware, of course. How handsome Brune Anneys is!"

"Will you coax him to leave to-night?"

"Ulfar? Yes, I will; for it is the proper thing for him to do. It would be a shame to bring his quarrels to your house. What a splendid rider! Look, Elizabeth, he is just topping the hill! I do believe he turned his head! Is he not handsome? Apollo! Antinoüs! Pshaw! Brune Anneys is a great deal more human, and a great deal more godlike, than either."

"Do not be silly, Sarah. And do occupy yourself a little with Ulfar now."

"When the hour comes, I will. Ulfar is evidently occupying himself at present in watching his wife. There is a decorous naughtiness, and a stimulating sense of danger, about seeing Aspatria, that must be a thorough enjoyment to Ulfar."

"Men are always in fusses. Ulfar has kept my heart palpitating ever since he could walk alone."

Sarah sighed. "It is very difficult," she said, "to decide whether very old men or very young men can be the greatest trials. The suffering *both* can cause is immense! Poor Sandys was sixty-six, and Ulfar is thirty-six, and——" She shook her head, and sighed again.

"How hateful country-people are!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "They must talk, no matter what tragedy they cause with their scandalous words."

"Are they worse than our own set, either in town or country? You know what the Countess of Denbigh considered pleasant conversation?—telling things that ought not to be told."

"The countess is a wretch! she would tell the most sacred of secrets."

"I tell secrets also. I do not consider it wrong. What business has any one to throw the onus of keeping their secret on my shoulders? Why should they expect from me more prudence than they themselves have shown?"

"That is true. But in these valleys they speak so uncomfortably direct: nothing but the strongest, straightest, most definite words will be used."

"That is a pity. People ought to send scandal through society in a respectable hunt-the-slipper form of circulation. But that is a kind of decency to be cultivated. However, I shall tell Ulfar, in the plainest words I can find, that there will be about sixty Cumberland squires here to-morrow, to ride with him out of the county, and that they are looking forward to the fun of it just as much as if it was a fox-hunt. Ulfar has imagination. He will be able to conceive such a

ride,—the flying man, and the roaring, laughing, whip-cracking squires after him ! He will remember how Tom Appleton the wrestler, who did something 'foul,' was escorted across the county line last summer. And Ulfar hates a scene. Can you fancy him making himself the centre of such an affair?"

So they talked while Brune galloped homewards in a very happy mood. He felt as those ancients may have felt when they met the Immortals and saluted them. The thought of the beautiful Mrs. Sandys filled his imagination ; but he talked comfortably to Aspatria, and assured her that there was now no fear of a meeting between her husband and Will. "Only," he said, "tell Will yourself, to-night, and he will never doubt you."

Unfortunately, Will did not return that night from the Frosthams' ; for in the morning the two men were to go together to Dalton very early. Will heard nothing there ; but Mrs. Frostham was waiting at her garden gate to tell him when he returned. He had left Squire Frostham with his son-in-law, and was alone. Mrs. Frostham made a great deal of the information, and "broke" it to Will with much consideration. Will heard her sullenly. He was getting a few words ready for Aspatria, as Mrs. Frostham told her tale ; but they were for her alone. To Mrs. Frostham he adopted a tone she thought very ungrateful.

For when the whole affair, real and consequential, had been told, he answered, "What is there to make a wonder of? Cannot a woman talk and walk a bit with her own husband? Maybe he had something very particular to say to her. I think it is a shame to bother a little lass about a thing like that."

And he folded himself so close that Mrs. Frostham could neither question nor sympathize with him longer. "Good-evening to you," he said, coldly, and then, while visible, he took care to ride as if quite at his ease. But the moment the road turned from Frostham he whipped his horse to its full speed, and entered the farm-yard with it in a foam of hurry, and himself in a foam of passion.

Aspatria met him with the confession on her lips. He gave her no time. He assailed her with affronting and injurious epithets. He pushed her hands and face from him. He vowed her tears were a mockery, and her intention of confessing a lie. He met all her efforts at explanation, and all her attempts to pacify him, at sword-point.

She bore it patiently for a while ; and then Will Anneys saw an Aspatria he had never dreamed of. She seemed to grow taller ; she did really grow taller ; her face flamed, her eyes flashed, and, in a voice authoritative and irresistible, she commanded him to desist.

"You are my worst enemy," she said. "You are as deaf as the village gossips. You will not listen to the truth. Your abuse, heard by every servant in the house, certifies all that malice dares to think. And in wounding my honor you are a parricide to our mother's good name ! I am ashamed of you, Will !"

From head to foot she reflected the indignation in her heart, as she stood erect with her hands clasped and the palms dropped downward, no sign of tears, no quiver of fear or doubt, no retreat, and no submission, in her face or attitude.

"Why, what ever is the matter with you, Aspatria?"

At this moment Brune entered, and she went to him, and put her hand through his arm, and said, "Brune, speak for me! Will has insulted mother and father, through me, in such a way I can never forgive him!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Will Anneys!" And Brune put his sister gently behind him, and then marched squarely up to his brother's face. "You are as passionate as a brute beast, Will; and that, too, with a poor little lass that has her own troubles, and has borne them like—like a good woman always does."

"I do not want to hear you speak, Brune."

"Ay, but I will speak, and you shall hear me. I tell you, Aspatria is in no kind to blame. The man came on her sudden, out of the plantation. She did not take his hand, she did not listen to him. She sent him about his business as quick as might be."

"Lottie Patterson saw her," said Will, dourly.

"Because Aspatria called Lottie Patterson to her; and if Lottie Patterson says she saw anything more or worse than ought to be, I will pretty soon call upon Seth Patterson to make his sister's words good. *Cush!* I will that! And what is more, Will Anneys, if you do not know how to take care of your sister's good name, I will teach you,—you mouse of a man! You go and side with that Frosthams set against Aspatria! *Chaff* on the Frosthams! It is a bad neighborhood where a girl like Aspatria cannot say a word or two on the king's highway, at broad noon-day, without having a *sisserara* * about it."

"I did not side with the Frosthams against Aspatria."

"I'll be bound you did!"

"Let me alone, Brune! Go your ways out of here, both of you!"

"To be sure we will both go. Come, Aspatria. When you are tired of ballooning, William Anneys, and can come down to common justice, maybe then I will talk to you,—not till."

Now, good honest anger is one of the sinews of the soul; and he that wants it when there is occasion has but a maimed mind. The hot words, the passionate atmosphere, the rebellion of Aspatria, the decision of Brune, had the same effect upon Will's senseless anger as a thunder-storm has upon the hot, heavy, summer air. Will raged his bad temper away, and was cool and clear-minded after it.

At the same hour, the same kind of mental thunder-storm was prevailing over all common sense at Redware Hall. Ulfar, after a long and vain watch for another opportunity to speak to Aspatria, returned there in a temper compounded of anger, jealousy, disappointment, and unsatisfied affection. He heard Lady Redware's story of his own danger and of Brune's consideration with scornful indifference. Brune's "consideration" he laughed at. He knew very well, he answered, that Brune Anneys hated him, and would take the greatest delight in such a hubbub as he pretended was in project.

* A violent scolding.

"But he came to please Aspatria," continued Lady Redware. "He said he came only to please Aspatria."

"So Aspatria wishes me to leave Allerdale? I will not go."

"Sarah, he will not go," cried Lady Redware, as her friend entered the room. "He says he will not go."

"That is because you have appealed to Ulfar's feelings instead of to his judgment. When Ulfar considers how savagely primitive these dalesmen are in their passions, he will understand that discretion is the nobler part of valor. In Russia, he thought it a very prudent thing to get out of the way when a pack of wolves were in the neighborhood."

"The law will protect me in this house. Human beings have to mind the law."

"There are times when human beings are a law unto themselves. How would you like to see a crowd of angry men shouting around this house for you? Think of your sister,—and of me—if I am worth so much consideration."

"I am not to be frightened, Sarah."

"Will you consider, then, that as far as Keswick and Kendal on one side, and as far as Dalton and Whitehaven on the other side, every local newspaper will have, or will make, its own version of the affair? The Earl of Lonsdale, with a large party, is now at Whitehaven Castle. What a *sauce piquante* it will be to his dinners! How the men will howl over it! and how the women will snicker and smile!"

"Sarah! you can think of the hatefullest things."

"And Lonsdale will go up to London purposely to have the delight of telling it at the clubs."

"Sarah!"

"And the *Daily Whisper* will get Lonsdale's most delectable version, and blow it with the four winds of heaven to the four corners of the civilized world."

"Sarah Sandys, I——"

"Worse still! that poor girl, whom you treated so abominably, must suffer the whole thing over again. Her name will be put as the head and front of your offending. All her sorrows and heart-break will be made a penny mouthful for country bumpkins and scandalous gammers to 'Oh!' and 'Ah!' over. Ulfar, if you are a man, you will not give her a moment's terror of such consequences. You may see that she fears them, by her sending her brother to entreat your absence."

"And I must be called 'coward' and 'runaway'!"

"Let them call you anything they like, so that you spare her further shame and sorrow."

"Your talking in this fashion to me, Sarah, is very like Satan correcting sin. I loved Aspatria, when I met you in Rome."

"Of course! Adam always has his Eve ready. 'Not my fault, good people! Look at this woman! With her bright smiles, and her soft tongue, she beguiled me; and so I fell!' We can settle that question—you and I—again. Now, you must ring the bell, and order your horse—say, at four o'clock to-morrow morning. You can have nearly six hours' sleep,—quite enough for you."

"You have not convinced me, Sarah."

"Then you must ride now and be convinced afterwards. For your sister's sake, and for Aspatria's sake, you will surely go away."

Lady Redware was crying, and she cried a little harder to emphasize Sarah's pleading. Ulfar was in a hard strait. He looked angrily at the handsome little woman urging him to do the thing he hated to do, and then, taking the kerchief from his sister's face, he kissed her, and promised to leave Redware at dawn of day.

"But," said he, "if you send me away now, I tell you, our parting is likely to be for many years,—perhaps for life. I am going beyond civilization,—and so beyond scandal."

"Do not flatter yourself so extravagantly, Ulfar. There is scandal everywhere, and always has been, even from 'the beginning.' I have no doubt those nameless little sisters of Cain and Abel were talked about unpleasantly by their sisters- and brothers-in-law. In fact, wherever there are women there are men glad to pull them down to their own level."

"Is it not very hard, then, that I am not to be permitted to stay here and defend the women I love?"

Sarah shook her head. "It is beyond your power, Ulfar. If Porthos were on earth again, or Amadis of Gaul, they might have happy and useful careers in handling as they deserve the maligners of good, quiet women. But the men of this era!—which of them durst lift the stone that the hand without sin is permitted to cast?"

So they talked the night away, drifting gradually from the unpleasant initial subject to Ulfar's plan of travel and the far-off prospect of his return. And in the gray, cold dawn he bade them farewell, and they watched him until he vanished in the mists rolling down the mountain. Then they kissed each other,—a little, sad kiss of congratulation, wet with tears: they had won their desire, but their victory had left them weeping. Alas! it is the very condition of success that every triumph must be baptized with somebody's tears.

This event, beginning in such a trifle as an almost accidental visit of Aspatria to the vicar, was the line sharply dividing very different lives. Nothing in Seat-Ambar was ever quite the same after it. William Anneys, indeed, quickly perceived and acknowledged his fault, and the reconciliation was kind and complete; but Aspatria had taken a step forward and crossed clearly that bound which divides girlhood from womanhood. Unconsciously, she assumed a carriage Will felt compelled to respect, and a tone was in her voice he did not care to bluff and contradict. He never again ordered her to remain silent, or to leave his presence. A portion of his household authority had passed from him, both as regarded Aspatria and Brune; and he felt himself to be less "Master" than he had formerly been.

Perhaps this was one reason of the growing frequency of his visits to Frostham. There he was made much of, deferred to, and all his little fancies flattered and obeyed. Will knew he was the most important person in the world to Alice Frostham; and he knew, also, that he only shared Aspatria's heart with Ulfar Fenwick. Men like the whole heart, and nothing less than the whole heart: hence Alice's

influence grew steadily all through the summer days, full to the brim of happy labor and reasonable love. As early as the haymaking Will told Aspatria that Alice was coming to Seat-Ambar as its mistress; and when the harvest was gathered in, the wedding took place. It was as noisily jocund an affair as Aspatria's had been silent and sorrowful; and Alice Frostham, encircled by Will's protecting arm, was led across the threshold of her own new home, to the sound of music and rejoicing.

The home was quickly divided, though without unkind intent. Will and Alice had their own talk, their own hopes and plans, and Aspatria and Brune generally felt that their entrance interfered with some discussion. So Aspatria and Brune began to sit a great deal in Aspatria's room, and by and by to discuss, in a confidential way, what they were to do with their future. Brune had no definite idea. Aspatria's intents were clear and certain. But she knew that she must wait until the spring brought her majority and her freedom.

One frosty day, near Christmas, as Brune was returning from Dalton, he heard himself called in a loud, cheerful voice. He was passing Seat-Ketel, and he soon saw Harry Ketel coming quickly towards him. Harry wore a splendid scarlet uniform, and the white snow beneath his feet, and the dark green pines between which he walked, made it all the more splendid by their contrast. Brune had not seen Harry for five years; but they had been companions through their boyhood, and their memories were stored with the pleasant hours they had spent together.

Brune passed that night, and many subsequent ones, with his old friend; and when Harry went back to his regiment he took with him a certainty that Brune would soon follow. In fact, Harry had met his old companion in that mood which is ready to accept the first opening as the gift of Fate. Brune found there was a commission to be bought in the Household Foot-Guards, and he was well able to pay for it. Indeed, Brune was by no means a poor man: his father had left him seven thousand pounds, and his share of the farm's proceeds had been constantly added to it.

Aspatria was delighted. She might now go to London in Brune's care. They discussed the matter constantly, and began to make the preparations necessary for the change. But affairs were not then arranged by steam and electricity, and the letters relating to the purchase and transfer of Brune's commission occupied some months in their transit to and fro; although Brune did not rely upon the postman's idea of the practicability of the roads.

Aspatria's correspondence was also uncertain and unsatisfactory for some time. She had at first no guide to a school but the advertisements in the London papers which Harry sent to his friend. But one night Brune, without any special intention, named the matter to Mrs. Ketel; and that lady was able to direct Aspatria to an excellent school in Richmond, near London. And, as she was much more favorably situated for a quick settlement of the affair, she undertook the necessary correspondence.

Will was not ignorant of these movements, but Alice induced him to be passive in them. "No one can then blame us, Will, whatever

happens." And, as Will and Alice were extremely sensitive to public opinion, this was a good consideration. Besides, Alice, not unnaturally, wished to have the "Seat" to herself: so that Aspatria's and Brune's wishes fitted admirably into her own desires, and it gave her a kind of selfish pleasure to forward them.

The ninth of March was Aspatria's twenty-first birthday; and it was to her a very important anniversary, for she received as its gift her freedom and her fortune. There was no hitch or trouble in its transfer from Will to herself. Honor and integrity were in the life-blood of William Anneys,—honesty and justice the very breath of his nostrils. Aspatria's fortune had been guarded with a supersensitive care; and when years gave her its management, Will surrendered it cheerfully to her control.

Fortunately, the school selected by Mrs. Ketel satisfied Will thoroughly; and Brune's commission in the Foot-Guards was in honorable accord with the highest traditions and spirit of the dales. For the gigantic and physically handsome men of these mountain valleys have been for centuries considered the finest material for those regiments whose duty it is to guard the persons and the homes of royalty. Brune had only followed in the steps of a great number of his ancestors.

In the beginning of April, Aspatria left Seat-Ambar for London,—left forever all the pettiness of her house life, chairs and tables, sewing and meals, and the useless daily labor that has to be continually done over again. And at the last, Will was very tender with her; and even Alice did her best to make the parting days full of hope and kindness. As for the journey, there was no anxiety: Brune was to travel with his sister and see her safely within her new home.

Yet neither of them left the old home without some tears. Would they ever see again those great, steadfast hills, that purify those who walk upon them?—ever dwell again within the dear old house, that had not been builded, but had *grown* with the family it had sheltered, through a thousand years? They hardly spoke to each other, as they drove through the sweet valleys, where the sunshine laid a gold on the green, and the warm south wind gently rocked the daisies, and the lark's song was like a silvery water-fall up in the sky.

But they were young; and, oh, the rich significance of the word *young* when the heart is young as well as the body! when the thoughts are not doubts, and when the eyes look not backward, but only forward, into a bright future!

CHAPTER VI.

"LOVE SHALL BE LORD OF SANDY-SIDE."

DURING thirty years of the first half of this century, Mrs. St. Alban's finishing school for young gentlewomen was a famous institution of its kind. For she had been born to the manner of courts and of people of high degree; and when evil fortune met her, she very

wisely turned her inherited social advantages into a means of honest livelihood. Aspatria was much impressed by her noble bearing and fine manners, and by the elaborate state in which the twelve pupils, of whom she was one, lived.

Each had her own suite of apartments ; each was expected to keep a maid, and to dress with the utmost care and propriety. There were fine horses in the stables for their equestrian exercise, there were grooms to attend them during it, and there were regular reception-days, which afforded tyros in social accomplishments practical opportunities for cultivating the graceful and gracious urbanity which evidences really fine breeding.

Many of Aspatria's companions were of high rank,—Lady Julias and Lady Augustas, who were destined to wear ducal coronets and to stand around the throne of their young queen. But they were always charmingly pleasant and polite, and Aspatria soon acquired their outward form of calm deliberation and their mode of low, soft speech. For the rest, she decided, with singular prudence, to cultivate only those talents which Nature had obviously granted her.

A few efforts proved that she had no taste for Art. Indeed, the attempt to portray the majesty of the mountains or the immensity of the ocean seemed to her childishly petty and futile. She had dwelt among the high places and been familiar with the "great sea," and to make images of them appeared a kind of sacrilege. But she liked the study of languages, and she had a rich contralto voice capable of expressing all the emotions of the heart. At the piano she hesitated : its music, under her unskilled fingers, sounded mechanical ; she doubted her ability to put a soul into that instrument. But the harp was different : its strings held sympathetic tones she felt competent to master. To these studies she added a course of English literature and dancing. She was already a fine rider, and her information obtained from the vicar's library and the *Encyclopædia* covered an enormous variety of subjects, though it was desultory, and in many respects imperfect.

Her new life was delightful to her. She had an innate love for study, for quiet, and for elegant surroundings. These tastes were fully gratified. The large house stood in a fair garden, surrounded by very high walls, with entrance-gates of handsomely wrought iron. Perfect quiet reigned within this flowery enclosure. She could study without the constant interruptions which had annoyed her at home ; and she was wisely aided in her studies by masters whose low voices and gliding steps seemed only to accentuate the peace of the wide school-room, with its perfect appointments and its placid group of beautiful students.

On Saturdays, Brune generally spent several hours with her ; and if the weather was fine, they rode or walked in the Park. Brune was a constant wonder to Aspatria. Certainly his handsome uniform had done much for him ; but there was a greater change than could be effected by mere clothes. Without losing that freshness and singleness of mind he owed to his country training, he had become a man of fashion,—a little of a dandy,—a very innocent sort of a lady-killer.

His arrival caused always a faint flutter in Mrs. St. Alban's dove-cot; and the noble damosels found many little womanly devices to excuse their passing through the parlor while Brune was present. They liked to see him bend his beautiful head to them, and Lady Mary Boleyn, who was Aspatria's friend and companion, was mildly envied the privileges this relation gave her.

During the vacations Aspatria was always the guest of one or other of her mates; though generally she spent them at the splendid seat of the Boleyns in Hampshire; and the unconscious education thus received was of the greatest value to her. It gave the ease of nature to acquired accomplishments, and, above all, that air which we call "distinction," which is rarely natural, and is attained only by frequent association with those who dwell on the highest social peaks.

Much might be said of this phase of Aspatria's life, which may be left to the reader's imagination. For three years it saw only such changes as advancing intelligence and growing friendships made. The real change was in Aspatria personally. No one could have traced, without constant doubt, the slim, virginal, unfinished-looking girl that left Seat-Ambar, in the womanly perfection of Aspatria aged twenty-four years. She had grown several inches taller; her angles had all disappeared; every joint was softly rounded. Her hands and arms were exquisite; her throat and the poise of her head like those of a Greek goddess. Her hair was darker and more abundant; and her eyes retained all their old charm, with some rarer and nobler addition.

To be sure, she had not the perfect regularity of feature that distinguished some of her associates,—that exact beauty which Titian's Venus possesses, and which makes no man's heart beat a throb the faster. Her face had rather the mobile irregularity of Leonardo's Mona Lisa, the charming face that men love passionately,—the face that men can die for.

At the close of the third year she refused all invitations for the summer holidays, and went back to Seat-Ambar. There had not been much communication between Will and herself. He was occupied with his land and his sheep, his wife and his two babies. People then took each other's affection as a matter of course, without the daily assurance of it. About twice a year, Will had sent her a few strong words of love, and a bare description of any change about the home, or else Alice had covered a sheet with pretty nothings, written in the small, pointed, flowing characters then fashionable.

But the love of Aspatria for her home depended on no such trivial, accidental tokens. It was in her blood; her personality was knotted to Seat-Ambar by centuries of inherited affection; she could test it by the fact that it would have killed her to see it pass into a stranger's hands. When once she had turned her face northward, it seemed impossible to travel quick enough. Hundreds of miles off she felt the cool wind blowing through the garden, and the scent of the damask rose was on it. She heard the gurgling of the becks and the wayside streams, and the whistling of the boys in the barn, and the tinkling of the sheep-bells on the highest fells. The raspberries were ripe in their sunny corner; she tasted them afar off. The dark oak rooms, their

perfume of ancient things, their air of homish comfort,—it was all so vivid, so present to her memory, that her heart beat and thrilled, as the breast of a nursing mother thrills and beats for her longing babe.

She had told no one she was coming; for, the determination made, she knew she would reach home before the Dalton postman got the letter to Seat-Ambar. The gig she had hired she left at the lower garden gate; and then she walked quickly through the rose-alley up to the front door. It stood open, and she heard a baby crying. How strange the wailing notes sounded! She went forward, and opened the parlor door; Alice was washing the child, and she turned with an annoyed look to see the intruder.

Of course the expression changed, but not quickly enough to prevent Aspatria seeing that her visit was inopportune. Alice said afterwards that she did not recognize her sister-in-law, and, as Will met her precisely as he would have met an entire stranger, Alice's excuse was doubtless a valid one. There were abundant exclamations and rejoicings when her identity was established; but Will could do nothing all evening but wonder over the changes that had taken place in his sister.

However, when the first joy of reunion is over, it is a prudent thing not to try too far the welcome that is given to the home-comer who has once left home. Will and Alice had grown to the idea that Aspatria would never return to claim the room in Seat-Ambar which was hers legally so long as she lived. It had been refurnished and was used as a guest-room. Aspatria looked with dismay on the changes made. Her very sampler had been sent away,—the bit of canvas made sacred by her mother's fingers holding her own over it. She could remember the instances connected with the formation of almost every letter of its simple prayer:

Jesus, permit thy gracious name to stand
As the first effort of my infant hand;
And, as my fingers on the sampler move,
Engage my tender heart to seek thy love.
With thy dear children may I have a part,
And write thy Name, thyself, upon my heart.

And it was gone! She went into the lumber-room, and picked it out from under a pile of old prints and shabbily-framed certificates for prize cattle.

With a sad heart Aspatria regarded the other changes. Her little tent-bed, with its white dimity curtains, had been given to baby's nurse. The vase her father had bought her at Kendal fair was broken. Her small mirror and dressing-table had been removed, for a fine Psyche in a gilded frame. Nothing, nothing was untouched, but the big dowd-chest into which she had flung her wretched wedding-clothes. She stood silently before it, reflecting, with excusable ill-nature, that neither Will nor Alice knew the secret of its spring. Her mother had taught it to her, and that bit of knowledge she determined to keep to herself.

After some hesitation she tried the spring: it answered her pressure at once; the lid flew back, and there lay the unhappy white satin dress, the wreath, and veil, and slippers, just as she had tumbled them in.

The bitter hour came sharply back to her; she thought and gazed, and thought and gazed, until she felt herself to be weeping. Then she softly closed the lid, and, as she did so, a smile parted her lips; a smile that denied all that her tears said; a smile of hope, of good presage, of coming happiness.

She stayed only a week at Seat-Ambar, though she had originally intended to remain until the harvest was over. The time was spent in public festivity: every one in Allerdale was invited to give her a fitting welcome. But the very formality of all this entertainment pained her. It was, after all, only a cruel evidence that Will and Alice did not care to take her into their real home-life. She would rather have sat alone with them, and talked of their hopes and plans, and been permitted to make friends of the babies.

So far away, so far away as she had drifted in three years from the absent living! Would the dead be kinder? She went to Aspatria Church and sat down in her mother's seat, and let the strange spiritual atmosphere which hovers in old churches fill her heart with its supernatural influence. All around her were the graves of her fore-elders, —strong elemental men, simple God-loving women. Did they know her? Did they care for her? Her soul looked with piteous entreaty into the void behind it, but there was no answer; only that dreadful silence of the dead, which presses upon the drum of the ear like thunder.

She went into the quiet yard around the church. The ancient, ancient sun shone on the young grass. Over her mother's grave the sweet thyme had grown luxuriantly. She rubbed her hands in it, and spread them towards heaven with a prayer. Then peace came into her heart, and she felt as if eyes, unseen heavenly eyes, rained happy influence upon her. Thus it is that Death imparts to Life its most intense interest, for, kneeling in his very presence, Aspatria forgot the mortality of her parents, and did reverence to that within them which was eternal.

She returned to London, and was a little disappointed there also. Mrs. St. Alban had promised herself an absolute release from any outside element. She felt Aspatria a trifle in the way; and, though far too polite to show her annoyance, Aspatria by some similar instinct divined it. That is the way, always. When we plan for ourselves, all our plans fail. Happy are they who learn early to let Fate alone, and never interfere with the Powers who hold the thread of their destiny!

It was not until she had reached this mood—a kind of content indifference—that her good genius could work for her. She then sent Brune as her messenger, and Brune took his sister to meet her on Richmond Hill. On their way thither they talked about Seat-Ambar, and Will and Alice, until Aspatria suddenly noticed that Brune was not listening to her. His eyes were fixed upon a lovely woman approaching them. It was Sarah Sandys. Brune stood bareheaded to receive her salutation.

"I never should have known you, Lieutenant Anneys," she said, extending her hand, and beaming like sunshine on the handsome officer, "had not your colonel Jardine been in Richmond to-day. He is very proud of you, sir, and said so many fine things of you that I am ambi-

tious to show him we are old acquaintances. May I know, through you, Mrs. Anneys also?"

"This is my sister, Mrs. Sandys,—my sister,"—Brune hesitated a moment, and then said, firmly, "Miss Anneys."

Then Sarah insisted on taking them to her house to lunch; and there she soon had them under her influence. She waited on them with ravishing smiles and all sorts of pretty offices. She took them in her handsome carriage to drive; she insisted on their remaining to dinner. And before the drive was over, she had induced Aspatria to extend her visit until the opening of Mrs. St. Alban's school.

"We three are from the North Country," she said, with an air of relationship; "and how absurd for Miss Anneys to be alone at Mrs. St. Alban's, where she is not wanted, and for me to be alone here, when I desire her society so much!"

Aspatria was much pleased to receive such a delightful invitation, and a messenger was sent at once for her maid. Mrs. St. Alban was quite ready to resign Aspatria, and the maid was as glad as her mistress to leave the lonely mansion. In an hour or two she had removed Aspatria's wardrobe, and was arranging the pleasant rooms Mrs. Sandys had placed at her guest's disposal.

Sarah was evidently bent on conquest. Her toilet was a marvellous combination of some shining blue and white texture, mingled with pink roses and gold ornaments. Her soft fair hair was loosened and curled, and she had a child-like manner of being carelessly happy. Brune sat at her right hand; she talked to him in smiles and glances, and gave her words to Aspatria. She was determined to please both sister and brother, and she succeeded. Aspatria thought she had never in all her noble visiting seen a woman so lovable, so amusing, so individual.

Brune was naturally shy and silent among women. Sarah made him eloquent, because she had the tact to discover the subject on which he could talk,—his regiment, and its sayings and doings. So Brune was delighted with himself; he had never before suspected how clever he was. Stimulated by Sarah's and Aspatria's laughter and curiosity, he found it easy to retail funny little bits of palace and mess gossip, and to describe the queer men, and the vain men, and the fine fellows, that were his familiars.

"And pray how do you amuse yourself, lieutenant? Do you drink wine, and gamble, and go to the races, and bet your purse empty?"

"I was never brought up in such ways," Brune answered, "and, I can tell you, I wouldn't make believe to like them. There are a good many dalesmen in my company, and none of us enjoy anything more than a fair 'throw' or an 'in-lock.'"

"A 'throw' or an 'in-lock'! What do you mean, lieutenant? You must explain yourself to Miss Anneys and myself."

"Aspatria knows well enough. Did you ever see North Country lads wrestling, madam? No? Then you have as fine a thing in keeping for your eyes as human creatures can show you. I'll warrant that! *Why-a!* wrestling brings all men to their level. When Colonel Jardine is ugly-tempered, and top-heavy with his authority, a few sound throws over Timothy Sutcliffe's head does bring him to level very well. I had

a little in-play with him yesterday ; for in the wrestling-ring we be all equals, though out of it he is my colonel."

"Now for the in-play. Tell me about it, for I see Miss Anneys is not at all interested."

"Colonel Jardine is a fine wrestler : a fair match he would be even for brother Will. Yesterday he said he could 'throw' me ; and I took the challenge willingly. So we shook hands and went squarely for the 'throw.' I was in good luck, and soon got my head under his right arm, and his head close down to my left side. Then it was only to get my right arm up to his shoulder, and lift him as high as my head, and, when so, lean backward, and throw him over my head : we call it the *Flying Horse*."

"Oh, I can see it very well. No wonder Rosalind fell in love with Orlando when he 'threw' the wrestler Charles."

"Were they North Country or Cornish men ?"

She was far too kindly and polite to smile ; indeed, she gave Aspatria a pretty, imperative glance, and answered, in the most natural manner, "I think they were Italians."

"Oh !" said Brune, with some contempt. "*Chaff* on their ways ! The Devonshire wrestlers are brutal ; the Cornish are too slow ; but the Cumberland men wrestle like gentlemen. They meet square and level in the ring, and the one who could carry ill-will for a fair 'throw' would very soon find himself out of all rings and all good fellowship."

"You said 'even brother Will.' Is your brother a better wrestler than you ?"

"My song ! he is that ! Will has his match, though. We had a ploughman once,—Aspatria remembers him,—Robert Steadman, an upright, muscular young fellow, civil and respectful as could be in everything about his work and place ; but on wet days when we were all—masters and servants—in the barn together, it was a sight to see Robert wrestling with Will for the mastery, and Will never so ready to say, 'Well done !' nor the rest of us so happy, as when we saw Will's two brawny legs going handsomely over Robert's head."

"If I was a man, I should try and be a fine wrestler."

"It is a great comfort," said Brune. "If you have a quarrel of any kind, it is a deal more satisfactory to meet your man, and throw him a few times over your head, than to go to law with him. It puts a stop to unpleasantness very quickly, and very good-naturedly."

Then Sarah rose and opened the piano, and from its keys dashed out a lilting, hurrying melody, like the galloping of horses and shaking of bridles ; and in a few moments she began to sing, and Brune went to her side, and, because she looked so steadily into his eyes, he could remember nothing at all of the song but its dashing refrain :

"For he whom I wed
Must be North Country bred,
And must carry me back to the North Countrie."

Then Aspatria played some wonderful music on her harp, and Sarah and Brune sat still and listened to their own hearts, and sent out shy

glances, and caught each other in the act, and Brune was made nervous, and Sarah gay, by the circumstance.

By and by they began to talk of schools, and of how much Aspatria had learned; and so Brune regretted his own ignorance, and wished he had been more attentive to his school-master.

Sarah laughed at the wish. "A knowledge of Shakespeare, and the musical glasses, and the Della Cruscan's," she said, "is for foolish sentimental women. You can wrestle, and you can fight, and I suppose you can make money, and perhaps even make love. Is there anything else a soldier needs?"

"Colonel Jardine is very clever," continued Brune, regretfully; "and I had a good school-master——"

"Nonsense, lieutenant!" said Sarah. "None of them are good. They all spoil your eyes, and seek to lay a curse on you,—that is, the confusion of languages."

"Still, I might have learnt Latin."

"It was the speech of pagans and infidels."

"Or logic."

"Logic hath nothing to say in a good cause."

"Or philosophy."

"Philosophy is curiosity. Socrates was very properly put to death for it."

They were all laughing together, when Sarah condemned Socrates, and the evening passed like a happy dream away.

It was succeeded by weeks of the same delight. Aspatria soon learned to love Sarah. She had never before had a female friend on whom she could rely and to whom she could open her heart. Sarah induced her to speak of Ulfar, to tell her all her suffering, and her plans and hopes, and she gave her in return a true affection and a most sincere sympathy. Nothing of the past that referred to Ulfar was left untold; and as the two women sat together during the long summer days they grew very near to each other, and there was but one mind, and one desire, between them.

So that when the time came for Aspatria to go back to Mrs. St. Alban's, Sarah would not hear of their separation. "You have had enough of book-learning," she said. "Remain with me. We will go to Paris, to Rome, to Vienna. We will study through travel and society. It is by rubbing yourself against all kinds of men and women you acquire the finest polish of life; and then when Ulfar comes back you will be able to meet him upon all civilized grounds. And as for the South Americans, we will buy all the books about them we can find. Are they red, or white, or black, I wonder? Are they pagans or Christians? I seem to remember that when I was at school I learned that the Peruvians worshipped the sun."

"I think, Sarah, that they are all descendants of Spaniards: so they will be Roman Catholics. And I have read that their women are beautiful and witty."

"My dear Aspatria, nothing goes with Spaniards but gravity and green olives."

Aspatria was easily persuaded to accept Sarah's offer: she was in-

deed very happy in the prospect before her. But Brune was miserable. He had spent a rapturous summer, and it was to end without harvest, or the promise thereof. He could not endure the prospect; and one night he made a movement so decided that Sarah was compelled to set him back a little.

"Were you ever in love, Mrs. Sandys?" poor Brune asked, with his heart filling his mouth.

She looked thoughtfully at him a moment, and then slowly answered, "I once felt myself in danger, and I fled to France. I consider it the finest action of my life."

Aspatia felt sorry for her brother, and she said, warmly, "I think no one falls in love now. Love is out of date."

Sarah enjoyed her temper. "You are right, dear," she answered. "Culture makes love a conscious operation. When women are all feeling, they fall in love; when they have intellect and will, they attach themselves only after a critical examination of the object."

Later, when they were alone, Aspatia took her friend to task for her cruelty: "You know Brune loves you, Sarah; and you *do* love him. Why make him miserable? Has he presumed too far?"

"No, indeed! He is as adoring and humble as one could wish a future lord and master to be."

"Well, then?"

"I will give our love time to grow. When we come back, if Brune has been true to me every way, he may fall to blessing himself with both hands;" and then she began to sing,—

"Betide, betide, whatever betide,
Love shall be Lord of Sandy-Side!"

"Love is a burden two hearts carry very easily together; but, oh, Sarah! I know how hard it is to bear it alone. Therefore, I say, be kind to Brune while you can."

"My dear, your idea is a very pretty one. I read the other day a Hindoo version of it that smelt charmingly of the soil:

"A clapping is not made with one hand alone:
Your love, my beloved, must answer my own."

But, in spite of such reflections, Sarah's will and intellect were predominant, and she left poor Brune with only such hope as he could glean from the lingering pressure of her hand and the tears in her eyes. Aspatia's pleading had done no good. Perhaps it had done harm; for the very nature of love is that it should be spontaneous.

CHAPTER VII.

"A ROSE OF A HUNDRED LEAVES."

ONE morning in spring Aspatia stood in a balcony overlooking the principal thoroughfare of Rome,—the Rome of papal government, mythical, mystical, mediæval in its character. A procession of friars had just passed; a handsome boy was crying violets; some musical

puppets were performing in the shadow of the opposite palace; a party of brigands were going to the Angelo prison; the spirit of Caesar was still abroad in the black-browed men and women, lounging and laughing in their gaudy picturesque costumes; and the spirit of ecclesiasticism lifted itself above every earthly object, and touched proudly the bells of a thousand churches. Aspatria was weary of all.

She had that morning an imperative nostalgia. She could see nothing but the mountains of Cumberland, and the white sheep wandering about their green sides. Through the church-bells she heard the sheep-bells. Above the boy crying violets she heard the boy whistling in the fresh-ploughed furrow. As for the violets, she knew how the wild ones were blowing in Ambar wood, and how in the garden the daffodil-beds were aglow, and the sweet thyme humbling itself at their feet, because each bore a chalice. Oh for a breath from the mountains and the sea! The hot Roman streets, with their ever-changing human elements of sorrow and mirth, sin and prayer, riches and poverty, made her sad and weary.

Sarah came towards her with a letter in her hand. "Ria," she said, "this is from Lady Redware. Your husband will be in England very shortly."

It was the first time Sarah had ever called Ulfar Aspatria's husband. In conversation the two women had always spoken of him as "Ulfar." The change was significant. It implied that Sarah thought the time had come for Aspatria to act decisively.

"I shall be delighted to go back to England. We have been twenty months away, Sarah. I was just feeling as if it was twenty years."

Sarah looked critically at the woman who was going to cast her last die for love. She was so entirely different from the girl who had first won that love, how was it possible for her to recapture the same sweet faithless emotion? She had a swift memory of the slim girl in the plain black frock whom she had seen sitting under the whin-bushes. And then she glanced at Aspatria standing under the blue-and-red awning of the Roman palace. She was now twenty-six years old, and in the very glory of her womanhood,—tall, superbly formed, graceful, calm, and benignant. Her face was luminous with intellect and feeling, her manner that of a woman high-bred and familiar with the world. Culture had done all for her that the lapidary does for the diamond; travel and social advantages had added to the gem a golden setting. She was so little like the sorrowful child whom Ulfar had last seen in the vicar's meadow that Sarah felt instantaneous recognition to be almost impossible.

After some hesitation, Aspatria agreed to accept Sarah's plan and wait in Richmond the development of events. At first she had been strongly in favor of a return to Seat-Ambar. "If Ulfar really wants to see me," she said, "he will be most likely to seek me there."

"But then, Ria, he may *think* he does not want to see you. Men never know what they really do want. You have to give them 'leadings.' If Ulfar can look on you now and have no curiosity about your identity, I should say the man was not worth a speculation from

any point. See if you have hold sufficient on his memory to pique his curiosity. If you have, lead him wherever you wish."

"But how? And where?"

"Do I carry a divining-cup, Ria? Can I foresee the probabilities of a man so impossible as Ulfar Fenwick? I only know that Richmond is a good place to watch events from."

And of course the Richmond house suited Brune. His love had grown to the utmost of Sarah's expectations, and he was no longer to be put off with smiles and pleasant words. Sarah had promised him an answer when she returned, and he claimed it with a passionate persistence that had finally something imperative in it. To this mood Sarah succumbed; though she declared "Brune had chosen the morning of all others most inconvenient for her." She was just leaving the house. She was going to London about her jewels. Brune had arrested the coachman by a peremptory movement, and he looked as if he was quite prepared to lift Sarah out of the carriage.

So Aspatria went alone. She was glad of the swift movement in the fresh air; she was glad that she could be quiet and let it blow passively upon her. The restlessness of watching had made her feverish. She had the "strait" of a strong mind which longs to meet her destiny. For her love for her husband had grown steadily with her efforts to be worthy of that love; and she longed to meet him face to face and try the power of her personality over him. The trial did not frighten her; she felt within her the ability to accomplish it; her feet were on a level with her task; she was the height of a woman above it.

Musing on this subject,—letting her mind shoot to and fro like a shuttle between the past and the present,—she reached Piccadilly, and entered a large jeweller's store. The proprietor was talking to a gentleman who was exhibiting a number of uncut gems. Aspatria knew him on sight. It was Ulfar Fenwick,—the same Ulfar, older, and yet distinctly handsomer. For the dark hair slightly whitened, and the thin, worn cheeks, had an intensely human aspect. She saw that he had suffered, that the sum of life was on his face,—toil, difficulty, endurance, mind, and also that pathetic sadness which tells of endurance without avail.

She went to the extreme end of the counter, and began to examine the jewels which Sarah had sent to be reset. Some were finished, others were waiting for the selection of a particular style; and Aspatria looked critically at the models shown her. The occupation gave her an opportunity to calm and consider herself; she could look at the jewels a few moments without expressing an opinion.

Then she gave, in a clear, distinct voice, some order regarding a pearl necklace; and Ulfar turned like a flash and looked at the woman who had spoken. She had the pearls in one hand; the other touched a satin cushion on which lay many ornaments of diamonds, sapphires, and rubies. The moonlight iridescence of the pearls, the sparkling glory of the gems, seemed to be a part of her noble beauty. He forgot his own treasures, and stood looking at the woman whose voice had called to him out of the past, had penetrated his heart like a bell struck sharply

in its innermost room. Who was it? Where had they met before? He knew the face. He knew, and yet he did not know, the whole charming personality. As she turned, his eyes met her eyes, and the pure pallor of her cheeks was flooded with crimson.

She passed him within touch; the rustle of her garments, their faint perfume, the simple sense of her nearness, thrilled his being wondrously. And, above all, that sense of familiarity! What could it mean? He gave the stones into the jeweller's care, and hurriedly followed her steps.

"That is Sarah Sandys's carriage, my barony for it!" he exclaimed, "and the men are in the Sandys livery. Sarah, then, is in Richmond; and the woman who rides in her carriage is very likely in her house; but who can it be?"

The face haunted him, the voice tormented him like a melody that we continually try to catch. He endeavored to place both as he rode out to Richmond. More than once the thought of Aspatria came to him; but he could not make any memory of her fit that splendid vision of the woman with uplifted hand and the string of pearls dropping from it. Her exquisite face, between the beauty of their reflection and the flashing of the gems beneath, retained in his memory a kind of glory. "Such loveliness is the proper setting for pearls and diamonds," he said. "Many a beauty I have seen, but none that can touch the heel of her shoe."

For he really thought it was her personal charms which had so moved him. It was the sense of familiarity; it was in a far deeper and dimmer way a presentiment of right, of possession, a feeling of personal touch in the emotion, which perplexed and stimulated him as the mere mystery and beauty of the flesh could never have done.

As soon as he reached the top of Richmond Hill he saw Sarah. She was sauntering along that loveliest of cliffs, with Brune. An orderly was leading Brune's horse; he himself was in the first ecstasy of Sarah's acknowledged love. Ulfar went into the Star and Garter Inn and watched Sarah. He had no claim upon her, and yet he felt as if she had been false to him. "And for a mere soldier!" Then he looked critically at the soldier, and said, with some contempt, "I am sorry for him! Sarah Sandys will have her pastime, and then say, 'Farewell, good sir!'" As for the "mere soldier" being Brune Annes, that was a thought out of Ulfar's horizon.

In a couple of hours he went to Sarah's. She met him with real delight. "You are just five years lovelier, Sarah," he said.

"Admiration from Sir Ulfar Fenwick is admiration indeed!"

"Yes; I say you are beautiful, though I have just seen the most bewitching woman that ever blessed my eyes,—in your carriage, too." And then, swift as light or thought, there flashed across his mind a conviction that the Beauty and Aspatria were identical. It was a momentary intelligence: he grasped it merely as a clue that might lead him somewhere.

"In my carriage? I dare say it was Ria. She went to Piccadilly this morning about some jewels."

"She reminded me of Aspatria."

"Have you brought back with you that old trouble? I have no mind to hear more of it."

"Who is the lady I saw this morning?"

"She is the sister of the man I am going to marry. In four months she will be my sister."

"What is her name?"

"That is to tell you my secret, sir."

"I saw you throwing your enchantments over some soldier. I knew just how the poor fellow felt."

"Then you also have been in Arcadia. Be thankful for your past blessings. I do not expect you to rejoice with me: none of the apostolic precepts are so hard as that which bids us rejoice with those who do rejoice."

"Neither Elizabeth nor you have ever named Aspatria in your letters."

"Did you expect us to change guard over Ambar-Side? I dare say Aspatria has grown into a buxom, rosy-cheeked woman and quite forgotten you."

"I must go and see her."

"I think you ought. Also, you should give her her freedom. I consider your behavior a dog-in-the-manger atrocity."

"Can you not pick nicer words, Sarah?"

"I would not if I could."

"Sarah, tell me truly, have I lost my good looks?"

She regarded him attentively a moment, and answered, "Not quite. You have some good points yet. You have grown thin and gray, and lost something, and perhaps gained something; but you are not very old, and then, you know, you have your title, and your castle, and your very old, old family, and I suppose a good deal of money." In reality, she was sure that he had never before been so attractive; for he had now the magic of a countenance informed by intellect and experience, eyes brimming with light, lips neither loose nor coarse, yet full of passion and the faculty of enjoyment.

He smiled grimly at Sarah's list of his charms, and said, "When will you introduce me to your future sister?"

"This evening. Come about nine. I have a few sober people who will be delighted to hear your South American adventures. Ria goes to Lady Chester's ball soon after nine. Do not miss your chance."

"Could I see her now?"

"You could not."

"What for?"

"Do you suppose she would leave a *modiste* for—you?"

"I wonder where Aspatria is!"

"Go and find out."

"Sarah, who is the young lady I saw in your carriage?"

"She is the sister of the officer you saw me with,—the man I am going to marry."

"Where did you meet him?"

"At a friend's house."

"Where did you meet her?"

"Her brother brought her to my house. I asked her to stay with me, and finally we went to Italy together."

"She has a very aristocratic manner."

"She ought to have. She was educated at Mrs. St. Alban's, and she visits at the Earl of Arundel's, the Duke of Norfolk's, and the very exclusive Boleyns,—Lady Mary Boleyn is her friend; and she has also had the great advantage of my society for nearly two years."

"Then of course she is *not* Aspatria, and my heart is a liar, and my memory is a traitor, and my eyes do not see correctly. I will call about nine. I am at the Star and Garter. If she should name me at all——"

"Do you imagine she noticed you? and in such a public place as Howell's?"

"I really do imagine she noticed me. Ask her."

"I see you are in love again. After all that experience has done for you! It is a Nemesis, Ulfar. I have often noticed that, however faithless a man may be, there comes at last one woman who avenges all the rest. Enter Nemesis, at nine to-night!"

"Sarah, you are an angel."

"Thank you, Ulfar. I thought you classed me with the other side."

"As for Aspatria——"

"Life is too short to discuss Aspatria. I remember one day at Redware being sharply requested to keep silence on that subject. The wheel of Retribution has made a perfect circle as regards Aspatria! I shall certainly tell Ria that you have made her the heroine of your disagreeable matrimonial romance."

"No, no, Sarah! Do not say a word to her. I must wait until nine, I suppose? And I am so anxious, and so fearful, Sarah."

"You must wait until nine. And as for the rest, I know very well that in the present age a lover's cares and fears have

Dwindled to the smallest span.

Do go to your hotel, and get clothed and in your right mind. You are most unbecomingly dressed. Good-by, old friend, good-by!" And she left him with an elaborate courtesy.

Ulfar was now in a vortex. Things went round and round in his consciousness; and whenever he endeavored to examine events with his reason, then Feeling advanced some unsupported conviction and threw him back into the same senseless whirl of emotion.

He had failed to catch the point which would have given him the clue to the whole mystery,—the identity of Brune with the splendidly-accounted officer Sarah avowed to be her intended husband. Without taking special note of him, Ulfar had seen certain signs of birth, breeding, and assured position. In his mind there was a great gulf between the haughty-looking soldier and the simple, handsome, but rather boorish-looking young Squire of Ambar-Side. The two individualities were as far apart in social claims as the North and South poles are apart physically.

And if this beautiful woman were indeed Aspatria, how could he reconcile the fact with her education at St. Alban's, her friendship with such exalted families, her relationship to an officer of evident birth and position? When he thought thus, he acknowledged the impossibility; but then no sooner had he acknowledged it than his heart passionately denied the deduction, with the simple iteration, "*It is Aspatria! It is Aspatria!*"

Aspatria or not, he told himself that he was at last genuinely in love. Every affair before was tame, pale, uninteresting. If it was not Aspatria, then the first Aspatria was the shadow of the second and real one,—the preface to Love's glorious tale,—the prelude to his Song,—the gray, sweet dawn to his perfect day. He could not eat, nor sit still, nor think reasonably, nor yet stop thinking. The sun stood still; the minutes were hours; at four o'clock he wished to fling the time-piece out of the window.

Aspatria had the immense strength of certainty. She *knew*. Also, she had Sarah to advise with. Still better, she had the conviction that Ulfar loved her. Perhaps Sarah had exaggerated Ulfar's desperate condition; if so, she had done it consciously; for she knew that as soon as a woman is sure of her power she puts on an authority which commands it. She was now only afraid that Ulfar would not be kept in suspense long enough,—that Aspatria would forgive him too easily.

"Do make yourself as puzzling as you can, for this one night, Aspatria," she urged. "Try and outvie, and outdo, and even affront, that dove-like simplicity he used to adore in you, and into which you are still apt to relapse. He told me once that you looked like a Quakeress when he first saw you."

"I was just home from Miss Gilpin's school in Kendal. It was a Quaker school. I have always kept a black gown ready, like the one he saw me first in."

"No black gown to-night. I have a mind to stay here and see that you turn the Quakeress into a Princess."

"I will do all you wish. To-night you shall have your way; but poor Ulfar must have suffered, and——"

"*Poor Ulfar*, indeed! Be merry; that is the best armor against love. What ruins women? Revery and sentimentality. A woman who does not laugh ought to be watched."

But, though she lectured and advised Aspatria as to the ways of men and the ways of love, Sarah had not much faith in her own counsels. "No one can draw out a programme for a woman's happiness," she mused: "she will not keep to its lines. Now, I do wonder whether she will dress gorgeously, or not? What did Solomon in all his glory wear? If Aspatria only knew how dress catches a man's eye, and then touches his vanity, and then sets fire to his imagination, and finally, somehow, somehow, gets to his heart! If she only knew,—

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are but the ministers of Love
And feed his sacred flame!"

A little before nine, Ulfar entered Sarah's drawing-room. It was lit with wax candles. It was sweet with fresh violets, and at the farther end Aspatria stood by her harp. She was dressed for Lady Chester's ball, and was waiting her chaperon; but there had been a little rebellion against her leaving without giving her admirers one song. Every person was suggesting his or her favorite; and she stood smiling, uncertain, listening, watching, for one voice and face.

Her dazzling bodice was clasped with emeralds; her draperies were of damasked gauze, shot with gold and silver and abloom with flowers. Her fair neck sparkled with diamonds; and the long white fingers which touched the strings so firmly glinted with flashing gems. The moment Ulfar entered, she saw him. His eyes, full of fiery prescience, forced her to meet their inquiry; and then it was she sat down and filled the room with tinkling notes, that made every one remember the mountains, and the merry racing of the spring winds, and the trinkling of half-hidden fountains.

Sarah advanced with him. She touched Aspatria slightly, and said, "Hush! a moment. This is my friend Sir Ulfar Fenwick, Ria."

Ria lifted her eyes sweetly to his eyes; she bowed with the grace and benignity of a queen, and adroitly avoided speech by turning the melody into song:

"I never shall forget
The mountain maid that once I met
By the cold river's side.
I met her on the mountain-side;
She watched her herds unnoticed there:
'Trim-bodied maiden, hail!' I cried.
She answered, 'Whither, wanderer?
For thou hast lost thy way.'"

Every word went to Ulfar's heart, and amid all the soft cries of delight he alone was silent. She was beaming with smiles; she was radiant as a goddess; the light seemed to vanish from the room when she went away. Her adieu was a general one, except to Ulfar. On him she turned her bright eyes, and courtesied low with one upward glance. It set his heart on fire. He knew that glance. They might say this, or that; they might lie to him neck-deep; he knew it was Aspatria! He was cross with Sarah. He accused her of downright deception. He told her frankly he believed nothing about the soldier and his sister.

She bade him come in the morning and talk to Ria; and he asked, impetuously, "How soon? Twelve, I suppose? How am I to pass the time until twelve to-morrow?"

"Why this haste?"

"Why this deception?"

"After seven years' indifference, are you suddenly gone mad?"

"I feel as if I was being very badly used."

"How does the real Aspatria feel? Go at once to Ambar-Side."

"The real Aspatria is here. I know it! I feel it!"

"In a court of law, what evidence would feeling be?"

"In a court of love——"

"Try it."

"I will, to-morrow, at ten o'clock."

His impetuosity pleased her. She was disposed to leave him to Aspatria now. And Aspatria was disposed on the following morning to make his confession very easy to him. She dressed herself in the simple black gown she had kept ready for this event. It had the short elbow sleeves, and the ruffle round the open throat, and the daffodil against her snowy breast, that distinguished the first costume he had ever seen her in. She loosened her hair and let it fall in two long braids behind her ears. She was, as far as dress could make her so, the Aspatria who had held the light to welcome him to Ambar-Side that stormy night ten years ago.

He was standing in the middle of the room, restless and expectant, when she opened the door. He called her by name, and went to meet her. She trembled and was silent.

"Aspatria, it is you! My Life! My Soul! *It is you!*"

He took her hands; they were cold as ice. He drew her close to his side; he stooped to see her eyes; he whispered word upon word of affection,—sweet-meaning nouns and adjectives that caught a real physical heat from the impatient heart and tongue that forged and uttered them.

"Forgive me, my dearest! Forgive me fully! Forgive me at once and altogether! Aspatria, I love you! I love none but you! I will adore you all my life! Speak one word to me,—one word, my love!—one word: say only, '*Ulfar!*'"

She forgot in a moment all that she had suffered. She forgot all she had promised Sarah,—all her intents of coldness,—all reproaches; she forgot even to forgive him. She just put her arms around his neck, and kissed him. She blotted out the past forever in that one whispered word, "*Ulfar!*"

And then he took her to his heart; he kissed her for very wonder; he kissed her for very joy; but most of all he kissed her for fervent love. Then once more life was an "Interlude in Heaven." Every hour held some sweet surprise, some accidental joy. It was Brune, it was Sarah, it was some eulogium of Ulfar in the great London weeklies. He had fought in the good fight for freedom; he had done great deeds of mercy, as well as of valor; he had crossed primeval forests, and brought back wonderful medicines, and dyes, and many new specimens for the botanist and the naturalist. The papers were never weary in praising his pluck, his bravery, his generosity, and his endurance; the Geographical Society sent him its coveted blue ribbon. In his own way, Ulfar had made himself a fit mate for the new Aspatria.

And she was a constant wonder to him. Nothing in all his strange experience touched his heart like the thought of his simple, patient wife studying to please him, to be worthy of his love. Every day revealed her in some new and charming light. She was one hundred Aspatrias in a single lovable, lovely woman. On whatever subject Ulfar spoke, she understood, supplemented, sympathized with, or assisted him. She could talk in French and Italian; she was not ignorant of botany and natural science; and she was delighted to be his pupil.

In a single month they became all the world to each other; and then they began to long for the lonely old castle fronting the wild North Sea, to plan for its restoration, and for a sweet home-life, which alone could satisfy the thirst of their hearts for each other's presence. At the end of June they went northward.

It was the month of the rose, and the hedges were pink, and the garden was a garden of roses. There were banks of roses, mazes of roses, walks and standards of roses, masses of glorious color and breezes scented with roses. Butterflies were chasing each other among the flowers; nightingales, languid with love, were singing softly above them. And in the midst was a gray old castle, flying its old Border flags, and looking as happy as if it was at a festival.

Aspatia was enraptured, spellbound with delight. With Ulfar she wandered from one beauty to another, until they finally reached a great standard of pale-pink roses. Their loveliness was beyond compare; their scent went to the brain like some divine essence. It was a glory,—a prayer,—a song of joy! Aspatia stood beside it, and seemed to Ulfar but its mortal manifestation. She was clothed in a gown of pale-pink brocade, with a little mantle of the same, trimmed with white lace, and a bonnet of white lace and pink roses. She was a perfect rose of womanhood. She was the glory of his life,—his prayer,—his song of joy!

"It is the loveliest place in the world!" he said; "and you! you are the loveliest woman! My sweet Aspatia!"

She smiled divinely. "And yet," she answered, "I remember, Ulfar, a song of yours that said something very different. Listen:

*"There is a rose of a hundred leaves,
But the wild rose is the sweetest!"*

And as she sang the words, Ulfar had a vision of a young girl, fresh and pure as a mountain bluebell, in her scrimp black frock. He saw the wind blowing it tight over her virgin form; he saw her fair, childish, troubled face as she kissed him farewell in the vicar's meadows; and then he saw the glorious woman, nobly planned, perfect on every side, that the child wife had grown to.

So, when she ceased, he pulled the fairest rose on the tree; he took from it every thorn; he put it in her breast; he kissed the rose; and he kissed her rose-like face. Then he took up the song where she dropped it; and hand in hand, keeping time to its melody, they crossed the threshold of their blessed home.

*"The robin sang beneath the eaves,
'There is a rose of a hundred leaves,
But the wild rose is the sweetest!"*

*"The nightingale made answer clear,
'O darling rose! more fair! more dear!
O rose of a hundred leaves!"*

THE END.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

AMONG the many questions of importance bearing on the welfare of the race that are now discussed, there is one which I deem entitled to more interest than has usually been bestowed upon it. Although physical culture has engaged the attention of the human family for ages, it has been left to the nineteenth century to give to it the scientific basis that a question of such importance deserves, and to destroy many vain theories regarding it. Important as the subject of physical culture is to the welfare of the race, it has not made the progress that it deserves, nor that other kindred matters have made.

From the day when "Ugly Jim" trained "Dan the Fox" to fight "Reddy the Terror" by making him go through a series of manoeuvres which he called *exercise*, making him lose as much of his bodily substance as possible, with the idea that by this heroic but barbaric treatment he could bring him into such a superior physical state that he would certainly excel his rival for fistic honors, Physical Science has made no material progress. The same ideas, the same thought, the same principles, underlie it all, and, no matter what the color, constitution, or what may be termed the general make-up of the person is, the same undue expenditure of energy has to be undergone by all who wish—for what? Simply health; for perfect health is, or should be, the desideratum in physical culture.

Many have tried in vain to solve this problem of physical education. Health and strength have succumbed in the effort. Indeed, so-called physical education has been a modern Juggernaut, and its pathway is marked by the bodies of those who have voluntarily thrown themselves under its crushing wheels. How many victims are necessary as a sacrifice before we shall be allowed to even guess the truth? Whether I have been at all fortunate in my attempt to solve this very difficult question, I leave my readers to judge. I have at least studied the subject with great interest, and thus far with great benefit to myself, and I take pleasure in giving to the public my views upon what I shall call the science of "*The Economy of Physical Force*,"—a study of which I believe to be far more important than that of any other science known to the human race; for mental power and strength rest on the foundation of intelligent physical health; and when I say *strength* I do not mean that heavy, lumbering strength which we find in some so-called strong people, but that healthful *strength* which we would certainly find among those represented in the antique works of art,—strength that is alive, responsive, and will instantly answer to all demands. Such strength may be acquired without the laborious and often dangerous methods that have hitherto been looked upon as necessary to gain that which Nature gives to almost every one without any effort on his part except to keep it.

I shall not be able in this short article to give more than a brief

summary of what I believe to be the causes of the many physical imperfections that we frequently meet even in the most favored, those who are able to pass a government examination. But I will endeavor to set my readers thinking upon new lines of thought, in the hope that the practical applications of this system may be tried by all who care for health and strength. Syndesmiology (if I may be allowed to coin a word), and what I term the "Mechanics of Anatomy," is of far more importance as a primary study than either calisthenics, gymnastics, or athletic exercises. No one who has studied the subject intelligently will doubt that underlying all physical movements there is a natural force always at work where physical energy is expended, for gravity plays just as important a part in the so-called natural movements of the body as it does in inanimate objects, and those who ignore it will never succeed, so far as physical perfection is concerned, The law of leverage, and the relative value of angles to one another, I think to be more important for young people to learn, as a primary study in the science of physical economy, than even anatomy, besides being much more easy to learn. I attach great importance to geometry, and believe that if teachers understood how to apply it in teaching physical culture they would be able to accomplish more good in a shorter space of time than by any other means, and, besides, the knowledge they would impart would be of more practical value. But first the mother must teach the child to mount the lowest round of the ladder of knowledge in order to enable it to reach the pinnacle of physical as well as mental perfection.

I am well aware that some anatomists, in describing the spine, say that it is curved, and they explain why it should be so; but nevertheless I do not think that either man or woman is benefited as much by keeping it curved as they would be if taught to keep it straight. Carefully note the next time you see a child about four or five months old; you will find that its back is straight, unless there is some congenital defect, and if there is any bend it is only a slight outward curve at the dorsal spine (the middle of the back). If a curve in the lumbar region (the small of the back) was intended by nature, then poor, suffering humanity was meant to be weak, for no one can ever acquire agility and strength who has what I call a crooked back (curved).

The curved spine is artificial, not natural, and frequently is caused as soon as a child learns to stand and walk. It makes its appearance as soon as the child assumes the perpendicular position, which it maintains by holding on to something. The inability to keep its equilibrium without support of some kind does not denote physical weakness on the part of the child (as it can expend more physical force in other directions than is necessary to enable it to stand), but mental,—that is, so far as physical knowledge is concerned. In standing for the first time the child will keep its position by balance through its inability to mentally control its muscles; the body will sink down on the hips, and the pelvis turn forward, causing the abdomen to protrude, as in Fig. 1.

The early mistake in the child's life is further aggravated on entering school, as the position it is apt to assume in writing is usually after the style of Fig. 2 instead of that of Fig. 3. Fig. 2 affords a splendid

chance for the muscles of the neck to relax, allowing the head, which weighs something, to slide forward. This position illustrates in a marked manner the strength of the bony structure of the body, even in young children, for if it were not strong the whole body, on account of the general relaxed condition of the muscles, would soon sink in a heap on the chair. In this position the body is hung on the bones, instead of being supported by the muscles, as in Fig. 3. In Fig. 2, if the position is not corrected, the head is allowed to slide forward until the shoulders rise up and seem as though they would, in time, get over in front of the chest. This produces the flat or hollow chest that is supposed by many to be hereditary, who also suppose that this fault can be overcome by a steady practice of throwing the shoulders back, as though doing this even until the scapulas (shoulder-blades) touched could alter the position of the head or the depth or diameter of the chest, or affect the shape of the sternum (the breast-bone).

I consider throwing back the shoulders a pernicious practice and detrimental to proper physical development; besides, it indirectly intensifies the first physical error, as the pressure of the shoulders on the spine forces the lumbar

FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.



curve (the hollow of the back) to become more pronounced, adding another serious defect of position, as by this practice the abdomen is forced out more prominently to the front, and the muscles surrounding it are in consequence weakened through their being constantly stretched and distended.

The better way is first to draw the head back, keeping the face at right angles to the floor, until the back of the head is a little over the spine. Let the shoulders alone; they will find their proper position if the arms are allowed to hang relaxed and a correct position of the body is assumed. Turn the pelvis backward and upward; this will remove the curve in the lumbar region. This is a much more simple way than throwing the shoulders back, and of more benefit, as it immediately raises up the chest and gives a nobler carriage. Throwing

FIG. 4.



back the shoulders seems to me to impart a conceited as well as an arrogant look to those who are unfortunate enough to be addicted to this faulty carriage. Lift the head up and draw it back. Do not for a moment imagine that Nature teaches us the best way to use our body, any more than she teaches a child how to read and write. She gives, or rather supplies, the raw material; necessity and inclination supply the rest. The accomplishment of our desires forces through necessity the way and methods, and these combined develop the reasoning faculties, without which no one can ever hope to become either physically or mentally perfect, for I am firmly convinced that it takes just as much mental effort to become physically perfect as it does to master any science.

It needs a mental effort to conserve energy, but only an automatic one to expend it; and as those who labor physically are often looked upon as below the intellectual standard of scientific people, or those who mentally labor, I believe in the future those will be looked upon as physically deficient, in a mental sense, who are either obese or emaciated, and consequently weak and frequently stupid. If such imagine that by the use of inanimate objects, or other expedients, they can restore themselves to their normal condition,—i.e., by unduly expending energy to gain strength,—they are surely mistaken. I maintain that defective carriage causes their condition ninety-nine times out of a hundred. The organs are not able to follow out their natural functions; they are partly compressed and shifted out of their proper place by the very positions which are assumed by those who are phys-

ically imperfect in a mental sense. For instance, a person who assumes the position in Fig. 4, which is a very common one, is not giving the stomach a very good chance to follow out its proper function, as, through

the upper part of the body being allowed to sink down on it, it certainly retards the peristaltic action of the stomach, which can be properly maintained only by costal breathing, and those who carry the body in this manner breathe abdominally and generally with their mouths open; while, on the other hand, the person represented in Fig. 5, although showing an abundance of tissue, cannot congratulate himself upon enjoying any more perfect health, for although the thin person may suffer with catarrh, consumption, dyspepsia, and paralysis, the other one is liable to suffer from colds, rupture, and apoplexy, gout, and Bright's disease of the kidneys, as well as the chafing from perspiration, besides being usually short-winded. Yet such a one frequently thinks that it is perfectly natural that he should thus suffer. In one instance suffering is produced through non-assimilation, and in the other through an over-assimilation, of food in the stomach, all produced through—what? *Physical Ignorance*, though generally ascribed to other causes; and as the faulty positions assumed are detrimental to physical beauty as well as to strength, many other organs are misused and injured in consequence. The nose, for instance, which every one believes was certainly made by Nature to breathe with, is yet very rarely used for that purpose. I maintain that those who habitually breathe through the nose and assume the positions outlined in my book "A Natural Method of Physical Training" will breathe costally, while those who assume the position in Fig. 4 or Fig. 5 generally use the mouth for breathing, assisted, they believe, by the abdomen.

I offer a few more suggestions in conclusion. First, do not blame your forefathers or Nature for your physical defects, or imagine that your anatomy differs from that of others, unless there is some congenital fault. Second, do not imagine because some people enjoy greater agility and strength than yourself that this proves that the persons possessing them have peculiar and phenomenal gifts. Third, first get rid of all imperfect positions and faulty carriage of the body, before taking up any so-called physical exercises, such as calisthenics or gymnastics. These suggestions apply to both sexes, for what is good for the health of man is equally good for the health of woman.



Edwin Checkley.

A SURPRISE TO MR. THOMPSON BYERS.

I.

A MILE above the village of Red Oak, in a snug log cabin with a few acres bordering on the creek and the public road, lived the widow Rowell and her son Sandy, whose father a few weeks before his birth had been killed by a tree which he had felled. To him this little property, for a nominal price, had been set off by the owner from his large tract. A year or so before the occurrences herein narrated, this generous neighbor had deceased, and his land had been sold to a purchaser named Thompson Byers. Notwithstanding one sore infirmity of her son, Mrs. Rowell, who was liked and often helped by her neighbors, lived reasonably well. She raised no cotton, but depended for money wherewith to buy such needed supplies as the place did not produce, on the sale of butter, chickens, eggs, and such other things as could be spared. They kept always a horse for ploughing their garden and patches for corn, potatoes, and such. The one last there having died, its place had been supplied by a large, good-conditioned mare named Becky, a present from Stephen Shepherd, a life-long friend of Sandy.

The attachment between mother and son was closer perhaps because, although at this period five-and-twenty-years old, he was yet, except in growth of stature, a child, and destined to continue so as long as he lived. About five feet high, of stout build, his thick light hair covered a small head, whose face, in spite of its rather large front teeth, was handsome, and when in entire repose denoted much sweetness, as if in return for compassion he would like to render any service for which his small resources were competent. Yet even his bright, liquid gray eyes showed that within was a temper quickly excitable to anger. His step was rapid,—seldom, when out of doors and not accompanied by his mother, or not at work, confined to a walk. Mrs. Rowell had found it necessary always to curb his fiery spirit under strict rule, and now, while intensely devoted, he had the same dread of her displeasure as in earliest childhood. He not often went into the village alone, and at such times he hardly needed the orders not to delay after executing his errand; for in other society than that of his mother and Stephen Shepherd he seemed to feel more or less of confused embarrassment. He seldom spoke, except when delivering his brief message or making known his simple wants. Talking in jerks and with stammering seemed a painful operation, as if he were conscious of the weakness of his understanding and ashamed of not being able to express his thoughts like others, and it was evident that he felt keenly the smiles sometimes indulged by thoughtless persons at his essays, abortive as passionate.

Stephen Shepherd was a lawyer, living in his bachelor home on the northern edge of the village. A year or two younger than Sandy, they

had always been warm friends, having grown up together, the Shepherds living a quarter of a mile farther out. A graduate of the State College, he continued to hold to his fondness for the simple folk and the simple things of his childhood. During his college years the weakling missed him sorely.

"It looks like the child just longs for you when you're away," the mother used to say to him when, shortly after his coming home at a vacation, he made them a visit. It was only once in a long while, and that upon affectionate, pressing invitation, that Sandy could be prevailed upon to spend the night with his dear friend; for somehow he could not feel quite at his ease to lie down for sleep except on his own bed in the little shed-room behind his mother's. Yet occasionally Shepherd, supported by Mrs. Rowell, who hoped for some benefit to him from such a change, induced him, while on the homeward return from the village, to tarry; but the house-servant on awaking next morning would find his couch empty, its occupant, become homesick, having stolen away at the dawn.

Mrs. Rowell, ever since Shepherd had settled and become a lawyer, had been going to him whenever she believed that she needed counsel in her business. As for troubles, but for her nighest neighbor she would have had few worth mentioning. The infirmity of her son she regarded as a visitation from the good God, who, she felt that she knew, did not and could not mean it for anything but a mercy, whatever was its kind.

To people on the coming of Thompson Byers to live there, although a stout, well-shaped, hearty-enough-looking man, something about his eyes seemed wrong. He *could* open them as well as anybody, but when talking about trading, of which he was quite fond, he did not, except at intervals and for brief whiles. Yet they did not hinder him from noting whatever was for his own advantage. Billy Ellis, a young farmer who lived next beyond him, said, one day,—

"He wanted that little corner of my land running into his, and, as it would save rails for me, I was willing to let him have it. I knew he was sharper with his eyes shut than when open, and so I thought I'd watch him close while he was making his long winks. You think he didn't see into my hand, and get the land for six dollars an acre when I found out afterwards that he'd have given me eight, maybe nine? He's dying to get Mrs. Rowell's little corner; but Stephen Shepherd will have something to say about that, I guess."

Mr. Byers did want the land very much. For several months after taking possession of the adjoining property he had been very neighborly, doing more than his part of border-fencing and other favors, and once, with friendliest words and eyes closely shut, had suggested to Mrs. Rowell that perhaps, if she could find a purchaser at a fair, even what might be called a good, price, he wouldn't be surprised if it might not be well to sell that place and buy another on higher ground somewhere, less subject to damp influences, and so forth. She answered with as much reserve as her simple upright nature could command. He appeared to be satisfied with her words, and, after some other extremely cordial assurances, went away. On the next day Mrs.

Rowell, having some occasion to go into town, called at Shepherd's office and reported what Byers had said.

"Mrs. Rowell," he answered, "do you have no business with that man except through me. When he mentions the subject again, as he is sure to do,—for Billy Ellis says that he knows of his wanting the place,—you might say that you might be tempted to accept an offer of thirty, or say forty, dollars an acre; but don't *agree* with him at any price, though of course he wouldn't give either of those figures. Tell him that you would not trade on any terms without first consulting with me. Thompson Byers is smart, but not as much so as he thinks, although Billy says that he's the smartest man *he* ever saw."

"Yes," she answered, smiling, "Billy can't get over Mr. Byers's six dollars an acre for the strip he sold him, when he found he could have got eight, maybe nine."

Mr. Byers a week afterwards was disgusted with Mrs. Rowell's cool, evasive answer to his direct questioning.

"Why, Mrs. Rowell, you talk about such big figures for this little old, wet, crawfishy, wore-out scrap of ground, and your house hardly fit for even the poorest sort of white folks to live in, when you know that good land all over the county can be had for from five to seven dollars!"

"I don't want to sell the place, Mr. Byers. The land is good enough for me and Sandy, and so is the house."

"Yes, and there's that boy's father's grave in your very garden, to be always reminding you, and him too, if he had the sense to know, how he was killed. Seems to me that people with the right sort of feelings would want to get clean away from such a place, specially when they can sell it for twice as much as it's worth, as I had made up my mind, just for the convenience of me and you both, that I'd give you ten dollars an acre, cash."

"As for my husband lying there in the garden, about such things people are not all alike, Mr. Byers. Some prefer to get away from such places; but I am one that don't. I'd rather stay where I can keep down the weeds and briars, and it has never done me any harm, that I can see, nor my poor boy either."

"Don't you think it made an idiot of him, madam?—the whole history of the business, I mean?"

Then he shut his eyes close, as if he would not like to see the full effect of this brutal speech.

Tears came into her eyes as, without show of resentment, she answered,—

"Nobody but you, Mr. Byers, ever hinted such a thing as that to me, and I'm thankful to believe that you are the only person that would have done it, or could have done it. I don't know the ways of Providence, although you appear to think *you* do. But I have never believed for one single moment, and I couldn't be made to believe, that that affliction was sent upon me just to make me suffer more than other people, or to drive me away from this place, where I'd rather live than anywhere else. I wonder you could have the heart to say such things to me, Mr. Byers."

"Oh, pshaw! I only meant to say something for your own good. Maybe I oughtn't to have said what I did about Sandy."

"If I ever do take a notion to sell," she said; as he rose, "I shall get Stephen Shepherd to attend to everything for me."

"Stephen Shepherd! Ah ha! Lawyer! Oh, yes! I know something about lawyers, and maybe you will, in time. Well, I only thought I'd like to straighten my line, if you'd sell on living terms; but if *you* can stand it, madam, I suppose I'll have to try to. If your object is simply to spite me and disoblige me, after all I've done for you, you can do it, of course; but I'll advise you not to let any more trespassing than you can help be done on my land. Morning, madam."

"Good-morning, sir. I shall be careful, as I've always been."

As he walked off he muttered,—

"People that have no accommodation, nor no knowing what's best for their own selves, it puts a man——" The rest was kept within his breast. As he mounted his horse, he observed Sandy, who had just come from the garden with vegetables that he had been sent to gather for dinner.

"Hello, Elleegzander!" cried the parting guest; "hello, Elleegzander the Great! How's your corporosity this morning?"

Sandy looked at his mother, as if inquiring what he must answer.

"Say nothing, my child."

"Noth'n, sir," repeated Sandy.

Mr. Byers answered, smiling, "That's so, old fel," then rode away.

"What he w-want, mammy?"

"He wants us to move away and let him have this place. You wouldn't want us to go to live anywhere else, would you, my dear?"

"N-no'm," he answered, looking resentfully at the back of the retiring visitor.

"Then we won't," she replied, laying her hand upon his shoulder. He looked up into her face happy at this assurance, and to her eyes seemed beautiful, very beautiful.

After that no more favors were extended by this neighbor to the little family at the foot of the hill. Whenever he passed the house, if he spoke at all, his words were understood by Mrs. Rowell as gibes. Sandy, whenever he saw him, looked uneasy. Not that he was afraid; for he possessed uncommon physical strength and had the feeling of personal fear of no man. But Mr. Byers began to put upon them petty provokings that incensed him much, and it required pains both on his mother's and Shepherd's part to appease him. The Byers part of the fence was not kept as it should have been, and Sandy had several times to drive out cattle that had broken into their little pasture-field. Hearing of these, Shepherd hired a man to split the rails needed, and assist Sandy in strengthening every weak point.

"Never mind Mr. Byers, Sandy," he said. "Whenever he gets too bad, you and I will take him down a bit."

"I k-kn do that, St-teevy, b-by myself."

"Oh, no! Not without I or your mammy says so. Hear?"

"Y-yes; I hear."

"All right."

II.

Some time during the stilly hours of a calm, sweet night, an event took place in the Rowell family which, though coming not entirely without her expectation, gratified the mother much, but, taking Sandy by surprise, lifted him into great delight. In the morning, a little before sunrise, repairing to the stable with provender for Becky, surprised that she was not there waiting for her breakfast, he went out to look for her. She was found in a corner of the lot-fence, bending her neck downward, and whinnying affectionately to a little something on the ground, that looked as if it would like to get up if it knew how. Sandy, after a moment's gaze of wonder, ran to his mother and almost dragged her to the place.

"Why, Sandy, my darling, you scared me! Don't you see it's a colt that Becky's got? Oh, I'm so glad!"

The new-comer, after several essays, rose to his legs, that widely spread themselves in order to hold up the rest of him as he made for his first meal. When Sandy had taken in the situation, he looked in frequent quick alternation at the colt and his mother, whose hand he yet held. She was smiling to see how happy he was. A good man, even if he had been an artist, would have thought that it all made a goodly scene.

They named him Steevy, in honor of their best friend. He soon learned after a fashion to repay some part of the great love of his owner; for the mother said he was to be Sandy's own property. He grew fast, giving promise of making in time a good-sized, well-bottomed, honest horse; and doubtless he would have done so but for what I will now relate.

As Sandy was in that respect, Steevy did not like to stay away from his dam too long at a time. So one day, when he was about a month old, Mrs. Rowell and Becky went on a short visit to a sick neighbor, feeling little doubt that Sandy and Steevy could take care of themselves for that little while. No sooner were their elders gone than these two, thinking no harm of it, betook themselves to the pasture and were having all sorts of fun possible on such a scale. After some time, they found themselves not far from the outer fence, being that portion which belonged to Mr. Byers. On the other side were feeding a couple of horses, one of which, espying Steevy, ran whinnying to a rickety panel, and, pushing off several of the top rails, crossed over the gap. Steevy, doubtless mistaking the visitor (being of the same color) for his dam, ran to meet. Sandy, in alarm and wrath, rushed forth in loud imprecation, when the intruder turned and made exit, followed by Steevy. While scampering along the edge of the adjacent woods, at the firing of a shot-gun Steevy fell. The gunner hastily withdrew, but not before he had been observed and recognized by Sandy. When the spot where Steevy had fallen was reached, two of his legs were found to have been broken. I could not tell how he was got home, how cared for till he died, and how bemoaned at and for a long time after the burial. As his coming had been the greatest happiness that Sandy had ever known, so his going became his most suffering sorrow. Even his mother shed many tears at his pining.

But childhood, particularly that which is perpetual, cannot be too long unhappy. Stephen Shepherd promised him that the slayer should be made pay enough money to purchase another colt, two more if he wanted them, and so after a little while, like other people, gifted and not, adult and young, he was consoled for the loss of an old love by expectation of another. He didn't tell anybody so, but in his heart he thought that if the time was ever to come when Stephen Shepherd and himself were to take down Mr. Byers, it ought to be already on its way.

Not only did Mr. Byers not offer condolence for their domestic affliction like the other neighbors, but whenever he was about to pass the Rowells' he put his horse into a canter and looked straight before him. Yet, one morning, not long afterwards, he paid a little visit there; for the sheriff on the preceding afternoon had left at his house a writ from the court. After cordial greeting, he said, looking, what time his eyes were open, out of the door,—

"Mrs. Rowell, I don't know as ever I was so astonished when I found you had sued me for a hundred dollars for Sandy's colt, that somebody told me was shot in my woods. I've tried to keep them town boys out of my woods *with* their guns, and I think it's hard for me to have to suffer for their wrong-doings, though I can't but doubt it was an accident. Still, as it happened *in* my woods, rather than have me and you bothered with a law-suit, I thought I'd come over and see if we couldn't make some sort of compromise."

Rising from her seat with the air of one who had more important matters to look after, Mrs. Rowell said,—

"Mr. Byers, you'll have to see Stephen Shepherd. I'm thankful that Sandy isn't here, and I'll be obliged if you'll leave before he gets back from where I sent him."

He left immediately, until he had remounted his horse holding his eyes open as much as their habit would allow. Feeling that it was now too late to do otherwise than defend the suit, although eager for a settlement, he went for learned counsel, and that to the wrong man. In the legal profession, along with its very many great examples, are to be found always some who know neither how to counsel in cases, large or small, nor how to conduct them. Mr. Ryder, the lawyer sought by Mr. Byers, spoke with such contempt of the bare idea of a verdict against him upon the testimony of an imbecile that he became rather ashamed of the anxiety which he had felt. In spite of all, however, during the interval before the trial, many times before his eyes, opened and shut, would appear the sad ghost of poor Steevy.

<p>"MRS. NANCY ROWELL versus THOMPSON BYERS.</p>	}	ACTION ON THE CASE."
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The call was made in a loud tone by the presiding judge. The parties announcing themselves ready, a jury was empanelled. Sandy came within the bar with much solemnity and was seated close to his mother. Occasionally he threw up towards the court a glance of great awe, but during most of the time his constantly-moving eyes darted alternately

at his mother and his counsel. Mr. Byers he did not seem to notice at all. The latter looked surprised that such a crowd had followed the plaintiff into the court-room.

Shepherd opened this his first case with the following statement:

"May it please the Court: Gentlemen of the jury, this is an action brought by Mrs. Nancy Rowell to obtain compensation from Mr. Thompson Byers for the shooting of a colt. As her attorney, I have laid the damage at one hundred dollars. This sum is admitted to be more than the animal was worth, although, for some reasons, an important item in her little property. But in cases like this the law provides for the injured beyond mere pecuniary values, by exacting of the wrong-doer what is called *smart-money*, when wrongs are shown to have been inflicted in circumstances peculiarly aggravating. Such extra allowance, when you have heard the testimony, I hope we shall obtain by your verdict. I expect—at least I shall offer—to prove that this colt was shot by the defendant upon his own premises, and that its having been thereon was due solely to his own neglect, if not his own malicious contrivance. I hope to make known the motives to this act by proof of a series of annoyances which he has put upon the plaintiff and her family, perhaps conscious of his power to violate with impunity the rights and feelings of those whose very weakness served to make them objects of his contempt. I shall offer to show, further, that at the time of firing the shot it appeared that he was aware of the unlawfulness of his act, or at least of some degree of risk in its perpetration. This, as I cannot but conclude, was manifested by his attempt—fortunately for my client, without success—to screen himself from observation, by putting himself, immediately thereafter, behind the nearest large tree in his woods."

Suppressed groans were heard among the by-standers during the pause that followed these words. The opposing counsel cast threatening frowns all about, and his client, but for the trembling of his eyelids, might have been taken for fast asleep.

"These facts, gentlemen," continued Shepherd, "I propose to prove by a witness who has been known to me intimately all my life, in whose veracity I have as much confidence as I have in that of any person of my acquaintance,—indeed, a witness who was born, who has always lived, and who now is, wholly incapable of falsehood. If I do this, I shall count upon your verdict, if not for the full amount asked, then for such part as your honorable judgments shall decide to allow."

Turning from the jury, he said,—

"Sandy, my friend, I'm going to ask you to tell the court and jury what you know about Mr. Byers shooting Steevy."

Mrs. Rowell taking his hand, they arose, and, moving to the witness-stand, turned facing the bar and the now large gathering without. Sandy perhaps had never kissed the Bible himself, but he had seen his mother do so often. Then it was Stephen Shepherd who had asked him, and these satisfied him that it was all right.

So, taking the book, as he had been drilled, he put it to his lips, then handed it back.

"I object to the witness," said defendant's counsel.

"On what grounds?" asked the court.

"On the ground, please your honor, as counsel must know already, of incompetency."

"Incompetency for what?" asked Shepherd.

"Oh, my brother Shepherd! On the plain ground that he does not understand the solemnity nor the responsibility of an oath. *That's* the 'for what.'"

Then he turned himself and looked far above everybody's head.

"The court," replied Shepherd, "for its own satisfaction will interrogate the witness.—Sandy, my boy, answer to the judge. He'll do right by you."

Imitating his mother, he looked up with respect that could not have been greater if he had expected the judge to restore Steevy to life.

"Sandy, my good lad," asked the judge, kindly, "do you know what it means to swear in the court-house?"

"N-no, sir."

Defendant's counsel again looked around, this time perhaps to read on men's faces admiration for the quickness with which he had stemmed this little flood.

"Do you know, Sandy," again asked the judge, "what would be done to you if you were to swear to a lie here?"

"N-never t-told no lie 'bout M-mis Byers. He sh-sh-shoot Steevy, and j-j-jump h-h-hind tree."

He was panting, and his eyes looked hot as two newly-molten bullets. Louder groans and universal rose amid the crowd.

"*Silence!*" roared the sheriff.

Mr. Ryder, rising in fury, began thus:

"May it please this honorable court! I would *ask* if it is the *right* of counsel to seek an advantage over my client by——" Just then, loud enough to be heard by the speaker, not quite by the judge, Shepherd said,—

"Mr. Ryder, I suggest that you be careful how you speak of me."

"The court does not wish to hear from you, brother Ryder," said the judge; then his look at Shepherd indicated that he would prefer the withdrawal of the witness rather than have to pronounce openly upon his evident incompetency.

"I shall have to suffer a non-suit, your honor," said Shepherd.

Turning towards his opponents, he said, in a voice not high, but trembling with indignation,—

"Well, sirs, you may take your verdict. I'll try what can be done by the grand inquest of the county in this case! God Almighty is not going to allow this 'one of his little ones' to be so offended and outraged without *some* degree of satisfaction!"

Then, in louder tones, with a finger pointing at the defendant, he said,—

"Sandy, come down. Mr. Byers won't let you talk. Maybe he thinks you've told a lie."

Jerking away from his mother, the infuriated boy literally threw himself upon his adversary, and, when fallen, clutched his throat. When his hand was wrenched away, diving his head, he fixed his

teeth in the man's shoulder. There they clung, even when his body was lifted by the sheriff and one of his bailiffs, and they had to be pried apart by the hands of both.

For years afterwards, Mr. Ellis was fond of talking to the young and to strangers about these things :

"And the scarest, pitifullest-looking human that I ever saw in all my born days, when he was let up, was that same Thomp. Byers. And you ought to've been there to hear the shouting and the roaring ! The judge made the sheriff clear the court-house quick ; but everybody could see that he were glad of it. It was plain as day that God Almighty made up his mind that *He'd* settle that case Himself. We used to accuse Stephen Shepherd of setting Sandy on him, but he never would acknowledge it ; still, he never denied it out and out, and from that day law-business began to pour in on him. Thomp. Byers knew better than to let the grand jury get hold of *him*. Besides, people said that he was afraid all the time that Sandy might come up with him on a sudden some day and choke him to death, or eat him up alive. So he paid up the case, costs and all, and, soon as he could sell out, he put off for the Mississippi. And—would you believe it ? it's so—that same man got a piece of my land once for six dollars an acre, and I found out afterwards that he'd have given me eight, maybe nine. I get mad with myself every time I think about it. Oh, he was smart ; a heap smarter than me. In some things *I* think that Thomp. Byers was about as smart a man as ever I came up with."

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

ROSEBUD AND ROSE.

'MID a garden of roses that tremblingly shook
 Their incense in the air,
 That raised to each comer a fond, shy look,
 I walked with two women fair.

And one was a beautiful rose full-blown,
 A queenly woman she ;
 The other a slender maid scarce grown,
 A dream of the rose to be.

To the glorious, queenly woman I gave
 A full-blown, exquisite rose,
 But for the maiden sweetly grave
 A shy rose-bud I chose :

She smiled, but on the roses rare
 She turned a longing eye ;
 The woman set the rose in her hair,
 But she looked on the bud with a sigh.

Henry Collins.

THE FUTURE OF CUBA.

"IS there any more red on the bone?"

This is the question that Spain is asking, as it takes a fresh grip on Cuba for its last gnaw at her vitals. Spain has bled this wonderful island so long and to such purpose that it is not singular that it stops at this critical moment to inquire if the limit has really been reached, the best blood exhausted, and whether the bone, rich as it is, is white instead of red from too much sucking. It answers its own inquiry when it starts in now to play one more menace against the Cubans and indirectly against the United States. It is too late for it to hurt Cuba much, for the game of intimidation is about played out, and a new life is fast approaching this, one of the richest undeveloped countries under the sun.

Coming to Cuba fresh from the United States, all these things are readily apparent to me. Whatever concessions Spain may have made, or contemplates making, to the United States government in the new treaty, do not count to her for much. They may postpone the inevitable; Spain may get a few more chances at the products of these half-tilled Cuban acres and at the pockets of these misgoverned people, before both acres and their cultivators become a part of our country, to which by nature they belong. For the first time in the history of this island, Spaniards and Cubans are joining hands for the new dispensation. Only delay is in it. The sentiment and interests of all those who have the material welfare of Cuba at heart are with the United States. Spain is not ignorant of these facts, and that it now does business with the New World upon broader lines than heretofore is only because it foresees the certainty of its losing this, the greatest of all its possessions in the seas.

Since the controversy over reciprocity with us began, six thousand Spanish soldiers have been ordered here from Madrid, and have already arrived. This bluff does not mean much, except as an evidence to all Cubans that the mother-country is for the time-being to tighten its hold on the island with more bayonets. The two Spanish men-of-war which brought fresh troops here are at anchor in the harbor, and the recruits are putting on new uniforms. Soon these men will be food for the yellow fever and other epidemic diseases. Not half of them will ever return to their homes. Their lives will be given up as the price of their devotion to Spain and their hatred of the Cubans. For this harvest of death and military brag the people of this island will have to pay, and the awful debt multiplies every year, until forbearance will soon die. The record is a ghastly one.

"Within a few years," said a native to me the other day, a gentleman of means and character, "Spain has put on this island at different times two hundred thousand of its regular troops. Many thousand are still here as a menace to our people. Some have returned; but

many more are buried in this soil as the price of the avarice and corruption of our rulers on the other side of the water."

What a terrible tax such a military establishment must be upon the few who have to pay it! and yet it is paid every year, giving another evidence of the vast wealth and capabilities of Cuba. There are only one million four hundred thousand inhabitants here, counting negroes, Chinese, and all other classes. Eight hundred thousand of these citizens have to bear all the burdens of taxation, and the budget this year is \$27,000,000, or \$33.75 per person as an average. In the exaction and collection of this vast amount the muzzle of a gun plays a great part, and for this Spain keeps a standing army on these acres almost double the size of that maintained by our great country of sixty-five million people. Thirty thousand more volunteers, who drill and parade every day, are ready for action at any time, and should be added to the effective list of the army contingent in Cuba that could be put into the field.

From my window in the Inglaterra, opposite the beautiful Plaza, I am looking upon a strange scene. It is only seven o'clock in the morning, and there is a band playing under the green trees. Men in a uniform of light summer clothes, Panama hats, and carrying muskets, are hurrying from all directions towards the square. These are the Volunteers, the most vengeful of all the men here who wear the uniform, or rather the livery, of the mother-country. They are not soldiers, but clerks in business houses, waiters in restaurants, barkeepers, etc., of Spanish descent or birth, who love to gloat over the natives by a show of military power and insult them with their guns and by an assumption of authority. In Havana alone there are fourteen thousand of them, and they are masters. They hate the Cubans, and are hated by them in return.

Spain has recently redoubled her watch on every movement made by the native Cuban. For the first time the mother-country finds herself not even sure of the Spaniards, who until this year have ever been true to the home government, whether right or wrong. Their pockets have been touched so hard to maintain the present control at Madrid that their sympathy has been dulled and their patriotism stunned to the point of coma. Publicly they will not acknowledge these facts, but in private conversation they are free to declare that there is no hope for their estates or their interests except in annexation to the United States. Had there been no treaty made between the two powers now fencing for the products of this island, revolution would have given it to our free and independent land. But a treaty only postpones that glorious day for these people when robbery shall cease and good government begin.

The native Cuban prays for that day and pleads for its power,—not from the mercenary stand-point from which the Spaniard looks towards the United States, but with a pathetic and sincere belief that across the channel which divides Cuba from Florida lies his only hope. What the Spaniard feels for his interests, the native feels from his heart. Thus the communion of the two from their different stand-points is working out great results and building up a sentiment that

only needs to be encouraged to grow into an all-powerful influence. When the day arrives for Cuba to assert herself, she will become the new Eldorado. Land and property will increase twice in value within thirty days, and development will spring as if by magic throughout the island where all seasons are summer.

Education has brought about this wonderful change. The influence of the United States, so close to this domain, has made itself felt. Local trade with Florida, the sale of a hundred million dollars' worth of sugar and tobacco per annum to the United States, has done its work. The civilizing influence of such a splendid line of steamers as the Ward line sails from New York to all the ports of this island has been another element of progress. The new deal with the United States will send down by the Ward line alone twenty thousand barrels of flour a month at half the price that it now costs the native or the Spaniard. But there is far more than an increase in trade in this new arrangement. It is the beginning of a great future.

The finest bread in the world is made in Cuba from American flour. For years the flour had to be shipped from New York to Barcelona, and from there to Havana. Very frequently the packages were not broken, or the American mark destroyed,—again demonstrating the force by which Spain exacted six dollars a barrel duty on the yield of the land wherein she found the market for nine-tenths of all the products she raised. While the new commercial relation between the United States and Spain changes all this, it gives no benefit to the home government, because it weakens its power on the island, and hastens, rather than postpones, the hour when revolution, either peaceful or with the sword, will change a despotism to a republic, and make new what is now old and worn.

The sugar-crop of Cuba this year is one of the richest ever raised on the island. Some of the foremost planters and experts, who have watched its growth with pride, estimate that it will reach seven hundred and fifty thousand tons; others claim that it will be eight hundred thousand tons. Tobacco, it is said, will touch a higher figure than ever before. And the United States is the market for the great bulk of all this wealth of the soil, and there is no other in sight. Spain cannot take the yield and pay for it. England, France, Germany, and the other great countries have enough sweets of their own, and their dealings with the sad and silent island are limited and of no particular consequence. Is it any wonder, then, that America should be the beacon-light towards which the gaze of Cuba is riveted?

What a romance of revenge, theft, and despair could be woven about the history of Cuba! But the reality is far more pathetic and cruel than the imagination could conceive. It costs the landlord of a hotel a five-cent revenue stamp every time a guest registers at his hostelry. Everything is taxed. A tax is put upon the table, as well as upon the back, upon the cart, and upon the fruits of the field. The skull and cross-bones of governmental exactions appear at every feast and are above every door-way. Is it any wonder, then, that Spain dreads to yield up the golden calf? To-day it charges up eleven million dollars of interest on a debt which it fastened upon Cuba

years ago. Its horde of officials sucks as much more blood, and the soldiery takes the remainder, leaving the native Cuban no part or lot in the government, either active or inactive, except to pay what he is ordered and keep his mouth shut.

There is the silence of death and defeat in Cuba. Not even the Spaniards, who have heretofore for political reasons been silent, dare now open their mouths publicly in protest against the exactions of the home government. In speaking of them to me it was but in a whisper, and the statement that they would even consider the question of annexation to the United States must not be breathed. A new era is dawning upon Cuba. The treaty with the United States offers the people a chance to prepare themselves for the grave emergency which sooner or later will come upon them like a flash. While the Spanish element of the island welcomes the treaty-stipulation which postpones the fateful day, the Cubans see in it only a few more months of robbery and refuse under their breath to be contented. Intercourse with Cubans at this time is exceedingly interesting. A study of their strange change of heart illustrates how easy it is to nerve to a purpose when necessity grim as an ill-fed hound stands at the door.

Only one-eighth of Cuba is now cultivated, and yet, with all its depressing conditions, it raises more for mankind than any equal number of acres on the earth. It manufactures nothing, but gets all its riches from the earth, and practically picks its living from the trees. With anything like decent cultivation, this island could raise the sugar of the world, contribute largely to its fruits, enrich its mining industries, contribute the richest of hard woods for its furniture-trade, and yet remain in comparative idleness and grow lazy as it grows rich.

Frank A. Burr.

TRIUMPH.

THIS windy sunlit morning after rain,
 The wet bright laurel laughs with beckoning gleam
 In the blown wood, whence breaks the wild white stream,
 Rushing and flashing, glorying in its gain,
 Nor swerves nor parts, but with a swift disdain
 O'erleaps the boulders lying in long dream
 Lapped in cold moss, and in its joy doth seem
 A wood-born creature bursting from a chain.

And "Triumph, triumph, triumph!" is its hoarse
 Fierce-whispered word. O fond, and dost not know
 Thy triumph on another wise must be,—
 To render all the tribute of thy force,
 And lose thy little being in the flow
 Of the unvaunting river toward the sea?

Helen Gray Cone.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

THERE are few things in England that strike a visiting American newspaper-man more forcibly, and few that puzzle him more, than the great difference existing between the English newspapers and those with which he is familiar. It is scarcely necessary for me to point out that the English and Americans are, at the present time, mixed races, and that upon the original Anglo-Saxon stock common to both have been grafted large additions from other nations. In effect, each has drawn from the same sources ; and, for the purposes of this article, they may be said to be nearly the same.

The newspaper is, more than any other manufactured article, the result of the mentality of the people among whom it is published. It reflects their modes of thought, their conclusions, their good or bad morals, their justice or injustice, their feelings, beliefs, or prejudices, their desires and their wishes. The man who succeeds in the business is he who is able to so delicately feel the pulses of his readers as to fit his publication to their views ; and the man who fails is he who attempts to force his theories upon them. To this axiom of journalism there is no exception. We are then, when the difference between English and American newspapers is considered,—a difference so apparent as to strike one at once,—face to face with this curious condition : two races which are practically the same in blood, using the same language and whose pursuits and interests are almost identical, have yet produced two distinct and separate types of journalism and equally distinct and separate styles of newspaper.

The English newspaper has, first of all, the editor-in-chief, who corresponds to our chief editorial writer. He, as a rule, writes the daily leader or principal editorial ; although this work is sometimes in commission and is done by several men in turn. He dictates the policy of the paper, sometimes even in opposition to the views of the proprietor,—as was the case more than once with the great John Delane of the *London Times*. Next to him on the staff come the editorial writers,—men who are either general or special writers. The first write on any topic which may be agreed upon ; while the second are not seldom specialists who are respectively masters of single subjects. These special writers are often retained by the paper on a yearly salary, and write only when something comes up which requires their peculiar knowledge. As an illustration of this, the case of Bishop King of Lincoln, once cited before the Archbishop of Canterbury upon a charge of ritualistic practices, may be mentioned. Every newspaper in England had an editorial upon the case, written by a man who was an authority upon canon law ; but it is possible that this case would be the only one treated by him within the year. Next to the editorial writers come the musical, dramatic, art, and literary critics. They are men who have special knowledge of the subjects and whose opinions are considered of value. Ranking with the editorial writers are the

special correspondents, who are usually drawn from the editorial force. They are sent on their respective missions, and their letters are, as a rule, editorial in character; that is, they give the writers' opinions upon the news contained in them. To an American newspaper-man these letters seem to be far more editorials than they are news stories. So far has this practice among English special correspondents gone that a serious protest has been made by the editors of their papers.

In order to understand the English newspaper it is necessary to glance at the method of recruiting men in its service. In England, any young man who, from a preference for the work, the pressure of need, or any other cause, desires to write for the press, may do so. All that is needed is a mind in touch with the views of the paper to which he sends his work and the ability to write clearly. The key-note of the English newspaper being opinion, no previous training is required of the writer; for while practice helps a man to sympathize with the public thought, it is quite possible for him so to sympathize without it. Every man thinks in some way about any question submitted to him; and if he have the power of writing out his thoughts, and if his thoughts are in accord with those of the people, he can compose acceptable editorials. This task is the easier for the young writer in that he is not required deliberately to formulate opinions in accord with those around him. He has before him the newspaper, which in this connection may be roughly compared to a pattern after which he must cut his mental cloth. Making the pattern fit the readers has already been done by the editor-in-chief. He writes, and the article is accepted; he writes again, with the same result; and in time he becomes a full-fledged journalist, more or less successful as the case may be.

In English newspaper-offices there is an amount of rank which is strange to an American newspaper-man. When I was in England, I introduced myself to the sub-editor of one of the great London dailies as a "reporter" of the New York paper for which I then worked. During our conversation he suddenly exclaimed, "Why, you are a special correspondent!" This, of course, was true; but as I had been a reporter before, and again became a reporter as soon as I got back from my trip, the change of title had never struck me as being of sufficient interest to remember. I found, however, that I was a much greater person as a special correspondent than I was as a reporter; and if I had been able to call myself a "resident foreign editor" I suppose I would have been greater still. As a special correspondent I belonged to the editorial force, under English rules, and therefore held a higher rank than I would as a reporter.

English newspapers have, like any others, to deal with purely news items. The news-gathering force consists of reporters, who are invariably stenographers, and the news is written down in the most absolutely matter-of-fact way. Everything is reported literally. The news-gatherer is not allowed to go outside of facts which he can easily prove to have happened, and all generalizations on his part are forbidden. This is the result of English feeling as crystallized in the law of libel and the power of judges to commit for contempt of court. So far is the law of libel carried that it is only recently that the utterances of a speaker upon a

public platform have been "privileged," as far as the newspapers are concerned. It seems to me that there is an intimate connection between the gradual lessening of the severity of the libel laws from the time of Queen Anne to the present day and the equally gradual popularization of the government. Just so long as the government was aristocratic, that is, was in the hands of the privileged few, were the laws against any criticism of the acts of that few exceedingly harsh. It is a matter of historical record that at the time when corruption was rank in the English government the penalties were enforced against newspapers in the most unsparing manner. At the present time the opinions of a newspaper are free, or nearly so, but the old views survive in connection with all relations of fact. A reporter in England is not allowed to gather a number of facts and to infer from them that something has been said or has taken place: he is obliged to report only that which he sees or hears himself.

I remember an instance of this which struck me at the time as being very funny. I was in Dublin when the Land League, having been proclaimed by the government, was forced to disband, and the National League was organized. It is scarcely necessary to say that these two organizations were substantially the same. There were, if I remember correctly, one hundred and three delegates to the great meeting; and, as may be supposed, the work of that meeting was of great news value to the Dublin papers. It was a question, at first, whether the meeting would be an open one,—a question finally decided in the affirmative. The chief reporter, who answers to an American city editor, of one of the largest Irish dailies said to me, "I am glad that they will have open doors. It means twelve or thirteen columns of short-hand, but now we can get something about it."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that if they sat with closed doors you could not get an account of the proceedings?"

"Of course we would have a paragraph stating that the meeting had taken place, but we could not get any more. How could we?"

Any American newspaper-man will understand how I felt. It must be remembered that the man was a thoroughly good journalist, and understood his business, but he was the result of the English news-gathering system. He could not get any news unless he could hear for himself what was said. It is libel in England to quote the opinions of a man unless those opinions are given to the reporter himself. You cannot say that a man did anything or said anything, unless you saw or heard it.

Contempt of court, in this country, can only be committed in the presence of the judge on the bench and within the four walls of the court-room. Certain persons, such as jurors, are supposed by a legal fiction to be within the court when in point of fact they are out of it, and contempt will hold in their case. In England, everything about a court or a case is sacred, and is defended by contempt, which in the hands of English judges becomes a two-edged sword of exceeding sharpness. Contempt will hold if committed anywhere within the jurisdiction of the court,—which, for the particular case, extends throughout Great Britain. Newspapers are forbidden to comment in

any way upon the proceedings or to reflect upon the conduct of any court officer until the trial is at an end. They may publish verbatim accounts of the testimony; and I may say here that this rule brings some of the vilest stories before the public it has ever been my misfortune to read. Under these circumstances, news-gathering in great law cases becomes almost mechanical. In fact, where subjects of interest are found in English courts, a phonograph would be an ideal English reporter.

A case which excited some attention at the time will show to what lengths this rule of contempt of court may go. A man by the name of Haynes was on trial for his life, in Dublin, charged with one of the agrarian murders in Ireland. One or two nights before the case went to the jury, that body of men got exceedingly drunk in the Imperial Hotel, where they were staying. I saw the bill for the liquor, and I heard them yelling in their rooms, nor have I ever heard the fact disputed that the spree took place. Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., then the editor of *United Ireland*, wrote a letter to the *Freeman's Journal*, in which he stated the facts, and asked if it was right that men should determine the fate of another man when they were intoxicated. The late Dwyer Gray, the then proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, was out of town when the letter was published, and he first saw it in his paper. Being high sheriff, he was arrested, under order of the court, by the coroner, and brought up before Mr. Justice Lawson for contempt. He offered to put in evidence as to the facts and as to his ignorance of the publication, but he was refused permission. Justice Lawson fined him five hundred pounds, and committed him to jail for six months for contempt,—the offence being that his paper had reflected upon the jurors, they being officers of the court. The fine was paid by popular subscription, and Mr. Gray was set at liberty after three months. As he was a member of Parliament, I suppose Justice Lawson was uncertain how far the privileges of a member might conflict with the dignity of the drunken jurors, and thought it wiser to avoid the conflict.

Now, with such cases as this of Mr. Gray before the proprietors and reporters of English newspapers, is it any wonder that men prefer the safe ground of fact which may be proved to that of inference?

The key-note of the American newspaper is news. Alongside of that, opinions are of small value in the eyes of American newspapermen. This, I think, is partially the result of the almost universal education in this country; and it is beyond question that universal suffrage has much to do with it. Our habits of life tend in every way to make a man form his opinion for himself, and education renders this possible. Readers of newspapers, then, ask for news, and they are willing to make up their own views upon it. The difference in the demand made upon the newspaper in England and in this country is shown in one fact. Take your place in the breakfast-room of an English hotel and watch men when they get their papers. Each man turns to the editorial page to read first what that paper thinks. Watch men in this country, and you will see each turn to the news columns as being the more interesting to him. The result of this importance of news in the

American papers is shown in the training of men for the business. It is practically impossible for a young man to get his opinions printed when he first joins the ranks. I never heard of but one case in my life, and it was that of the son of the principal stockholder in the paper. If a young man wishes to become a journalist here, he begins as a reporter of the smallest items. It is not until he has the trade of news-gathering learned that he is trusted with important work. During his training he is taught the value of news, the methods of getting it, and the absolute necessity of getting it at once, no matter what may be the cost to himself. News becomes a sort of fetish in the eyes of old newspaper-men. The result of this training becomes apparent when American reporters meet English special correspondents in the field. To express it slang-wise, the correspondent gets left. The Englishman is at a loss, he does not know what to do, he has not learned the first principle of the art in which his competitor is a past-master. He can write down facts, if any one will give them to him, or if he sees them; but he has no idea of how to get them unless they stare him in the face. But he can and will write opinions, in a manner that will stagger, and perhaps excite the admiration of, his rival; and he can write beautiful English. On the other hand, his American competitor can determine the comparative value of news much more easily and surely.

I have in my scrap-book an article clipped from a great London daily which is always amusing to me. During England's war with Arabi Bey in Egypt, there was a small fight at a place called Ferdessi. It was really a skirmish, and a few English officers and men were killed before the Arabs were driven back. The correspondent of the paper from which my clipping came was forced to ride twenty miles over the desert to the nearest telegraph-station with the troops. Owing to the lateness of the skirmish, the length of the ride, and the difference in time, he was able to send only about three-quarters of a column to his paper. Of this three-quarters, five-eighths are taken up with an exquisitely beautiful description of his night-ride in the desert. The moonlight on the wastes plays strange tricks; and when a solitary jackal crosses his path and slinks out of sight in the great grayness, the writer produces a wonderful effect. The remaining eighth is devoted to an account of the fight, but he has no space to give either the names of the killed and wounded or any details. From an American standpoint this is bad journalism, and a reporter who should be guilty of such work would not be retained any longer than it took a telegram to reach him. Yet it excited no comment, or, at the most, a mild grumble, among the newspaper-men of London.

This importance of news in American newspapers has shaped the whole system under which they are published. It has converted them into great news-gathering machines which spread fine-meshed nets to catch every item of interest. More than that, it has banded them together into the Associated Press and other similar institutions for the purpose of covering the whole field more thoroughly and of interchanging, one with the other, the news gathered by all. No such system is known in England, for no such system is needed when opinions are the most important part of the publications. The English papers have the

Central News and Reuter's Agency, but neither does the work with a tithe of the thoroughness of our press associations.

It is to be supposed that men of the same general calibre of brain and the same tastes become journalists in England and America. It cannot be alleged that either country has any advantage over the other in this regard, nor that the journals of one can claim any intrinsic superiority over those of the other. The differences between them are the result of the conditions under which they are published. While the English news-gatherers are cribbed, cabined, and confined by rules of law and custom, the freedom of the press in England is found in the editorial column. The paper has a right to express its opinion of men and measures as it may see fit. Even the awful contempt of court becomes an almost harmless bugaboo before the pens of skilful men of brains. It is natural, then, that the genius of English journalism should expand along the line of least resistance, and that the editorial column should, because of its greater freedom and greater opportunity, attract to itself the men of the greatest mental power. In the United States the conditions are reversed. From the importance of news and the freedom which is accorded to the news-gatherer, the best and strongest men find their opportunity in the news side of the paper. I do not mean that they never become editorial writers, but I do mean that many of the reporters of the American press are the peers of any editors on earth. An English reporter, if he be possessed of brains, looks forward to the time when he can rise to an editorial position, for many reasons,—not the least of which is the increased amount of money he will receive. An American reporter can make as much money gathering news as he can by writing comments on it; and as many men prefer the active rather than the sedentary life, they do not care to make a change. This results in better work, in discovering new methods of doing it, and in attempts to break the record for brilliancy and enterprise.

The system of interviewing in this country, which so many men decry, is, after all, a development along the lines of news-getting and of opinion which is far more perfect than any other. The English system of special editorial writers, which I have already described, places at the command of a newspaper a number of men who are, presumably, masters of their special subjects. While this is followed to a certain extent in America, its place is taken largely by the practice of sending trained reporters to interview men who have this special knowledge, with the result that a greater and more comprehensive view of the subject is taken. It must not be forgotten that the reporters in nine cases out of ten will ask the questions which any man of fair general knowledge would wish to have answered, and that in writing their reports they will either divest them of technicality or will so explain the technical parts of them that the reader can understand them. Compare, for example, the interviews which were published in this country on the decease of the late Emperor Frederick, with the editorials in the London newspapers. Probably each of the latter was written by a physician and was sufficiently good and wise to have appeared in the *Lancet*; but there is no question but that one of them was "caviare to the general." That was the one I saw. Not

having studied anatomy, I did not understand half the time what parts of the body the writer was talking about; nor do I believe that the average reader was any wiser.

Which of the two methods is destined to survive and to become the journalism of the future? It is beyond a question that news will never be shaken on its American throne. But will it conquer opinion in the English papers? In time I think it will, simply because an event is of more intrinsic interest than any one man's opinion of it. I believe that in time public opinion will be so modified in England that their laws of libel will be changed. I believe the time will come when people will no longer consider a court of justice something it is sacrilege to criticise. The English tradition—for it is not a law—of contempt of court is too far removed from the modern style of thought to forever retain its power upon men. Englishmen will learn, as Americans have learned, that life is not deprived of all blessings simply because a man is interviewed by a reporter. Mr. Stead introduced many American features into the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which have been continued under Mr. Morley. The *Star* founded by Mr. O'Connor has shown a belief in American methods. More important than all, however, is the influence of the *Paris Herald* and the *Sunday Herald* in London of Mr. James Gordon Bennett. These show the best American work, and, although they will make their way slowly among a people as conservative as are the English, their progress will be none the less sure. Englishmen now have a chance to compare their own system of journalism with ours, and in the long run news will beat opinion. In fact, the signs of the change are before us already: the *London Times* has admitted the interview to its columns and the sky has not fallen as yet. Let them once learn what news-gathering really is, and the Englishmen will be as anxious to have it as the Americans ever were.

There is another cause which will help to bring about this result. That is, the commercial character of the English nation. In trade, news is something which is of the most supreme importance and of the highest value; and I cannot believe that a commercial people can have too much of it. Englishmen will find, as Americans have found, that there is an important lot of news affecting their mercantile transactions to be gathered in their own country, of which, so far, they have never heard. Let them once discover this fact, and there will be no more question as to the style of newspaper they desire.

But this will not come for a long time. It has been proved beyond question that a newspaper, although the most ephemeral of things, is yet most difficult to kill. Something of this quality of permanence attaches itself to newspaper methods. The change from the present English system can be brought about only by a change in the methods of thought of the people of England. There are agencies at work now which will in time produce this change, but they must necessarily be slow of operation. Perhaps in the new England which is gradually evolving itself out of the old, the journal of news will find its place, while that of opinion will be gently but firmly relegated to the things that were.

Alfred Balch.

A SHIELD AND A HELMET.

"This I say because, if I mistake not, there comes one toward us who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet, concerning which thou mayest remember I swore the oath."

"Take care, sir, what you say, and more what you do," said Sancho, "for I would not wish for other fulling-mills to finish the milling and mashing our senses."

"The devil take thee! what has a helmet to do with fulling-mills?"

"I know not," answered Sancho, "but perhaps I could give such reasons your worship would see you are mistaken in what you say."

"How can I be mistaken in what I say, scrupulous traitor?" said Don Quixote. "Tell me, seest thou not yon knight coming toward us on a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?"

"What I see and perceive," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a gray ass, like mine, with something on his head that glitters."

"Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote.

WE have all been invited very often lately to look at a certain shield and see whether it be of gold or brass,—the gold of sunsets and dreams and illusions, or the brass of commerce, candlesticks, and coal-hods. And nearly all of us have very decided convictions on the subject and are more than willing to express them. Not to give an opinion at all, as long as the shield hangs and creaks there and the honest folk beneath gaze and point and say their say, would be to be something less than man and more than human. To get any comfort out of the situation, it is clear that the opinion must be a vigorous and decided negative or affirmative of the propositions. It may be that the shield is golden, with only just enough alloy of the base material to make it possible to have a shield at all. It may be that it is brazen, and only skilfully gilt to look like the nobler metal, in deference to certain prejudices. It is always possible that it does not matter in the least what metal is used, provided it serves its purpose; and it is certain that, snatched down by either party, it is equally a shield and defence against the enemy. But the happy man is the man who finds it as brazen as the calf made by the Israelites in the wilderness and will not bow the knee to it,—the man who finds it as golden as the shield of Tarquin, or a wheat-field in July, or the tresses of his lady-love.

"*L'art*," says George Sand, "*n'est pas une étude de la réalité positive; c'est une recherche de la vérité idéale.*" For her the shield is golden, and hangs in the sky like a harvest-moon against a background of amethyst. "There is no art so exquisite as the art of painting facts exactly as they are, and no fiction except that of facts nicely observed, thoroughly digested, and faithfully recorded," says a recent contributor to the discussion. For him the shield is brazen and always hangs well within reach. There is nothing mysterious about it, and he will make you one like it any day you choose.

"I don't wish to see men 'walking as trees;' I will none of such preposterous absurdities. Avaunt, Amadis of Gaul and Archelaus the Enchanter, Tirante and Valdovino, Palmerin of England, Roland the Enchanted, yes, and all the Nine Worthies and the Twelve Peers

of France! The Shepherd of Iberia is no shepherd; the Nymphs of Enares are fish-wives; the Castle of Miraguarda has no roof,—a pretty castle!—the witticisms of the damsel Plazer-de-mi-Vida, so far from amusing me, put me in a fury; the Widow Reposada may remain a widow for me; the Lady Oriana may weep her eyes out, for what I care; and a fig for the Princess Micomicona and Madame the Empress, in love with her squire, forsooth! I never could bear ‘Pilgrim’s Progress;’ I detest ‘Gulliver’s Travels;’ I always abhorred the ‘Arabian Nights,’ as a child. The devil and Barabbas take all such books!” says one man, and sends forth thirty alases, and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty curses upon the like. He might have worded this conclusion a little differently if he had chanced to remember Byron’s Bible, in which a certain text read, “Now, Barabbas was a publisher,” and which he sent to Murray.

Says another, “Give me Puss in Boots and Cinderella and Jack the Giant-Killer, and giants and goblins and hobgoblins and kobolds and brownies, Santa Claus, Undine, Una, Proserpine, Arthur and the Round Table, the Niebelungen, the Iliad, Liliputians and Brobdingnagians, the Battle of Dorking, the moon-hoax, and all that lies around and between of the same sort, and I’ll light my fires with Congressional reports and blue-books and all the other ‘things in books’ clothing.’ I don’t want facts, man; I want the purest fiction to be had. I don’t want the biography of a sneeze, or the photograph of a cancer. I should not greatly care for a portrait by Millais of my prosy neighbor Snug the joiner. As to the sneeze, I can imagine that the lovely Flora caught cold from taking off her flannels and sitting out in the arbor too late with Adolphus, without being told in ten pages of close print what she wore, and why she wore it, and why it was impossible for her to wear something else, and what she thought when she laid it out and when she put it on and while she was wearing it and when she took it off, and of how her handkerchief didn’t match it, and her ribbons disagreed with both, and her garden-hat redeemed the whole, and of the precise emotions that filled her breast when she dropped the handkerchief and plaited the ribbons in and out until they were quite ruined, and took off her hat and wiped the perspiration from her brow, finding the evening warm. And then of Adolphus’s hat and coat and waist-coat and trousers and gaiters, and paper collar and Gladstone cravat, and paste scarf-pin and dog’s-head cane, the ribbon on his hat, and the keys in his pocket; his washerwoman’s unpaid bill in the right—no, the left upper-hand breast-pocket, north-by-northeast corner, deep down, half of it between the lining of the coat and the cloth, in consequence of the unsuspected existence of a rectangular hole, about as large as a walnut, or perhaps a trifle larger, say an apple,—a more satisfactory simile,—the lining being green alpaca, *vert foncé*, with small red dots placed irregularly between oblique lines that had struggled to maintain their perpendicular under the hands of the ruthless cutter of Peat & Woolford’s establishment, 720 Broadway, New York, one door from Sims’s saloon, south side, coming up from the Battery. And with the cancer it is the same thing, only worse for diabolical detail and disgusting minutiae and naked misery.

"Don't talk to me! That kind of writing isn't literature at all. It is reporting, if you like. It's taking nothing on the point of your pen, and looking at it, and in it, and around it, and behind it, and above it, and beneath it, and this side of it, and beyond it, no end of a way, and calling it everything you can think of. When a stupid man does it, he is as persistent as a fly and about as agreeable. When a man of talent does it, it is still nothing, trivial and of no importance,—*nothing*, and nobody can make it anything else; but we admire the skill and ingenuity with which he has turned out a nest of Hingham boxes,—box within box, box within box, all beautifully made, and sliding into each other *à merveille*. And in the last one—what? Nothing, my friend, and only that. It is literary cabinet-making. Such neat turning, such nice measurement and adjustment! How all the little parts fit, to be sure! What lovely little pillars, and scroll-work, and carving!—all done by hand,—a charming piece of—furniture. And don't you pull out the drawers and look in: it isn't worth while. This is furniture for your library, not for your mind, and you will find—nothing, and yawn and walk away. Very likely you will recommend him to your friends, who will do the same. I want the House Beautiful, with Hilda looking out of the window amid her doves, a divan and pipe for Zadig of Babylon, a couch, olla podrida, and a flagon of wine for Don Quixote, and furnished lodgings and a welcome for many, many more, Frankenstein and Caliban in the cellar, Dapple and Rosinante in the stables, Ariel in the tree-tops, Pan piping to Comus close by; not an architect's plan, with geometrical outlines, and all its proportions set forth by an inch scale, an appraiser's inventory of details. I want suggestions, symbols, not explanations, and my imagination left free to imagine for itself. Conceding that there are no two leaves on a tree, no two blades of grass, alike, I want not a picture of each, but a landscape in which these shall be subservient to, expressive of, some mood of nature or phase of life. I want the lotus, my lotus, not 'a genus of leguminous plants, the name of which was applied to an Egyptian plant,' etc., with what Campbell calls 'the botanizing perspicuity that might be essential to a Dutch flower-garden.' I want Pegasus, not a jockey's description of the winner of the Derby. I want the lost Pleiad, not astronomical charts and computations. I want Dulcinea, incomparable, peerless She! not Sarah Jones in the next boarding-house but one, and all her surroundings; Faust, not the male of this female. I want Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, not Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and to start from the Happy Valley on my voyage to Laputa, instead of from Lancaster Valley to Atlantic City. Give me the 'Essay on Roast Pig,' rather than a picture by What's-his-name, the greatest painter of pigs and sties; the look on the girl-bride's face, not the stuff of the wedding-gown; the 'Angelus,' not the iron of the idle plough."

Art is not science crawling over every inch of ground with a measuring-tape, tests, tubes, scales. It is not the mere imitation of nature. "The real truthfulness of all works of imagination, sculpture, painting, fiction, is so purely in the imagination that the artist never seeks to represent the positive truth, but an idealized image of a truth," says one of the masters of English fiction, and goes on to add, "It is only in the very

lowest degree of poetry, viz., the descriptive, that the imitation of nature can be considered an end." Even there, the true poet brings forth from nature more than nature says to the common ear or reveals to the common eye. The strict imitation of nature has always in it a something trite and mean. A man who mimics the cackle of the goose or the squeak of the pig so truthfully that for the moment he deceives us, attains but a praise that debases him. Nor this because there is something in both of them that in itself has a mean association; for, as Kant says truly, "even a man's exact imitation of the nightingale displeases us when we discover that it is mimicry, not the nightingale." Just as he is but a Chinese painter who seeks to give us in exact prosaic detail every leaf in a tree, which, if we want to see only a tree, we could see much better in a field than in a picture, so he is but a prosaic and mechanical pretender to imagination who takes a man out of real life, gives us his photograph, and says, "I have copied nature." If I want to see that kind of man, I could see him better in Oxford Street than in a novel. The great artist deals with large generalities, broad types of life and character; and, though he may take flesh and blood for his model, he throws into the expression of the figure a something which elevates the model into an idealized image. A porter sat to Correggio for the representation of a saint, but Correggio so painted the porter that the porter on the canvas was lost in the saint.

Some critics have contended that the delineation of characters artistically—that is, through the selection of broad generalities in the complex nature of mankind, rather than in the observation of particulars by the portraiture of an individual—fails of the verisimilitude and reality of the flesh-and-blood likeness to humanity which all vivid delineation of human character necessarily requires. But this objection is sufficiently confuted by a reference to the most sovereign masterpieces of imaginative literature. And you remember, perhaps, Hegel's view, "That which exists in nature is a something purely individual and particular. Art, on the contrary, is essentially destined to manifest the general. Man enclosed on all sides in the limits of the finite, and aspiring to get beyond them, turns his looks toward a superior sphere, more pure, and more true, where all the oppositions and contradictions of the finite disappear,—where his intellectual liberty, spreading its wings without obstacles and without limits, attains to its supreme end. This region is that of art, and its reality is the ideal. The necessity of the *beau-ideal* in art is derived from the imperfections of the real."

As for me, I am always glad "to leave the world unseen, and fade away into the forest dim" of imagination. I am sick of prosy detail, ineffably bored by the rage for looking at everything through a microscope. "The devil and Barabbas take all such books!"

And now, my masters, what is truth? Look on this side of the shield. What is written there? "Art must be true to nature." And on this side? See! "Art must add to nature a something that nature cannot represent." As to helmets—well, head-coverings have been of many kinds and fashions, from turbans to the present beautiful and comfortable "tiles," or "toppers." This is a matter of individual choice, taste, opinion, and each of you must decide for himself.

Will you wear Mambrino's helmet, or a barber's basin? Choose the last, and thou shalt live contented and die respected; thou shalt put money in thy purse and keep it there; thou shalt dwell peaceably with the wife of thy bosom and maintain and bring up thy children, nor see in her aught but Joan Gutierrez and no queen, nor expect of them to become Infantas, nor look to see kingdoms rained down from heaven, nor be deceived by any miracles, illusions, or delusions whatever, but, ambling comfortably on thine ass through this dull world, pass safely over awful chasms, and down the steepest precipices, without fear or reproach, and so go to the place prepared for thee and all thy kind.

Choose the first, pull it well down over thine eyes, and in the desert of Sahara thou shalt have oceans, rivers, fountains, springs; every tree that grows shall shade thee; every bird that flies shall sing to and for thee; palaces and towers shall spring up for thee wherever thou dost command; slaves shall minister to thy every want; thousands of houris shall exist for thee and thee alone; armies shall defend thy rights, poets delight thy soul; the sun shall shine for thee at midnight, if thou dost so will; the moon and stars shall ever give thee their light; thy waking shall be a dream, thy dreams thou wouldst not exchange for any reality, thy hopes shall far outweigh all the possessions of others, all the earth shall be thine, and heaven and hell. This it is to wear Mambrino's helmet. Or rather the half of it that is purest gold. But the other half is a barber's basin, and lacking that, as lack thou must, thou shalt often lack bread, and have to wrap the ermine of thy poverty about thee closely, lest men should perceive that thou hast but a cloak and a sword. Many shall be thy sins, more thy follies, most of all thy wounds. But heaven shall deal kindly with thee, and pour its balm into them, and thou, having truly lived, shalt calmly die, and go to that place whose glory and beauty it hath not entered into thy mind to more than dimly conceive in this thy mortal state.

But if thou art a wise man, and not compelled "by heavenly compulsion" to wear either basin or helmet, wilt thou not choose thee a head-gear composed of both, and confess that the shield is both gold and brass, and thank heaven and the god of smiths for both metals, and all honest work, and all skilled and faithful workmen?

Frances Courtenay Baylor.

SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

THE huddling clouds, flame-scourged and thunder-shaken,
Through the fresh sunshine by the winds are taken.
Anon, bright tears they shed for anguish past,
Then Hope, to cheer them, bends an iris vast.

Charles Henry Lüdera.

THE VENGEANCE OF PADRE ARROYO.

I.

PILAR, from her little window just above the high wall surrounding the big adobe house set apart for the women neophytes of the Mission of Santa Ines, watched, morning and evening, for Andreo, as he came and went from the rancheria. The old women kept the girls busy, spinning, weaving, sewing, but age nods and youth is crafty. The tall young Indian who was renowned as the best huntsman of all the neophytes, and who supplied Padre Arroyo's table with deer and quail, never failed to keep his ardent eyes fixed upon the grating so long as it lay within the line of his vision. One day he went to Padre Arroyo and told him that Pilar was the prettiest girl behind the wall,—the prettiest girl in all the Californias,—and that she should be his wife. But the kind, stern old padre shook his head.

"You are both too young. Wait another year, my son, and if thou art still in the same mind thou shalt have her."

Andreo dared make no protest, but he asked permission to prepare a home for his bride. The padre gave it willingly, and the young Indian began to make the big adobes, the bright red tiles. At the end of a month he had built him a cabin among the willows of the rancheria a little apart from the others: he was in love, and association with his fellows was distasteful. When the cabin was builded his impatience slipped from its curb, and once more he besought the priest to allow him to marry.

Padre Arroyo was sunning himself on the corridor of the Mission, shivering in his heavy brown robes, for the day was cold.

"Orion," he said, sternly,—he called all his neophytes after the celebrities of earlier days, regardless of the names given them at the font,—“have I not told thee thou must wait a year? Do not be impatient, my son. She will keep. Women are like apples: when they are too young they set the teeth on edge; when ripe and mellow they please every sense; when they wither and turn brown it is time to fall from the tree into a hole. Now go and shoot a deer for Sunday: the good padres from San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara are coming to dine with me.”

Andreo, dejected, left the padre. As he passed Pilar's window and saw a pair of wistful black eyes behind the grating, his heart took fire. No one was within sight. By a series of signs he made his lady understand that he would place a note beneath a certain adobe in the wall.

Pilar, as she went to and fro under the fruit-trees in the garden, or sat on the long corridor, weaving baskets, watched that adobe with fascinated eyes. She knew that Andreo was tunnelling it, and one day a tiny hole proclaimed that his work was accomplished. But how to get the note? The old women's eyes were very sharp when the girls were in front of the gratings. Then the civilizing development of Chris-

tianity upon the heathen intellect triumphantly asserted itself. Pilar, too, conceived a brilliant scheme. That night the padre, who encouraged any evidence of industry, no matter how eccentric, gave her a little garden of her own, a patch where she could raise sweet peas and Castilian roses.

"That is well, that is well, my Nausicaa," he said, stroking her smoken braids. "Go cut the slips and plant them where thou wilt. I will send thee a package of seeds for the sweet peas."

Pilar spent every spare hour bending over her "patch," and the hole, at first no bigger than a pin's point, grew larger at each setting of the sun behind the mountain, while the old women, scolding on the corridor, called to her not to forget vespers.

On the third evening, kneeling on the damp ground, she drew from the little tunnel in the adobe a thin slip of wood covered with the labor of sleepless nights. She hid it in her smock, that first of California's love-letters, then ran with shaking knees and prostrated herself before the altar. That night the moon streamed through her grating, and she deciphered the fact that Andreo had loosened eight adobes above her garden, and would await her every midnight.

Pilar sat up in bed and glanced about the room with terrified delight. It took her but a moment to decide the question; love had kept her awake too many nights. The neophytes were asleep; as they turned now and again, their narrow beds of hide, suspended from the ceiling, swung too gently to awaken them. The old women snored loudly. Pilar slipped from her bed and looked through the grating. Andreo was there, the dignity and repose of primeval man in his bearing. She waved her hand and pointed downward to the wall, then, throwing on the long coarse gray smock that was her only garment, crept from the room and down the stair. The door was protected against hostile tribes by a heavy iron bar, but Pilar's small hands were coarse and strong, and in a moment she stood over the adobes which had crushed her roses and sweet peas.

As she crawled through the opening, Andreo took her hand bashfully, for they had never spoken. "Come," he said: "we must be far away before dawn."

They stole past the long Mission, crossing themselves as they glanced askance at the ghostly row of pillars; past the guard-house, where the sentries slept at their post; past the rancheria; then, springing upon a waiting mustang, dashed down the valley. Pilar had never been on a horse before, and she clung in terror to Andreo, who bestrode the unsaddled beast as easily as a cloud rides the wind. His arm held her closely: fear vanished, and she enjoyed the novel sensation. Glancing over Andreo's shoulder, she watched the mass of brown and white buildings, the winding river, fade into the mountain. Then they began to ascend an almost perpendicular steep. The horse followed a narrow trail, the crowding trees and shrubs clutched the blanket and smock of the riders; after a time trail and scene grew white; the snow lay on the heights.

"Where do we go?" she asked.

"To Zaca lake, on the very top of the mountain, miles above us.

No one has ever been there but myself. Often I have shot deer and birds beside it. They will never find us there."

The red sun rose over the mountains of the east. The crystal moon sank in the west. Andreo sprang from the weary mustang and carried Pilar to the lake.

A sheet of water, round as a whirlpool, but calm and silvern, lay amidst the sweeping willows and pine-forested peaks. The snow glittered beneath the trees, but a canoe was on the lake, a hut on the marge.

II.

Padre Arroyo tramped up and down the corridor, smiting his hands together. The Indians bowed lower than usual, as they passed, and hastened their steps. The soldiers scoured the country for the bold violators of Mission law. No one asked Padre Arroyo what he would do with the sinners, but all knew that punishment would be sharp and summary: the men hoped that Andreo's mustang had carried him beyond its reach; the girls, horrified as they were, wept and prayed in secret for Pilar.

A week later, in the early morning, Padre Arroyo sat on the corridor. The Mission stood on a plateau overlooking a long valley forked and silvered by the broad river. The valley was planted thick with olive-trees, and their silver leaves sparkled in the rising sun. The mountain-peaks about and beyond were white with snow, but the great red poppies blossomed at their feet. The padre, exiled from the luxury and society of his dear Spain, never tired of the prospect: he loved his Mission children, but he loved Nature more.

Suddenly he leaned forward on his staff and lifted the heavy brown hood of his habit from his ear. Down the road winding from the eastern mountains came the echo of galloping footfalls. He rose expectantly and waddled out upon the plaza, shading his eyes with his hand. A half-dozen soldiers, riding closely about a horse bestridden by a stalwart young Indian supporting a woman, were rapidly approaching the Mission. The padre returned to his seat and awaited their coming.

The soldiers escorted the culprits to the corridor; two held the horse while they descended, then led it away, and Andreo and Pilar were alone with the priest. The bridegroom placed his arm about the bride and looked defiantly at Padre Arroyo, but Pilar drew her long hair about her face and locked her hands together.

Padre Arroyo folded his arms and looked at them with lowered brows, a sneer on his mouth.

"I have new names for you both," he said, in his thickest voice. "Antony, I hope thou hast enjoyed thy honeymoon. Cleopatra, I hope thy little toes did not get frost-bitten. You both look as if food had been scarce. And your garments have gone in good part to clothe the brambles, I infer. It is too bad you could not wait a year and love in your cabin at the rancheria, by a good fire, and with plenty of frijoles and tortillas in your stomachs." He dropped his sarcastic tone, and, rising to his feet, extended his right arm with a gesture of malediction.

"Do you comprehend the enormity of your sin?" he shouted. "Have you not learned on your knees that the fires of hell are the rewards of unlawful love? Do you not know that even the year of sackcloth and ashes I shall impose here on earth will not save you from those flames a million times hotter than the mountain fire, than the roaring pits in which evil Indians torture one another? A hundred years of their scorching breath, of roasting flesh, for a week of love! Oh, God of my soul!"

Andreo looked somewhat staggered, but unrepentant. Pilar burst into loud sobs of terror.

The padre stared long and gloomily at the flags of the corridor. Then he raised his head and looked sadly at his lost sheep.

"My children," he said, solemnly, "my heart is wrung for you. You have broken the laws of God and of the Holy Catholic Church, and the punishments thereof are awful. Can I do anything for you, excepting to pray? You shall have my prayers, my children. But that is not enough; I cannot—ay! I cannot endure the thought that you shall be damned. Perhaps"—again he stared meditatively at the stones, then, after an impressive silence, raised his eyes. "Heaven vouchsafes me an idea, my children. I will make your punishment here so bitter that Almighty God in his mercy will give you but a few years of purgatory after death. Come with me."

He turned and led the way slowly to the rear of the Mission buildings. Andreo shuddered for the first time, and tightened his arm about Pilar's shaking body. He knew that they were to be locked in the dungeons. Pilar, almost fainting, shrank back as they reached the narrow spiral stair which led downward to the cells. "Ay! I shall die, my Andreo!" she cried. "Ay! my father, have mercy!"

"I cannot, my children," said the padre, sadly. "It is for the salvation of your souls."

"Mother of God! When shall I see thee again, my Pilar?" whispered Andreo. "But, ay! the memory of that week on the mountain will keep us both alive."

Padre Arroyo descended the stair and awaited them at its foot. Separating them and taking each by the hand, he pushed Andreo ahead and dragged Pilar down the narrow passage. At its end he took a great bunch of keys from his pocket, and, raising both hands, commanded them to kneel. He said a long prayer in a loud monotonous voice which echoed and re-echoed down the dark hall and made Pilar shriek with terror. Then he fairly hurled the marriage ceremony at them, and made the couple repeat the responses after him. When it was over, "Arise," he said.

The poor things stumbled to their feet, and Andreo caught Pilar in a last embrace.

"Now bear your incarceration with fortitude, my children; and if you do not beat the air with your groans I will let you out in a week. Do not hate your old father, for love alone makes him severe; but pray, pray, pray."

And then he locked them both in the same cell.

Gertrude Franklin Atherton.

TALLEYRAND AND POSTERITY.

FEW autobiographies, perhaps, have created greater commotion in the world of letters than the lately-published Memoirs of Monsieur de Talleyrand. This distinguished statesman during his long career (born in Paris, February 13, 1754, died May 17, 1838) had presented to the world a series of pictures from his private and public life than which few could be more puzzling in regard to what constitutes a high character. The world at large judged him on the strength of its own conceptions of right and wrong, and waited for further revelations to form a better estimate. The prince had written his Memoirs and requested that thirty years should elapse before their publication. To make quite sure that none of the personages therein mentioned were yet living, twenty more were added. Public curiosity could wait no longer. They appeared. Alas! the disappointment! Nothing in them to confirm the world's first judgment. It was made painfully aware that it had once more mistaken substance for shadow, flowers for weeds, and *vice versâ*. The Memoirs either give us the real man in all his integrity or a—sifted man, and the latter suspicion could not for a moment be entertained, considering the hands into whose keeping the original documents were placed. There is nothing left us but to change our mental attitude towards Monsieur de Talleyrand, or declare his case, notwithstanding all he might say himself to the contrary, the *horn and hoof* case we had always secretly held it to be. The French, who, no matter how grave a situation, always find a comical side to it, send, in *L'Illustration*, Mr. Renan to the infernal regions to interview the *magnanimous sinner*: "What! shamming still?" might he be supposed to say on greeting the august shade. No fitter person, certainly, to send on such an errand than the illustrious author of "*Souvenirs de ma Jeunesse*," in which ingenuous self-apotheosis the interesting writer, among other events which his keen eye looked through and through, describes Talleyrand's death-bed, and, as through a gauze, outlines the hidden artifices of the Church and the histrionic talent of the dying man. Still, it is just possible that Talleyrand might not be there to answer; that his seeming contempt for humanity, while on earth, and on the ground of which Mr. Renan claims fellowship, might be of an entirely different order from the Renan contempt.

That these famous Memoirs present a problem to solve is obvious; nor would the time spent in solving it be time lost. The prince was unquestionably one of the larger figures in our *Comédie Humaine*, and the theatre on which he played was one among the first in the world. What distinctly glints forth from these volumes is a certain solicitude on the part of the writer to convince his country, which had so often placed its fate in his hands, that he had been true to the trust. He discusses the interests of France, political and national, and points with laudable pride to the manner in which he had forwarded them.

Taking a bird's-eye view of his life, we find his first experience

of the world to have been its *inhumanity*. He was lame, and, as the Army and the Church were the only respectable careers open to the nobleman of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, he was deprived of his right of primogeniture and compelled to enter the Church, for which he had not the least vocation. He tells us in the first volume of his Memoirs that he had never known what family-affections were. These usually are thought to plant in the heart the seeds of love for mankind. What wonder if, in default of heart-expansion, the boy's extraordinary intelligence developed into pure intellectualism,—into that ironical estimate of humanity which accompanied him all through life? He has been accused of licentiousness. The story of his first love in the same volume is told with an art almost inappreciable in these realistic days, where Zola and Tolstoi crudities have spoiled the public for literary delicacy. Without advocating suppression of truth, we may confidently say that it would be no deprivation of culture if the above-named distinguished novelists, in their portraiture of vice, hit upon as ingenuous and readable a mode of description as did Monsieur de Talleyrand. He was studying for the priesthood at the Seminary of St.-Sulpice, when he met the lady who for the first time revealed to him that he was the possessor of something like a heart. "Several times," says this great advocate of Macchiavelli's theory, "*pensieri stretti e viso sciolto*," "did I notice in a chapel of the church a young and pretty person whose simple and modest looks pleased me extremely. At eighteen, when one is not depraved, these are the things that attract. I became more regular at mass. . . ."

At twenty-one he is ordained priest and has the abbacy of St.-Denis conferred upon him; and in 1780 he is elected agent-general for the clergy. This semi-clerical position brings him into relation with the heads of the government and reveals his wonderful business-capacity. The king next makes him Bishop of Autun. The complications of his country's affairs open great vistas of statesmanship. Elected deputy to the States-General, he joins the Tiers-Etat, and along with Mirabeau and Sieyès takes an active part in the debates of the Assembly. October 10, 1789, he boldly proposes the confiscation of all Church property, and February 13, 1790, the suppression of all religious orders. Five months later he crowns these ecclesiastical audacities by officiating in the Champ-de-Mars at the great national festival and reading mass with the tricolor scarf thrown over his episcopal robe, consecrating at the same time the new colors of the National Guard. The following December he takes the oath of allegiance to the Constitution. All this naturally drew upon him excommunication. He received the sentence May 1, 1791, and forthwith resigned his episcopal see.

The Representative Assembly in the mean time had every reason to congratulate itself on his membership. His speeches on the issue of the assignats were to the point; he introduced a uniform system of weights and measures, presented more advanced plans for public instruction,—in short, despite his lameness, proved the man of decided progress. But the times were stormy, and cloud abounded, and suspicion filled the air. A letter found on a certain Laporte, the royal steward, alluding to him as "a man willing to serve the king," was enough to

start rumors of conspiracy. Whether true or false, it was a moment when discretion was better than valor. Through the influence of friends, Talleyrand was despatched to London on a sort of diplomatic mission. It saved him; but his name was immediately placed on the list of *Émigrés*. The dread Convention in the mean time was fast spending its fury; the Directory followed; and Talleyrand, after a visit to the United States, returned to Paris and became one of the most conspicuous and frequent visitors of the *Salon Staël-Holstein*, then in its apogee. In 1797 he became Minister of Foreign Affairs, and held the office till 1807.

Talleyrand was one of the few that understood Napoleon. He appreciated the genius that led him on to power, but as clearly also detected the defects that would cause his fall. To the first he lent loyal support; to the second he made decided opposition. He became the negotiator of the various treaties of peace during that period of French history: the Concordat with the Pope, on which occasion he was relieved from excommunication and secularized; the Confederation of the Rhine, when he obtained his title of Prince of Benevento. That in all these and other diplomatic enterprises he accumulated great wealth is nothing that need attach particular blame to his character. That he was selfish no one will deny; but it was a selfishness springing from an immense power for good,—from talents which his country just at that particular period was in need of, and which it adequately rewarded. If we attentively follow his course, we cannot but see that he remained constant to one principle,—one political theory,—constitutional monarchy. After the peace of Tilsit, the Imperial star began to wane. He knew that the intended Russian campaign would extinguish it, and he was not a man to lend a hand towards certain defeat. He retired to his estates at Valençay, and, foreseeing the return of the Bourbons, lost no time in entering into communication with them. During the last three years of Napoleon's career he showed himself openly as the most active and the most dangerous of his enemies. Under the first Bourbon Restoration he negotiated the first peace of Paris and represented France at the Congress of Vienna. But how could a genius like Talleyrand's work conjointly with so shallow-brained a sovereign as Louis XVIII., or one so utterly deprived of foresight as Charles X.? He once more retired from the field. Next came 1830. Louis Philippe sent him as a *ambassador* to London. Through his instrumentality the court of St. James and the Tuileries enjoyed cordial and intimate relations, and the quadruple alliance was started between England, France, Spain, and Portugal. Talleyrand had now reached his eighty-fourth year. There was little time left to rest on his laurels, and he retired from public life.

The world to Talleyrand, as to other men of his type, must have appeared in the light of a vast gaming-table, where success depended wholly on the skill of the player. To win was his object, and, in a certain sense, became his duty. He lived up to his convictions.

Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set price, be it what it will.

C. R. Corson.

SOME AMERICAN CHANGES.

THE effect of new conditions on the migrated man is always an interesting subject of anthropological research. The *genus* being always the same, races (no longer deemed autochthonic) are developed by changes, which changes, enforced by heredity, produce the new race-characteristics. The great geographic distributing movements have been made by the displacement of large bodies of men acting under some general impulse, and becoming, in time, under new conditions, differentiated races.

Among the principal factors instrumental in producing racial changes may be enumerated the action of climate (both direct and indirect), the food eaten, the water drunk, the physical requisitions, the local environment, the stubbornness of Nature or her bounteous smiles, the new privations or the new relaxations: all these operate on the migrated man. Energy may be aroused and nerve-force stimulated under the struggle for life, or peace and plenty may so prevail that life is made easier, and the character becomes softened and sublimated, or, perhaps, phlegmatic. Under the above factors of change, when they have completed their influence, even mixed races will cease to be hybrids; and a new people will be formed, with distinctive physical, mental, and even moral features.

"The character of a people," says Taine, "is an abridgment of all its preceding actions and sensations. Man, forced to accommodate himself to circumstances, contracts a temperament and a character corresponding to them; and his character, like his temperament, is so much more stable as the external impression is made upon him by more numerous repetitions and is transmitted to his progeny by a more ancient descent."

The two general factors of racial change being climate and environment, adaptation to them makes a modification in the individual, both mental and physical, that, taking a definite direction, evolves characteristics that become hereditary.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE COLONIZED NORTH AMERICAN.

An increase of energy and nervous activity is a characteristic of the migrated colonized people of North America. The new conditions of life under which the pioneer colonist was placed will account for much of the superiority in energy and functional activity of that people over the more sedate and conservative Europeans. Under the new conditions of the settlement, life was adventurous,—nerve-force and energy were called upon and developed rapidly. There was a struggle with nature for food, and with the savage for life, that called for rapid action; there was no time for the exercise of prolonged thought nor for physical repose. The subordination of the old dependent life, when man was the machine of prescribed authority, was gone; the

colonist became a law to himself; no longer the subject of direction by others, he grew independent and self-reliant; his life was one of contention and anxiety; his aims for betterment were ceaseless. A spirit of enterprise and restlessness, therefore, became characteristic of the new denizen, and it is this spirit that has largely contributed to cause the physiological modifications which now constitute a race hereditament.

The climate of this region, too, being dry and stimulating, has been largely instrumental in causing such modifications. It is asserted by European writers who have studied the question that such climatic changes and the early stimulation of character through the pioneer period have irritated the nervous system of the inhabitants of the United States into impulses that have caused an abnormal activity, resulting in a serious disturbance of the general physiological balance, and that the increased nervous nutrition demanded by the new life and its consequences has tended to physical deterioration from the type of the parent races.

From an early period of our colonial history, foreign observers have noted changes in the physiological condition. Early in the last century they speak of the less ruddy and robust appearance and the more delicate health and shorter life of the American colonists, as compared with Europeans, as well as of the former being more active in their temperament than the people of England.

Quatrefages, a philosophic observer in the realms of ethnology, thus summarizes the results of our efforts at acclimatization: "Two centuries and a half, twelve generations at the utmost, separate the English race in America from the epoch of its permanent settlement in the country; and nevertheless the Anglo-American (the Yankee) no longer represents his ancestors." The fact is so striking, that the eminent zoologist Murray, when endeavoring to account for the formation of animal races, finds that he cannot do better than appeal to the condition of man in the United States: "At the second generation, the English Creole in North America presents, in his features, alterations which approximate him to the native race. Subsequently the skin dries and loses its rosy color, the glandular system is reduced to a minimum, the hair darkens and becomes glossy, the neck becomes slender, and the size of the head diminishes. In the face, the temporal fossæ are pronounced, the cheek-bones become prominent, and the orbital cavities become hollow. Lastly, the woman in her structural proportions approaches to those of the man."

In addition to this, a strong feature of deviation is noticed in the comparative lengthening of the face and the narrowing of the jaws, so that, as dentists observe, the American jaw cannot maintain the normal amount of teeth. The small number of children in a family and the decreasing power of fulfilling the duties of maternity have also been noticed, as also the general decrease of fibrous and muscular tension, producing serious structural infirmities. The normal pulse, too, has been quickened, the voice is higher and thinner, the lungs and chest are smaller, and the bones are more delicate. The expression of the countenance, also, has become sombre, and the brow corrugated. In some

of the Western regions, where the necessity of muscular over mental exertion has prevailed, and where employment is mostly agricultural, the above changes are not so marked as in the seaboard regions, nor where the foreign descent is immediate.

The poor health of the women, all over the country, is remarkable; and the vaunted beauty of the American female is confined to quite a limited class which has had opportunities for physical culture and an experience guided mostly by foreign models. One rarely sees in the United States, for example, a robust and roseate country-girl: our children are mostly pallid and delicate; and if one compares the health and appearance of English or German shop-girls, domestics, denizens of farms and villages, and trades-people, the contrast is remarkable. The numbers and showy aspect of our apothecary-shops, the skill of our dentists, the numbers and eminence of our surgeons and doctors, male and female, the multitudinous quack medicines, and the many vendors of pads and bandages, are illustrative and, indirectly, corroborative of the above remarks.

Miss Beecher, in her letters to the people on health, written some years ago, says that the standard of health among American women is so low that few of them have an idea of what a healthy woman is. This view, at the present time, under a greater regard for physical sanitary laws, might have to be somewhat modified. The type, as it becomes more acclimatized, if not much disturbed by new ingredients, it is supposed will assume an appearance less vigorous and robust than in the original stock, but more refined, active, and graceful, and approximating to Grecian standards, as is now observed in the Australian descendants of English colonists. The result of all the above is that a distinct semi-racial North American type has been evolved, with the above-named physical characteristics or deviations from the parental main stock, and with an individual character eager, enterprising, ambitious, restless, and energetic, to an extent, as has been above remarked, that has been supposed to cause over-cerebration and a nervous disturbance that prevents the physical system from receiving its due share of support.

Apart from the effect of the new climate and conditions, the fundamental tone of American character is still, in the main, a result of Anglo-Saxon origin and of the early and continued dominance of that race, and as such is still distinctive. Other races and people have been extensively intermingled, but have made no general, national impress, although perhaps they have exercised a strong local influence. The Dutch, the Irish, the French, the Germans, the Scandinavians, have lent something of their features to the general result, and, in a measure dependent on their numbers and cohesion, have affected, in various respects, the national condition. But, although the national character, under the various incongruous elements that have helped to form it, with a comparatively limited period for its development, is necessarily rather indefinite and deficient in the distinctiveness that is so marked among European peoples, there has been, and is, a general assimilation and an absorption into a general type that, even under the lapse of two centuries, has made a distinct racial creation, resulting somewhat from

the heterogeneous composition and much more from climatic influences and local environment acting upon the general inhabitant.

THE AMERICAN SPEECH.

The effect of climate and local conditions, as modifying race-characteristics, is no less apparent in variation of speech than in other physiological changes. Modes and tones of speech quite distinctive from those of the Anglo-Saxon mark and nationalize his descendant on this side of the water. This has to be acknowledged even by those who deprecate the fact of any deviation by our people from the supposed cultured European standard. Our social susceptibilities, in this regard, quite overcome even our national pride in national distinctiveness; and we bristle in wrath under the mere mention by foreigners that we have a peculiar and rather unpleasant tone and mode of lingual expression.

There are curious modifications of lingual expression from the original English standard all over the United States; and dialects and *patois* seem to be forming, in localities,—their duration much determined by the income or absence of outside civilization. Apart from the uncouth and horrible *patois* and dialects of the semi-barbarous "white trash" of portions of the Southeastern and Western States and of the "Yankees" of New England, we have the educated in Massachusetts saying "soss" for source and "bot" for boat; in New York "muyder" for murder, "toon" for tune, "dorg" for dog, "chickin" for chicken, "nooze" for news; we have in Pennsylvania "naow" for now, "now" for no, "dahee" for day, "raheen" for rain, "kiard" for card, and a tremendous buzzing of the letter *r*; in Maryland "rood" for road, "aboot" for about; in Washington and Kentucky, etc., "doll-ah" for dollar, "conah" for corner, "majah" for major, "sah" for sir, "fo'teenth" for fourteenth. In Virginia and farther South the drawl and whine born of the subserviency and minor key of the negro race are conspicuous, while the sound of *a* is so flat and narrow as to make it almost a new vowel. Although there are peculiarities in Massachusetts, there, owing to a more direct English descent among educated people, the broad English *a* is retained, and a more rotund, deep, and altogether more excellent speech prevails, not observable in the other New England States.

There is one characteristic of speech, however, prevalent in various degrees all over the United States. That is the high, quick speech and heady and nasal tone. This is so universal that the American voice is noted in Europe as a distinctly national characteristic,—always betraying the speaker, no matter what his disguise or social degree. "How superficial are our school and college schemes of education," writes an observer in one of our leading journals, "is evident from the fact that in none of them is any effort made to rid the student of that wretched nasal head-voice which has been named 'American' and even has come to be thought American! It is said that an offensive personal peculiarity is harmless when it has become so universal as to pass unnoticed: the answer is, that insensitiveness to such a defect is as deplorable as the defect itself. The man who tells his mind in a voice

more fiendish than the cry of any animal, breaks undoubtedly a law of nature,—a law eternal; and nine hundred and ninety-nine in one thousand American men and women steadily break this law, and the ears of the thousandth man or woman are quite unshocked therewith."

There are several causes that may be ascribed as producing the above change of speech. I do not think it is climate alone, for the negro does not have a nasal tone, although domiciled here as long as the white; the rich, full tones of an uncultured negro wench are often admirable. Nor does the Indian indulge in a high nasal voice. The language of the Iroquois in the mouth of a Seneca squaw is as mellifluous and soft as is the Italian in "*bocca Romana*." The Indian could not put a twang in such words as *Oresequah*, *Susquehanna*, *Tonawanda*, or *Tuscarora*, if he tried so to do.

I think that the change of speech is due partially to climate, and partially to the early local conditions. In the first place, it is the result of our not very recent pioneer life, the effects of which are still transmitted. In pioneer days, time is an object: people must talk and act peremptorily and quickly. The strife with nature, the beast, and the savage makes life serious and practical. Words are spoken more readily and quickly from the head and with the mouth half closed than from the chest and with the mouth wide open. The deferential inflections or variations of tone, as well as the graces of speech, become neglected or lost, and the sharp, quick head-voice takes the place of the deliberate *ore rotundo*.

These results, too, follow the commercial social life which succeeds the pioneer stages. There is still a competition and endless battle in the race for riches and position; and the same quickness and hardness characterize such strife, which in this country is the more active as the financial and social combatants are comparatively more numerous and never at rest, every grade of life being open to aspirants without restriction, while in Europe people born in a certain social class or grade are generally content to remain there. In the trading and social conflicts, therefore, as in the earlier ones of subjugation and settlement, quickness and energy of action cause rapidity of utterance, and little regard is given to the grace of speech, which, under carelessness and heredity, has degenerated into peculiar modes and sounds.

Climatic conditions are probably also important direct factors in forming our speech. The climate of the United States is drier than that of most of the countries of Europe, and, as has been above remarked, has a stimulating effect upon the nervous system. This stimulus causing restlessness and quickness of thought and action, a quicker utterance or expression of thought is consequently employed. Physicians also remark as to the direct effects of climate upon our speech, and allege that under its peculiar effect, here, upon the colonial descendants, the mucous coating of all the nasal air-passages becomes swollen and thickened, leaving a chronic inflammation, and the organs in a sensitive and susceptible condition aggravated by every slight exposure, which deepens the affection.

A contributive cause for the nasal part of our speech may possibly be traced also to the Puritan element which was the dominant one in

our Northern formative colonies. These progenitors of our community spoke with a conventional nasal drawl or sing-song twang, which, naturally enough, may have left its impress upon their descendants.

SOME POLITICAL CHANGES.

Of course, under the change of constitution and government from those of the mother-country, political changes here have been radical and numerous. Changes, too, are apparent not only in the political status but in the political thought and action of the citizen.

In the first place, as compared with England, and even with the tone in the United States of the first half of this century, may be noticed a decline in patriotic feeling toward the country as such. This, of course, is largely due to the fact that instead of being one State we are a series of States combined for mutual support, and there is a divided allegiance; this is subdivided again, somewhat, into pride for the native city over that for the State and country. The loyalty to and pride in the native State over such sentiments for the country at large are far greater in the Southern States than in the others. The late great sectional revolt illustrates this.

Another reason why there is less patriotism here than elsewhere is that the country is much newer, so that there are few great historical events or personages that appeal to national pride, and fewer memorial epochs in which all the people have an interest in common and a general elation. There is also a more heterogeneous people, one-half of them, probably, being either of foreign birth or of immediate foreign descent and still nursing an affection for their fatherland and feeling a strong interest in its fortunes. A false patriotism, it is true, is often worn here as a mask, and a hullabaloo played in patriotic tones; but political action in this regard seems not infrequently to corroborate Dr. Johnson's severe definition of patriotism as "the last refuge of a scoundrel."

As regards the tone and character of political conduct here a great change is also noticed. In Great Britain, political life is, in the main, characterized by elevation of principle and conscientious statesmanship. It is pursued by persons of high education and character, and subserviency to the public good may be said to be a greater actuating force, there, than personal consideration or partisan aims. In this country a political career is quite generally adopted for individual gain; and subserviency to party dictation, for personal advancement, is more characteristic of the politician than aims for a conscientious and fearless discharge of duty. What is worse, retribution, through public condemnation, seldom visits the political offender. The public eye becomes dim: political success is made the standard of political merit, and demagogues and traders are not lashed, as they should be, from the temple of the State.

The apathy of the American citizen at large as to public rights has also been a matter of remark, as contrasted with the tone prevailing in England in that regard, or in this country during the post-revolutionary period. Public action is shirked, and people of education

and character, through apathy or absorption in private interests, allow themselves to be governed by vicious despoilers. The Irish people, who have immigrated here in herds, with their energy and cohesive force, have utterly driven, so far as our seaboard cities are concerned, the old colonial descendants from the administration of public affairs. As regards the city of New York, which may be considered typical in this matter, Prof. Bryce, the philosophic English observer, remarks that there exists in that city "such a witches' Sabbath of jobbing, bribing, thieving, and prostitution of legislative power to private interest as the world has seldom seen." The above criticism applies also, in a great measure, to national politics, and the present jobbery and general venality are in terrible contrast with the high-minded and patriotic administration of public affairs during the early years of the Republic. Even the upper chamber of our national Sanhedrim is now notoriously filled, with some exceptions, by men who have gained their legislative places through their enormous wealth, which has been so applied as to crush competition, and legislative action, there, is now controlled mainly by those whose merit is neither character nor statesmanship. A former clerk of the United States Senate recently stated that national politics were dying out at Washington. "It is rare to find a man," said he, "in either branch of Congress, who engages in legislation with anything but a personal view."

The changes in our public affairs may be largely due to the vice and pauperism forced upon us by immigration. The removal of all restriction on the voting power, which places the ignorant as instruments in the hands of political schemers, has been a baneful concomitant of such immigration. Immigration, in the abstract, in a new country, is quite desirable; but practically its evils here have been so great that a halt has been called against the miscellaneous invasion,—an invasion which, while it may have aided the material interests of the land, has served to debauch political life and lower the public conscience. Since 1860 upwards of ten million immigrants have come into this country, and in the sole port of New York about five million four hundred thousand have arrived within the last twenty years. These people have been mainly uneducated, and often criminal, but have become powerful factors in our political as well as in our social and industrial life. The invasion goes on, from day to day, and the numbers from the lower orders, particularly of Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Italy, are dangerously on the increase. Power being speedily conferred upon such a heterogeneous class of ignorant voters, what wonder is it that they blindly follow corrupt leaders and regard elections from a commercial point of view?

As to public tone or public sentiment, under these conditions, although a great public pulse formerly was manifest and respected, now the beatings are feeble and spasmodic. There are occasionally efforts at reform, and conscientious political effort is, at times, stimulated by some great abuse, but probably there is no other country in Christendom where there is such an indifference on the part of the enlightened citizen to public affairs, where public spirit is so sluggish, and where political principle is so absorbed and controlled by partisanship and

made the subject of traffic. "Public life," says Goldwin Smith, "is the noblest of all callings, but the vilest of all trades." The want of an elevated active public tone and direction may arise largely from the fact that our mixed races, not being yet consolidated, are wanting in that unity of thought and character that forms and harmonizes public sentiment and impels its action. Whatever the cause of the decrease of public sentiment and public spirit and public courage, the fact is deplorable; and the want of them has led many to prognosticate a radical national decline.

Bishop Henry C. Potter, of New York, in a recent address on "The Scholar and the State," before the Phi Beta Kappa Chapter of Harvard, touching upon the great possibilities of a government so nobly conceived and so wisely planned as our own, and upon the fact, noted by De Tocqueville, that the excellence and delicacy of a vast civil mechanism only the more demand intelligent, prudent, and reverent handling, remarks that "no form or combination of social polity has yet been devised to make an energetic people out of a community of pusillanimous and enfeebled citizens."

SOCIAL CHANGES.

High culture and breeding, in Great Britain, are largely due to the law of primogeniture in estates. This retains ancient families in their social positions almost permanently; and even younger members exult in a system which keeps prominent their descent and preserves the memories connected with the eminence of their ancestry. These people are born with the surroundings and almost with the instincts of high breeding, and establish a recognized social standard continuing from generation to generation and affording an exemplar which other social classes highly regard and follow. They have leisure to live with elegance and become masters of the art of social intercourse.

In this country, as there is no permanent position from rank or family estates, almost the sole factor of social prominence is found to be the possession of wealth and the consequence arising from its display. Without this, even the most cultivated and meritorious people seem to fall into social oblivion and remain there. As the great wealth of its possessors becomes distributed and redistributed among succeeding generations, and is no longer a consolidated power, the successors, having no longer the leisure or the taste for social accomplishment, apply themselves in the marts of trade, which causes them to lose much of the culture they have superficially acquired, and the ranks are refilled by newer successful accumulators. Society, therefore, undergoes continuous vicissitudes, under financial fluctuations, and is always learning and always changing, and never feels at ease or secure in its position. The result observed is, that society in the large cities becomes a restless, frivolous, underbred minority of wealthy triflers, lavish in ostentation, and gaping after notoriety, which they consider prominence. The contention for wealth as a means of social eminence has a tendency to become unscrupulous and rancorous; the sympathetic obligations of life are lost sight of, friendship vanishes, simplicity retires, moral

standards are disregarded, moral obliquity does not operate to disqualify, and wealth exerts an undue and unholy influence.

The Roman satirist has pictured this :

Full lightly shall his morals be explored ;
But all shall ask you, what can he afford ?
How many servants at his sideboard stand ?
What is his style of living ? where's his land ?

O wealth ! the day is thine ; let honor bow
Its sacred head to all thy minions now ;
For here, long since, unanimous, we hold
The sacrosanct divinity of gold.

All this, however, is now a trite subject, and there is little good done in commenting on it. It is a consequence of our almost purely financial social life, and, in due time, may correct itself. Why, it may be asked, has there been such a change from the refined social condition of the first half-century of the Republic? Wealth has always had an influence. That is true ; but, in the earlier time, riches were more evenly distributed ; there were no fortunes suddenly acquired, as now, often through disreputable means and by disreputable people, who thereby acquire prominence and provoke imitation. In the earlier days, too, much was inherited, and there was no extraordinary preponderance of wealth in individuals. Hence it exerted a minor social influence, and its possession was of little effect in determining social standards. Those who possessed it had to conform, in order to be recognized in social circles, to the standards established through higher factors, such as education, good breeding, and rectitude.

IS THIS AN INTERESTING COUNTRY ?

Although the same soil, sown with various seed, has produced a composite people, without any strong national characteristics, homogeneous principles, or race-sympathies, in many aspects this is an "interesting country," Matthew Arnold's dictum to the contrary notwithstanding. For many reasons it is *not* interesting to many, and there is little temptation for a domicile here by persons of high culture, great learning, artistic tastes, or ultra refinement. Our literature is shallow, art is in its infancy, and science is greatly dependent on what is gathered from abroad. Society, as above described, is deficient in culture, manners are without polish, the art of conversation does not exist, and the art of entertaining consists mostly in display. The people are, on an average, decidedly uninteresting, in their individual features ; and a monotony and dullness characterize our lives, our cities, our villages, our abodes, our habits and occupations, that neither provoke curiosity nor awaken interest.

But although, to use the common literary slang, the land we live in may be objectively uninteresting, subjectively it is highly so. Although higher culture may not yet prevail, this country has made progress in much that is good and great and beneficent. A courageous patriotism threw off foreign dominion, and cast down oppressive systems of polit-

ical and ecclesiastical rule. The masses have been elevated by the advantages of public instruction, the door of toleration has been opened, and this country has become the asylum for the persecuted and oppressed of all lands. There is a liberal and tolerant feeling towards all men, a widespread sentiment of hospitality and charity, a general popular moral tone that is elevating, a courage that champions human rights, and a progressive spirit of enterprise that impels onward and upward, in spite of the heavy drags upon us of a great part of the pauperism and crime of foreign lands and the evils of political misrule.

In view of the old abuses that have been overthrown, the difficulties that have been overcome, the crises that have been passed, the progress that has been made, the vast hordes that have been welcomed, fed, trained, and civilized, although there may have been race-changes that are not to be admired, the people of the United States stand before the world, in the grand features of their history, with a rank second to none, and decidedly interesting to the philosopher, the historian, and the humanitarian, although possibly not so to the sensitive æsthetic or to the refined European observer.

When the throes of acclimatization are passed,—when the immigration of the vicious and the ignorant is checked, and our heterogeneous humanity is allowed time to amalgamate and crystallize,—a racial type may result whose excellence will be acknowledged by all.

James W. Gerard.

OVERTHROWN.

BEFORE this shrine a woman knelt to pay
 Adoring homage many a night and day.
 Here burned the subtle incense of a faith
 Tireless as love,—like love, more strong than death.
 What priceless offerings gathered to this shrine,
 Fitting the service of the One Divine!
 Life hurried past it on discordant feet,
 She held her worship in a safe retreat.

The icy hand of Reason drew at last
 The veil illusion round that shape had cast,
 And the broad daylight pierced with cruel beam
 The twilight stillness of ecstatic dream.
 The poor vain idol, stripped of borrowed grace,
 Met his stern worshipper with listless face,—
 Only an image, clothed and set apart
 In the pure cloister of a woman's heart.
 "Alas, deluded one!" Nay, rather say,
 "This might have been a god which was but clay."

Charlotte Mellen Packard.

DEATH-DAMP.

ONE of the unexplained riddles of ancient mythology is the saga of the heaven-defying Titans who were expelled from the realms of sunlight, but survived, in a semi-rebellious state, in the caverns of the nether world.

That myth, which finds an echo in the folk-lore of many nations, has been explained by the subsidence of once omnipotent volcanic forces, but may, besides, allegorize the fact that the divine reason of man, after all its conquests on the surface of the globe, is still defied by the tricks of the underground gnomes,—the “Ore-Dragons” of ancient Hindostan and “Pit-Kings” of the Spanish miners. Man is “earthy, of the earth,” and yet it is not a paradox to say that a miner working in a deep coal-pit is far more out of his element than a sailor venturing to plough the pathless fields of ocean. The sea, too, has its perils, irresistibly fatal some of them, but all so well understood that the mystery of the City of Boston has remained memorable to this day, while not a year passes without fatal mining-accidents which even experts are unable to explain. There is a bituminous mineral known in Scotland as “parrot-coal,” from the crackling or chattering noise it makes when burned,—a substance of such compact texture that it can be worked into vases and inkstands, or polished in slabs resembling the finest black marble. The idea of supporting tunnels (“galleries”) through deposits of that kind by vaults of masonry would never occur to a mining-engineer, since the coal itself is quite as solid as the red sandstone that has been excavated into the giant temples of Ellora. Yet the terrible mining disaster of Hautes-Rives, near Mons, Belgium, was caused by the collapse of a coal-mine of that very sort, and remained unaccountable even after a government commission had visited the scene of the calamity and examined scores of the crippled survivors. The investigation proved that the shafts had been worked on the “long-wall system,” leaving large “stoops” for the support of the exposed layers, and propping the roof of the galleries by massive pillars at intervals of ten feet and extending from end to end of the tunnel. Once a week the solidity of these buttresses had been tested by a special inspector, and several ramifications of the “main level” had been worked to the end of the lode and then abandoned, rather than run the risk of weakening the pillars. Yet, in spite of all these precautions, the roof of the entire gallery had collapsed without a moment’s warning, and the theories of explanation varied all the way from the supposed influence of an earthquake-tremor to the possible existence of a cavity in the rock-strata just above the shattered roof.

Sudden irruptions of water-streams from the tap-hole of an unsuspected reservoir may flood a mine in a few minutes and drown dozens of men, like rats in a barrel-trap; but the miner’s worst foe by far is the gas-demon known as “death-damp” or “fire-damp,”—the explosive mixture of carburetted hydrogen and atmospheric air. The allusions

of several ancient writers prove that direst peril of deep mining-work to have been known two thousand years ago, but the inventive skill of the last eighty generations has evidently failed to forestall its results by adequate safeguards, though Sir Humphry Davy's contrivance has been supplemented by several more or less self-acting alarm-signals. The wire screen of the Davy lamp at first really prevents an explosion, and moreover betrays the presence of the treacherous gas by admitting it in just sufficient quantities to make the flame burn with a peculiar pale-blue light. But that warning too often remains unheeded. The trouble is that the individual miner is too busy to watch his lamp all the time, and a minute's neglect of the premonitory symptoms may prove fatal. In spite of the wire, the inflammable gas will soon increase the heat of the light; the flame expands, and the glowing wire gauze may at any moment burst or become incandescent enough to act like an exposed flame. George Stephenson tried to obviate that risk by inventing a lamp that burns with air forced through water, but his apparatus requires a boy and a pair of bellows and is too hopelessly cumbersome to become popular with practical miners. The most ingenious contrivance thus far invented is the "Bell and Ball" alarm patented by Professor Ansell of the British Mint. A thin india-rubber ball is filled with atmospheric air and fastened on a board under a lever which just touches its upper surface, and which, on being slightly raised, sets free a depressed spring. That spring in turn sets a bell in vibration. The motive principle of the apparatus is a modicum of fire-damp entering through the pores of the ball and causing it to swell just enough to raise the lever.

But even that apparently perfect contrivance has a serious drawback,—the tardiness of its operation. In a given length of time it will act with infallible certainty; but three-fourths or three-fifths of that time may suffice to let the gas accumulate in dangerous quantities, while, on the other hand, a more sensitive alarm will defeat its purpose by ringing malapropos, since a very slight expansion of the ball may be caused by a trifling increase in the temperature of the surrounding air.

Explosions may also be caused by the breaking of a lamp, or by the spark of a pickaxe, and it is a curious fact that many of the most fatal disasters occurred in mines where fire-damp was not known to exist at all. In the Santilles Mine in the French Ardennes the confidence of the miners in the safety of their colliery went so far that they persisted in ascribing the explosion to some other cause than the agency of fire-damp, and had no hesitation in suggesting that a rather outspoken dissenter might be an emissary of the Prussian government, if not the direct author of the mischief. The Monkwearmouth Pit, near Newcastle, was long supposed to be as safe as a silver-mine, and there is no doubt that but a short time ago the hecatomb of the Mammoth Mine, near Youngswood, Pennsylvania, was sacrificed to a similar delusion.

"It may never be known how or why the explosion occurred," said a representative of the proprietors. "The accumulation of fire-damp was probably the cause; but it was never known to exist in any

quantity before; in fact, it may be said that the Mammoth Mine has been free from damp."

That the miners shared that belief was proved by the circumstance that they worked with open lamps, though hundreds of safety-lanterns had been furnished them free by the company. Every morning a "fire-boss" made the round of the numerous galleries for the special purpose of testing the purity of the air, and on the fatal day he had entered the shaft at 3 A.M. and scratched his mark on the coal wall of every place where men were to work. Three hours later every miner could read his endorsement in the form of a deep-marked "27" (January 27, 1891), and he re-entered the mine on special business when one hundred and thirty-three men were at work in the fatal gallery. Ten minutes later the explosion shook the mountain like the shock of an earthquake, and the body of the inspector was found among the one hundred and seven bruised and charred corpses. There is a theory that the stroke of a miner's pick might have opened a "pocket," or natural reservoir, of accumulated gas, for all the survivors concur that half an hour before the catastrophe there was not the faintest indication of danger.

Garnier's plan of "open-air mines" would enormously increase the cost of colliery operations, yet there is no other imaginable guarantee of safety, for in narrow pits the prevention of death-damp seems impossible, and the force of an explosion is almost as irresistible as that of a volcanic eruption. A survivor of the disaster of the Meissner Pit, near Almerode, Hesse, describes the shock as altogether unlike an ordinary blast of so insubstantial an element as air. About a quarter of an hour before the explosion there had been a fall of slate-rock, in which the witness had been severely injured, so much so, indeed, that his comrades doubted his ability of holding on to the hoisting-apparatus, and put him in a large tool-basket or "cage," which they had previously lined with coats. The windlass was turned, and the "cage" had been hoisted about four feet from the bottom of the mine, when the explosion hurled it violently to one side, but the ropes held, and the man in the basket was hauled out alive. "When the blast struck me," he said, "I felt as if I had been hit violently in the face with a heavy board, though I had a thick coat on that side of my head. The cage struck against the framework of the stoop, and that saved my life, for if it had hit against the solid bank it must have burst, and my ribs would have been broken in spite of the padding."

"It comes like a whirlwind with blue tints of a rainbow," said an old watchman of the ill-fated Pennsylvania mine, "and when it bursts into flame it passes over your body like a great log. God does not often let a man live to tell what has happened to him. If it catches you upright you are like a leaf in a storm, and it tears the ribs of slate in the openings like the ribs of a straw-rick." (*Cincinnati Enquirer*, January 29, 1891.)

The slaves working the silver-mines of ancient Italy protected their heads by means of *testudos*, or stout, round shields; but the perils of coal-mining have abolished that precaution, as the invention of gun-powder has abolished protective armor, for in case of an explosion

the miners would have about the same chance of survival as had the ringleaders fired from the muzzles of siege-guns in the crisis of the Sepoy rebellion.

Death-damp, after exploding, leaves a residuum, known as choke-gas, that vitiates ten times its own volume of atmospheric air, and thus entails an additional danger, which can often be counteracted only by hours of hard work with air-pumps and force-ventilators. Hence the difficulty of immediate succor and the supplementary sacrifices of human life when the zeal of rescuing-parties is stimulated by the wails of frenzied women. In the case of the Mammoth Mine the survivors had at least the satisfaction to know that their friends could not have died a lingering death, for nearly all the corpses bore evidence of the instantaneous action of the explosion. Some of the bodies were crushed into pulp, others were picked up in fragments or found completely flattened against the walls of the galleries.

Geological chemistry has as yet not answered the question why some mines remain quite free from fire-damp, while in others it is developed in quantities which artificially could be produced only under the influence of a high temperature. As a rule, massive deposits of bituminous coal seem specially liable to that danger, and near Baku, on the shore of the Caspian Sea, a combustible secretion somewhat lighter than "natural gas" and very similar to the fire-damp of our collieries is said to stream from the fissures of many rocks and occasionally to burst into flames that dart about the hills like the fitful flashes of an *ignis-fatuus*.

Still, it would be a mistake to suppose that science has done nothing to diminish the perils of pit-mining. British colliery statistics, carefully collected during the last eighty years, prove that the percentage of mortality has decreased nearly one-fifth since 1825, when Davy's Safety Lamp at last came into general use. In the exact terms of the Inspector's report, the number of tons of coal raised for each life lost has increased from one hundred and twenty-two thousand to one hundred and fifty-eight thousand five hundred. In Belgium the ten-hour law has likewise done much to lengthen the average term of a miner's life; but his chances of survival are, after all, less favorable than those of a sailor. Pluto still welcomes few living guests.

Felix L. Oswald.

ANGER.

HE smote his brother,—and slew him;
 He spurned his wife,—and she died;
 And then fierce Penitence threw him
 Over the sea-cliff's side.

Douglas Sladen.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING AND HIS ARMY STORIES.

IN view of some harsh criticisms lately published in the *New York Journalist* regarding the literary works of Captain Charles King, I feel it due to that gentleman to express myself relative to them and the author, whom I have known ever since he graduated at the Military Academy in 1866.

Since that time it has been my good fortune to have served with Captain King on several occasions, and so I am familiar with many of the circumstances which assisted him in forming the pictures which his facile pen so admirably portrays. In all cases I have found him a courteous gentleman and a courageous cavalier, and it was with regret that I saw his name taken from the active list of the army.

But a new field opened up to him, and he entered it with the dash and spirit which characterized him as a gallant cavalry officer. The secret of his character is the use he has always made of the present. From the beginning his employment of it has been laudable. King has seized upon circumstances that have occurred in his army experience as a foundation for the structures he has erected, but he has never confined himself to any one individual for a character. To accuse him of this would be to rob him of his originality. Indeed, in reading his works, which have always afforded me much pleasure, I have found that he has made an *olla podrida*,—thrown the good traits of many, as well as the bad traits, into one character; and, in proof of this assertion, I may remark that among his army readers as many as a dozen different persons have been selected as the one individual whose character had been portrayed.

In his writings he has endeavored to reproduce the virtues, the faults, and the sentiments of an army life in the characters of the living. Should not this certain immortality which he gives to our best thoughts and actions be a stimulant that is ample and encouragement that is sufficient to induce us to lead blameless lives? Should not, also, the certainty of our transmitting evil to others deter us from doing that which might excite ridicule or produce adverse criticism? To King, it is reward adequate to know that the good he does will live after him, even though the individuality that created it may be forgotten, or its identity lost in the expansion of his good work. Consciously or unconsciously, he has labored to a single purpose,—that of forming a closer relationship of the people with the army; and, consciously or unconsciously, he has hastened its coming, for his readers are counted by the thousands, and the pleasure he affords them is sufficiently demonstrated by the interest which the reading class of our citizens have lately manifested in army matters, many of whom knew nothing of the life of the army until they began to read King's books.

Can any one say that he does not truthfully portray much, very much, of our daily lives, even while indulging in the romance necessary to attract the general reader? He has drawn some wonderful pen-pictures; he has delineated some characters to perfection; and what better encomium could be bestowed upon a work than that the author delineates character so well that those who read wear the caps which fit them? If the mirror he presents to us reflects faults as well as virtues, should we grumble? Let us be thankful that we are able to "see ourselves as others see us."

King graduated just five years too late. Had he gone through the war of the Rebellion, I doubt not that the country would have heard of him, not only as one of the bright particular stars of the cavalry service, but as one who could furnish the world with some historical novels that would rival Tolstoi's "War and Peace."

William H. Powell,
Major Twenty-Second Infantry, U.S.A.

THE DODDER.

WHO has not noticed, on walk or ride, brilliant patches of a deep orange hue hung on fence-corner foliage, or spread tent-like over the low growth of marshy places, or clinging as a tangled mass of golden threads to the sappy plants of some fair creek-side? This is the Dodder.

There is something in its name that wakens a smile: one expects some eccentricity to lurk behind such a cognomen. There is a hint of the vagabond in its title: it is a plant idler, a loafer, a veritable parasite. It has neither roots nor leaves. It is a superescence living upon the sap of growing plants, who drink for it by their roots, breathe for it by their leaves, and support it that it may bloom and seed to bother them again with its idle progeny, whether they will or not.

However, it is a poor family that cannot support one gentleman, and so the dodder lives solely as an ornament to plant-society.

Lying at ease upon the rich green of its amiable supporters, or twining among their branches of many colors, it is the gilded fop of marsh and meadow. The how and why some men, idlers like itself, live, does not repay investigation as does the dodder. Following one of its golden filaments through mesh and windings to its source is quite as entertaining as, and more profitable than, tracing the intricacies of a Japanese puzzle.

Low down upon the stalk of some self-reliant plant, notably the nettle, or the pale touch-me-not (*Impatiens pallida*), the circling filament ends. Here and there along its entire length are stubby growths, shaped somewhat like the feet of a caterpillar, clasped and grown about by the exterior substance of the fostering plant. This lowermost point is where the dodder gave up supporting itself from the earth and took to the easy life of living at the expense of others. For the first effort of the dodder was to start life respectably. The parent seed from which it sprang dropped to the ground, and in the spring generated there. The young dodder threw down its roots and sent up an independent shoot in good earnest. After growing a few inches, its instinctive habit of climbing began to develop. Belonging, as it does, to the convolvulus or morning-glory family, it craned about in an irresolute, lanky sort of way for something to lean against. The plants growing near it were generally the offspring of those that supported former generations of its ancestors, and therefore the better fitted with understanding of what was needed by this hereditary pensioner asking for assistance. As soon as the juvenile dodder touched the garment of one of these lords of the manor, it recognized something in sympathy with it. It circled about the stalk, threw out its stubby arms, pressed them by its winding clasp deep into the tender skin which, in turn, dimpled about them: the dodder had found its

friend, its foster-parent. Then, and not until then, did its own root die, and it begin a new and luxurious life.

The very instant the delicate plant touched a congenial surface, it experienced some sensation, some resulting force inclining it to a close contact and intimate embrace, which involved the turning of its entire body several times. Are not nerves, or their equivalent, necessary to sensation, and some grade of thought to voluntary movement?

Who knows but that the willing nurse, plant though it be, felt delight in the flexuous grip, and a pleasurable tingle from the deep embedding, or, while it drew water for, and ministered food to, the child of its adoption, it was not repaid by the beautiful after-growth, the close affection, and the odd pranks of the pet sporting among its branches, leaves, and flowers? The balance of Nature is so nicely adjusted that there is always a *quid pro quo*,—a what for a what.

Many varieties of plant-life possess the power of throwing out roots at will from stem or leaf when suitable environments offer. Familiar to every one is this power in rose cuttings, geranium-slips, bits of begonia leaves, or stalks of coleus. It is a plant effort to perpetuate itself. With what rapidity would we mortals multiply ourselves, if we could plant a toe or slip an ear, that would some day duplicate our noble selves!

The dodder is gifted with the power of re-rooting. Having attached itself to a succulent plant, it sends out protuberances from that part of its body in contact. These protuberances are sunk by the mutual action of the constrictive dodder and the expansion of the growing fosterer. Coming into close relation with the replete sap-cells, these wedging protuberances—roots they must now be called—absorb a portion of the sap, and coolly pass it along for the nourishment of the gentleman outside.

The old roots, stem, and leaves of this sept of the house of Impatiens, Nettles & Co. are of no further use. Having reached a comfortable berth, the dodder dispenses with them. These roots were equipped to disintegrate the solids and fluids of the earth, and the leaves to disunite the gases of which the air is composed; the new roots have only to collect "food prepared for dodder use." Leaves are no longer necessary. The supporting plant is generous: having entered into an arrangement, it does not, Portia-like, quibble about the blood in the pound of flesh. Giving its blood freely, it also gives breath through its leaves. In other words, the dodder has found a home where food, drink, and breath are provided. The alms of its supporter are not allowed by it to be given in secret. Its whole system is saturated with gold, so it flaunts the color of it to all observers.

Idler though it be, it has an eye to business, and looks to it that its host gives it of the best and parts not company with it. As the foster-plant branches out and journeys upward, the dodder, likewise, becomes enterprising. As it travels it roots. Nor is it at all particular upon what it roots. If by chance one of its filaments strays from the original support, it at once consorts with the first plant it touches, be it smart-weed, horse-mint, impatiens, nettle, wild rose, or the inhospitable blackberry brier. In its wanderings it may dine at the same time on a dozen different kinds of sap belonging to as many species of plants. What a gourmet it is! More than that, it is a constitutional cannibal. Should another idler of its species come in its way, and prove the weaker, it does not kill it, but preys upon a portion of its sustenance, and allows it to live

a spindling existence as best it can. If by chance it turns upon and encounters its own body, it attacks it greedily, feeds upon itself, and thus engages in the only honorable occupation of its life. Late in the summer the dodder musters its energies and proceeds to put forth numerous clusters of small, white, waxy flowers. At the base of each flower is a round, pudgy, complacent-looking seed. As these seeds ripen, the golden filaments shrink to blackened threads, die, snap from their holdings; the seeds drop to the ground, and lie ready to start new dodders upon their piratical existence when the favoring season comes again.

The dodder has seemingly lived a good-for-nothing life; but who can say its life was good for nothing?

The mistletoe, the Indian pipe, the beech-drop, are semi-parasites, but the dodder has not a strain of self-supporting blood in it. It is easily cultivated, and affords a pleasant page for study in Nature's book.

Charles McIlwaine.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

"A DEAD MAN'S DIARY."

WHO is it that would not tear, if he could, the veil from the future to catch a glimpse of the land that we hope is beyond? Of the two great questions that have agitated humanity from the beginning, the *whither* must always have been, as it always will be, the one around which the most anxiety and curiosity gather, for it is to humanity the more important question of the two. If we could learn what lies beyond the goal we would care but little, comparatively speaking, to know what lies behind the starting-point. Indeed, to solve the former would doubtless be to solve the latter, for the extremes of our little dream of time must meet in eternity.

We have descended into hell and ascended into heaven with the poets, but the novelists, as a rule, have avoided the *descensus Averni* and confined themselves to this planet. In the powerful book before us, "A Dead Man's Diary," we are taken into hell, and given a terrible and realistic idea of its torments,—not the old fire-and-brimstone idea, but something more terrible still, the torments of remorse, the sufferings of a soul that has awakened to a full realization of sin. The author adopts the idea of hell and heaven expressed in the Rubáiyát:

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letters of that After-Life to spell;
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered, "I myself am Heav'n and Hell!"

Heaven and hell, we are told by the author, have no existence as separate places, for the good and the bad are not parted, but exist together as they do here, but in different states. Hell is not a place, but a state of suffering. The plot of the book is simple enough. A young man ruins a young girl: on earth he attempts to palliate his sin to himself with the excuses that men generally make to themselves in such matters. He dies, and in hell wakes up to a true realization of his sin; it is his sin that makes hell for him. Very terrible and very powerful is the description of the sufferings of various souls whom the dead man meets in hell: the punishment is made to fit the crime

in the most awful manner. In this the sufferings bear a resemblance to those described by Dante in the *Inferno*, though in the "Diary" they are described as purely mental, instead of the physical tortures which Dante employs as external symbols of various phases of sin. But the sufferings are not supposed to be endless, as in Dante, so that the hell described is rather the condition that the Catholic Church teaches exists in purgatory. The soul of the dead man, after suffering intensely from its awakening to a full consciousness and realization of its sin, is at length assisted from the depths of hell by the soul of the woman he had ruined, who extends to him one hand while the other clasps that of the Saviour of mankind.

The Woman-Soul leadeth us
Upward and on!

In the following striking quotation the author restates the doctrine of the punishment of sin: "In our natural reaction from the conception of the vindictive God of past generations, we have come, in these days, to lose sight of the fact that our God is a chastening one. Not only have we turned a deaf ear to the thunders and the threats of old-fashioned orthodoxy, with its talk of everlasting punishment and lakes of brimstone, but many of us pooh-pooh the thought of hell at all, and speak of God as though He were a good-natured and weakly-indulgent parent, on whose leniency we might lightly presume, forgetting that sin—unrepented sin—never can and never must go unpunished." As to the author's orthodoxy, that must be left to the individual reader to decide; but all will agree, even those who differ with him in his views of a future state, that he sets forth the responsibility of sin, such as Christianity teaches, in a most vivid light.

The book is written with great power, and so realistic are the descriptions that the reader is haunted by the idea that the author must really have been through the experiences he describes. The "Dead Man's Diary" is a sermon, but, unlike most sermons, it is both masterful and interesting, so that the attention of the reader is chained throughout, notwithstanding that, for a sermon, it is a long one. It has made a powerful impression in England, and will doubtless find many interested readers on this side of the water. The name of the author does not appear upon the title-page, but it is now an open secret that the book was written by Mr. Coulson Kernahan.

THE BRYANT SHAKESPEARE.

There is no better proof of the universality of Shakespeare's genius than the fact that his plays are to be found everywhere, in the homes of the rich and the poor, of the learned and the ignorant, of the virtuous and the vicious. Upon the stage no other plays so delight the parquet, so awake the tumultuous applause of the galleries. Shakespeare has so mirrored the universal human life that everywhere his genius is recognized as supreme. "Shakespeare," says Schlegel, "unites in his genius the utmost elevation and the utmost depth; and the most foreign and even apparently irreconcilable properties subsist in him peaceably together. The world of spirits and nature have laid all their treasures at his feet. In strength a demi-god, in profundity of view a prophet, in all-seeing wisdom a protecting spirit of a higher order, he lowers himself to mortals, as if unconscious of his superiority, and is as open and unassuming as a child."

It is because of his universality, because of his appeal to all time by picturing the ever-living passions, as well as because of his supreme poetical genius,

that Shakespeare is sure of being read as long as time exists. And so edition will follow edition, and, in spite of the changes of language, preserve forever the thoughts of the world's greatest poet. Few realize that, familiar as Shakespeare's text now is, the nearer the editions approach his own time the less intelligible they are. The First and Second Folios could not be read to-day with ready understanding by any but antiquarian English scholars, and it is to the careful labor of centuries of such students that we owe the clearness of his text to-day. It takes genius fitly to interpret genius, and so since the days of Rowe great minds have been at work clearing obscurities, and rendering the text of Shakespeare more easily understandable to the general reader. For though the general reader may care little for the commentators themselves, he derives, and often unconsciously, an immense advantage from the results of their work.

In the edition before us * the reader will enjoy the fruits of the labors of the great commentators, supplemented by the scholarly work of one who was eminently fitted for the task of a Shakespeare editor,—the poet and critic, William Cullen Bryant. It is a cause for congratulation that this man of genius, who by nature and education was so well fitted for the work, should have devoted years to the elucidation of the obscurities still lurking in the best editions of the great dramatist, and prepared for publication the text which is now sent forth with the sanction of his authority. His lucid foot-notes when some explanation of the text seems required, and his painstaking punctuation throughout the entire work, are counted among the chief reasons for this new edition.

The value of the work is greatly enhanced by the admirable and profuse illustrations, photogravures from paintings executed for this edition by the well-known American artists, lately deceased, F. O. C. Darley and Alonzo Chappel. The idea of this edition was conceived nearly twenty years ago, but, as all work well done progresses slowly, the plates were not in readiness until after the death of both editor and artists. In looking over the illustrations one derives a pleasure akin to that arising from seeing the plays well acted. The artists' interpretations of the characters are admirable, and they have well caught the spirit of some of the most famous scenes, and picture them with something of the force and vividness, and the historic accuracy, both as regards costumes and surroundings, that attend the best presentations of Shakespeare's plays upon the stage.

In fine, this edition must appeal to all lovers and readers of Shakespeare. The Shakespeare student will find it an admirable supplement to his various editions and commentaries, and the general reader will have here a text made clear by the results of commentators' work, and by the added careful labor of the editor, while in the illustrations he will possess a Shakespeare gallery at once the most artistic and true in the interpretation of the characters, and the most historically accurate, that has yet been produced.

"THE OLD NAVY AND THE NEW."†

This is a book which no American can read without a feeling of pride, the record of a long, honorable, and useful life spent in the American navy. We hear many sneers flung at our navy, but these are for the lack of ships, not for

* THE BRYANT SHAKESPEARE. With One Hundred Photogravure Illustrations by F. O. C. Darley and Alonzo Chappel. (Carson & Simpson, Philadelphia.)

† THE OLD NAVY AND THE NEW. By Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, U.S.N. With an Appendix of Personal Letters from General Grant. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

any lack of brave men and gallant and efficient officers. The great names that adorn the records of the American navy are indeed a glorious heritage to the country.

With no attempt at literary style, but in a straightforward and sincere manner which puts the reader at once on a friendly footing with the brave and honest man who reveals himself in these pages, Admiral Ammen tells the story of his life, and at the same time weaves a considerable part of the history of the American navy for the last half-century.

At the very outset of his life the young Ammen performed a great, if unconscious, service to his country, by rescuing Ulysses S. Grant from a watery grave. When young boys, Grant and Ammen were neighbors and playmates in a hamlet in Ohio. Once, when the boys were fishing in a stream, Grant fell from a log and plunged headlong into the rapidly-flowing water. Young Ammen rushed along the bank, and, running out on a willow-tree which overhung the stream, grabbed the future general as he came to the surface and drew him from the water. The admiral gives no further fishing experiences, but it is not probable that in his after-life he ever again caught so big a fish. General Grant, in one or two of his letters to his friend and former playmate, makes mention of this occurrence.

Ammen entered the navy in 1837 as a midshipman, and his early recollections of the service are of great interest, and related with many quaint touches of humor. Here is a description of one of the first captains under whom he served,—a man with a Jewish name and undoubtedly Jewish lineaments: "He was below the medium height, robustly built, had a squeaky voice, sharp black eyes, and a rather dark and oily look. He was fussy in manner, and evidently desirous of impressing one and all with the idea 'that he was somebody.' He was *not* a Jew, because he ate ham; but that act in itself could not make him a Christian."

He gives capital descriptions of his early cruises, travels, and adventures, and hits off very happily many of his comrades, some of whom, like himself, afterwards rose high in the service. He visited many foreign lands, and, as he always kept his eyes open and his wits about him, his recollections are very interesting.

Promotion was necessarily slow, but at the outbreak of the civil war Ammen was assigned as executive officer of the steam-frigate *Roanoke*, fitting out at New York for blockading off Charleston, and a little while later was given the command of the gun-boat *Seneca*, in the expedition under the command of Admiral Dupont, whose object was to establish a more effective blockade and to menace or attack points along the Southern coast as occasion might serve. It is needless to particularize here the gallant services which Ammen rendered during the civil war: they have become a part of history. He speaks of his services always with the modesty of a brave man. At the end of his pages upon the war we find this reflection: "War is a sad thing: humanity justly shudders when well-meaning men, men without enmity, are pitted against one another, without any just cause for combat. There seems to be no explanation why wars are waged, and will be waged to the end of time, other than the unhappy fact that the prejudices of men far outweigh their reason."

After the war our author was appointed chief of the Bureau of Navigation, and until 1872 the conduct of the Isthmian surveys was assigned to his special

direction. Admiral Ammen has been largely instrumental in placing the Nicaragua Canal project upon a sound and practical basis, and for this a debt of gratitude is due him, not only from his country, but from the world at large.

The rapid progress that the American Nicaragua Canal Company is making is now attracting the attention of all nations. The dream of a water-passage across the Central American neck joining North and South America is an old one, and seems at last certain of accomplishment. It is settled beyond a doubt that the one feasible place for such a water-way is in Nicaragua. Had M. de Lesseps listened to the advice of greater engineers than himself, his ill-fated enterprise would never have been undertaken. "M. de Lesseps," says Admiral Ammen, "set out with the erroneous idea that nothing but a sea-level canal would serve the traffic of the world; he ended with the absurdity of proposing to pump up water thirty-three feet to the summit, one-half higher above the sea than the proposed summit of the Nicaragua Canal." The abandoned dredges of Panama are now at work upon the excavations for the Nicaragua Canal. The construction of the canal is in able hands, and its completion is but a matter of a few years. It will open a rapid and easy transit between the Atlantic coasts of Europe and America and the Pacific Ocean, and must aid in the development of Australia, while it will tend to revive and enormously increase our trade with China and Japan. It is bound to play a great part in the advancement of human intercourse, and will benefit not only the United States, but all nations. The section of the book which treats at length of the Nicaragua Canal and the author's practical advocacy of the scheme is of special interest just at present, when so much is heard about the canal and the rapid advancement it is making.

Notwithstanding his busy life, Admiral Ammen has found time to direct his well-stored and practical mind to invention, and he devotes some pages to a description of a new kind of ram which he has designed. A ram embodying the admiral's design is now being constructed, so that the invention will soon be able to speak for itself.

The book closes with an Appendix of a number of letters from General Grant: the correspondence covers the time from 1864 to 1881. There is no better and more conclusive answer to the slanderers who assert that General Grant could not write, and that he employed others to write his articles and his memoirs for him, than a perusal of these letters, for they evidence the same clear and terse style noticed in his published works. The letters descriptive of the great commander's travels over the world are especially interesting. Altogether, "The Old Navy and the New" is a book not only of immediate interest to every American reader who cares for the annals of his country, but it has a great and permanent value. No future historian of this country can afford to ignore it.

H. C. Walsh.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Savelli's Expiation. By Henry Gréville. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Bros.—Arcade Echoes. Collected and arranged by Thomas L. Wood. J. B. Lippincott Co.—*The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani.* By Stanton Page. Boston, J. G. Cupples Co.—*Dreams.* By Olive Schreiner. Boston, Roberts Bros.—*The Reproduction of Geographical Forms.* By Jacques W. Redway. La

Canne de Jonc. By Alfred de Vigny. Boston, D. C. Heath & Co.—Helen and Arthur. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Mrs. Mayburn's Twins. By John Habberton. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Bros.—The Aurophone. By Cyrus Cole. The Genius of Galilee. By A. U. Hancock. Chicago, Charles H. Kerr & Co.—The Future of Science. By Ernest Renan. Boston, Roberts Bros.—The Witch of Endor, and other Poems. By Francis S. Saltus. Buffalo, Charles Wells Moulton.—Countess Sarah. By George Ohnet. New York and St. Louis, The Waverly Co.—A Young Macedonian in the Army of Alexander the Great. By Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A. New York and London, G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Thine, not Mine; a Sequel to "Changing Base." By Wm. Everett. Boston, Roberts Bros.—Political Americanisms. By Charles Ledyard Norton. New York and London, Longmans, Green & Co.—Patience. By Anna B. Warner. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co.—Murvale Eastman, Christian Socialist. By Albion W. Tourgee. New York, Fords, Howard & Hulbert.—Rhymes of Childhood. By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis, Bowen-Merrill Co.—War and the Weather. By Edward Powers, C.E. Delavan, Wis., E. Powers.—Confessions of a Nun. By Sister Agatha. Philadelphia, Jorden Bros.—Dreamy Hours. Franklyn W. Lee. St. Paul, Minn., Sunshine Publishing Co.—Gemma. A Story of Italy. By T. Adolphus Trollope. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Bros.—Petrarch: a Sketch of his Life and Works. By May Alden Ward. Boston, Roberts Bros.—Power through Repose. By Annie Payson Call. Boston, Roberts Bros.—In Cloisters Dim. By Charles Curtz Hahn.—Buckeye-Hawkeye School-Master; or, The Life of Carl Mackenzie. Chicago, W. W. Knowles & Co.—The Soul of Man. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago, Open Court Publishing Co.—An Idyl of War-Times. By Major W. C. Bartlett, U.S.A. New York, Lew Vanderpoole Publishing Co.—The Joys of Life; or, How Jolly Life is. By Emile Zola. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Bros.—Chihuahua, a Social Drama. By Chester Gore Miller. Chicago, Ill., Kehm, Fietsch & Wilson Co.—Rose Brake: Poems. By Danske Dandridge. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Memorabilia of George B. Cheever, D.D., and of his Wife, Elizabeth Wetmore Cheever. New York, John Wiley & Sons.—Poems, Sketches of Moses Traddles. Cincinnati, The Traddles Co.—Historic Towns: New York. By Theodore Roosevelt. London, Longmans, Green & Co.—A Child's Romance. By Pierre Loti. New York, W. S. Gottsberger & Co.—Broken Pledges. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Bros.—A Literary Manual of Foreign Quotations, Ancient and Modern. Compiled by John Devoe Belton. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens. By Evelyn Abbott, M.A. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Told after Supper. By Jerome K. Jerome. New York, Henry Holt & Co.—Further Records, 1848-1883. A Series of Letters by Frances Anne Kemble. New York, Henry Holt & Co.—Haydock's Testimony. By L. C. W. Published by request of the Christian Arbitration and Peace Society, Philadelphia.—Three Months with the New York Herald. By Capt. A. Minott Wright. New York, Wm. Beverley Harrison.—The Iron Game: a Tale of the War. By Henry F. Keenan. New York, D. Appleton & Co.—The World's Literature. Part I. By Mary E. Burt. Chicago, Albert Scott & Co.—The Still Hour; or, Communion with God. By Austin Phelps. Boston, D. Lothrop & Co.—The College Boy Bill. H. Hugo Shipton, Worcester, O.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

It were a pity, indeed, if recollections so interesting as Mrs. Ross's* had failed of record. The like of the book has not appeared for many years, so fresh is its matter and so engaging the manner of its telling. Daughter of Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon, the author enjoyed from her earliest years the rare opportunity of meeting the most distinguished personages under the most delightful conditions. The beauty and wit of her mother, no less than the social and official rank of her father, attracted to their town and country houses men and women eminent in art, letters, and politics. And even at the age of four years the petted child had begun to make store of the memories which fill this entertaining volume. At the outset we meet with the beautiful Mrs. Norton, Richard Doyle, Lord Lansdowne, Dickens, Thackeray, Guizot, and Tom Taylor. Of Thackeray, Mrs. Ross says, "I still possess a sketch he made for the frontispiece of 'Pendennis' while I was sitting on his knee. He often dropped in to dinner, sometimes announcing himself in verse. The following is one of his missives:

"A nice leg of mutton, my Lucie,
I pray thee have ready for me;
Have it smoking and tender and juicy,
For no better meat can there be."

Little Janet was deeply disappointed one day in 1848 (she was then six years old), when a small, neatly-dressed gentleman with rather cold manners came into the room, "looking very much like other people." She told her nurse that it had not been at all worth while to put on her best frock, as there was nothing extraordinary in M. Guizot. The only visitor she cordially disliked was Mr. Thomas Carlyle. "One afternoon my mother had a discussion with him on German literature; her extraordinary eloquence and fire prevailing, Carlyle lost his temper, and burst forth in his Scotch tongue, 'You're just a wind-bag, Lucie, you're just a wind-bag.' I had been listening with all my ears, and, conceiving him to be very rude, interrupted him by saying, 'My papa always says men should be civil to women;' for which pert remark I got a scolding from my mother. But Mr. Carlyle was not offended, and, turning to her, observed, 'Lucie, that child of yours has an eye for an inference.'" Mrs. Ross preserves another anecdote of Carlyle, not so pleasing: "One day" (in Rotten Row) "his felt wide-awake blew off, and a laboring-man picked it up and ran after us. Mr. Carlyle, instead of giving him sixpence as I expected, merely said, 'Thank ye, my man; you can say you've picked up the hat of Thomas Carlyle.'"

It was the privilege of our fair author to be taught the French language by MM. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire and Victor Cousin. She rode after the hounds with the Comte de Paris and caught his horse after it had thrown him and broken his leg. She chatted with Hallam, Kinglake, Buckle, and Macaulay; corresponded with Sir Henry Layard; and coaxed George Meredith to tell her wild tales from his wonderful book, "The Shaving of Shagpat." When, at length, Miss Duff Gordon married Mr. Ross and went to live in Egypt, it does

* EARLY DAYS RECALLED. By Janet Ross. J. B. Lippincott Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

not appear that her life fell off in any way in interest. Here she rode with the sheikhs, visited the harems, talked with Sir James Outram, and travelled along the Suez Canal with M. de Lesseps, of whose remarkable energy she relates the following story. He had gone to bed at four, and was up at six, saying, "Mon enfant, je vais dormir pendant dix minutes." He did, and snored, and at the end of ten minutes awoke, "a giant refreshed." "I never," says Mrs. Ross, "saw such a man." The temptation to quote from this charming volume beckons from every page, it is written so simply and well, it makes mention of so many familiar names, and its yarns are all so good and new, as that one, for instance, of Lord Houghton, who unintentionally put an end to the public career of M. Vivier in London by blowing his nose—"a war-trumpet"—at the first performance.

Perhaps in no single volume of the new edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia does its manifold merit as a popular and complete work of reference find better illustration than in the latest.* The extent of addition, revision, and expansion of articles shows remarkably in the three important letters, embracing, as they do, so many subjects of American interest. Geographically considered alone, we note the exhaustive papers on Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Orleans, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, and Oregon. No less full and excellent are the articles on the Mormons and Negroes. In the work of revision there is proof on every page of the painstaking care of the editors. It is found, for instance, in the concise articles devoted to Karl Marx, Max Müller, Mickiewicz, Sir John Millais, William and Lewis Morris, Nordenskiöld, and the Oliphants, as well as in the extended treatises on Medicine, Mexico, and Microscope, Meteorology, Methodists, and Music, Marriage, Militia, and Mines, National Debt, Navy, and Nervous System. The careful and conscientious editorial supervision of the work is particularly noticeable in the treatment of subjects of current interest, such as Newspapers. Here the information is compact and comprehensive, the discussion of it broad and impartial. "No effort," it is said, "is spared to make an American newspaper understood and admired of the people; it gives news in abundance, usually presented in a sensational manner, and vents its views and opinions with what an English journalist would regard as a reckless unrestraint." Again, in the excellent sketch and estimate of the late Cardinal Newman, written by Mr. Hutton, one sees how thorough and timely the work has been made. Chambers's Encyclopædia has always ranked as a first-class, complete, and trustworthy "dictionary of universal knowledge;" in its new edition it is incomparably the best for the people, for it is the most compact, convenient, and reasonable in price.

In the list of contributors to the present volume are the names of Mr. Saintsbury, Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, Mr. Baring-Gould, Canon Taylor, Sir E. Grey, M.P., Mr. Walter Besant, Profs. Nicholson and Hull, and Dr. Head.

* CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. Vol. VII. New Edition, Revised and Rewritten. To be completed in ten volumes. J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, \$3.00; sheep, \$4.00; half morocco, \$4.50.

CURRENT NOTES.

THE absolute purity of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER is a fact not questioned by any one; but the questions are frequently asked, Why do not other manufacturers, also, put up pure baking powders, free from lime, alum, and other adulterants? Is it a fact that the Royal is the only pure and wholesome baking powder made?

There are three classes of these articles: the cheap powders, which are made of alum, and are concededly poisonous; the phosphate powders, containing from eight to twelve per cent. of lime, which is an ingredient of the phosphate used in them, and inseparable from it; and the cream of tartar powders.

The cream of tartar baking powders, to which class the Royal belongs, to be pure must be made from absolutely pure materials. The ordinary cream of tartar of the market contains lime. THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER is made from cream of tartar specially refined and prepared for its use by patent processes by which the lime is totally eliminated. There is no other process by which cream of tartar can be freed from lime—made one hundred per cent. pure—in quantities practical for commercial purposes. Other baking powder makers, not being able to obtain these chemically pure goods (which are used exclusively in the Royal), are dependent upon the cream of tartar of the market, refined by the old-fashioned methods, by which it is impossible to remove the lime and other impurities.

These are the reasons why the Royal is absolutely pure, while other baking powders contain lime or alum.

The absolute purity of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER not only renders it more perfectly wholesome, but its freedom from all extraneous substances makes it of higher leavening strength and effectiveness.

It is true that other baking powder manufacturers frequently claim that their goods approach the Royal in purity and strength; but an analysis of the facts and official reports always prove to the contrary. Nor do they hesitate to deceive the public as to the actual composition of their goods. A powder prominently advertised as having published upon its labels all the ingredients used in it is shown by the recent government tests to have in its composition four different substances not upon its label, two of which substances are *lime and sulphuric acid!*

The manufacturers of alum baking powders have no hesitancy about the use of ingredients well known to be injurious to health, and it is probably too much to expect that they will conform to honest statements in their effort to sell them.

THE ART OF PRIMITIVE MEN.—Whoever has examined the handicraft of savage peoples knows well that from a very early age two totally distinct types of art arise spontaneously among uncultured races. One is imitative, the other decorative. Palæolithic men—for example, the cave-dwellers of prehistoric Europe before the Glacial epoch—had an art of their own of a purely imitative and pictorial character. They represented on fragments of bone or mammoth ivory realistic scenes of their own hunting existence. Here, a naked and hairy brave, flint spear in hand, stalks wild horses undismayed in the grassy plain; there, a couple of reindeer engage in desperate fight, with their antlers hard locked in deadly embrace; yonder, again, a mammoth charges, unwieldy, with wide-open mouth, or a snake glides unseen beneath the shoeless feet of an unsuspecting savage. All their rude works of art reproduce living objects, and tell, in their naïf way, a distinct story. They are pictorial records of things done, things seen, things suffered.

Palæolithic men were essentially draughtsmen, not decorators. But their neolithic successors, of a totally different race,—the herdsmen who supplanted them in post-glacial Europe,—had an art of an entirely different type, purely and solely decorative. Instead of making pictures they drew concentric circles and ornamental curves on their boats and dwellings; they adorned their weapons and their implements with knobs and nicks, with crosses and bosses; they wrought beautiful patterns in metal work as soon as ever they advanced to the bronze-using stage, and they designed brooches and bracelets of exquisite elegance; but they seldom introduced into their craft any living object; they imitated nothing, and they never in any way told a pictorial story.

Now, these two types of art—the essentially imitative or pictorial and the essentially decorative or æsthetic—persist throughout in various human races, and often remain as entirely distinct as in the typical instances here quoted. The great aim of the one is to narrate a fact; the great aim of the other is to produce a beautiful object; the first, so to speak, is historical, the second, ornamental. In developed forms you get the extreme case of the one in the galleries at Versailles; you get the extreme case of the other in the Alhambra at Granada. The modern Eskimo and the modern Bushman resemble the ancient cave-dwellers in their love of purely pictorial or story-telling art: a man in a kayak harpooning a whale; a man with an assegai spearing a springbok,—these are the subjects that engage, I will not say their pencils, but their sharp flint knives or their lumps of red ochre. On the other hand, most Central African races have no imitative skill; they draw figures and animals ill or not at all; but they produce decorative pottery and other ornamental objects which would excite attention at Versailles and be well placed at the Arts and Crafts in the New Gallery. Everywhere racial taste and racial faculty tend most in the one or the other direction. A tribe, a horde, a nation, is pictorial, or else it is decorative. Rarely or never is it both alike in an equal degree of native excellence. —*The Fortnightly Review.*

LANDRETH'S GARDEN SEEDS.—The old-established firm of D. Landreth & Sons, Philadelphia, has issued a handsome illustrated catalogue for 1891, which, besides giving the company's prices for vegetable, field, and flower seeds, gives a good deal of useful information and advice concerning the best times for planting and sowing in various sections of the country. This enterprising firm also issues a special catalogue of Dutch bulbs, etc.

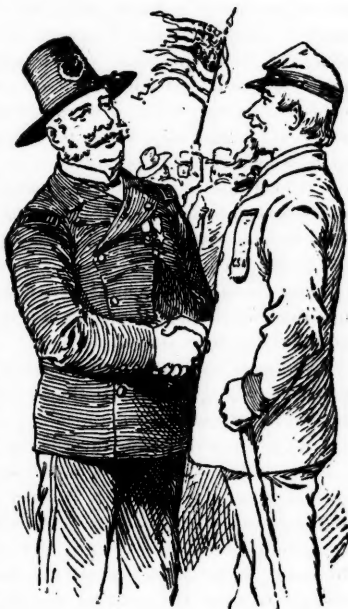
THE FOURTH OF JULY

Unites the veterans, both North and South. Of one blood, American citizens may well, on this occasion, clasp hands and fraternally congratulate each other, especially if that blood has been thoroughly purified with

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

They are free—free from the taint of Scrofula and other impurities, that cause boils, carbuncles, eczema, rheumatism, sciatica, catarrh, and consumption. Their digestion is perfect, their sleep undisturbed, they know nothing of that tired feeling, and they look fully ten years younger than they are.

"In the late war I was wounded in battle and made a prisoner. I was confined in an unsheltered stockade for ten months, during which time I contracted scurvy. My wound being healed only on the surface, gangrene set in, and finally blood-poisoning. I suffered excruciating pain until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, since which time my wound has healed, all pain has disappeared, and I have so far recovered my old-time health as to be able to go to work again."—JOHN M. BRITTON, Barrack No 25, Nat. Military Home, Montgomery Co., Ohio.



"I was cured of long-standing catarrh by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla." —JAMES J. DOUGHER, *Company G, 13th Infantry, Fort Wingate, N.M.*

"About a year ago I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for debility and neuralgia resulting from malarial exposure in the army. Six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla restored my health."—F. A. PINKHAM, *South Moluncus, Maine.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Has cured others, will cure you.

The best aperient in modern pharmacy is, undoubtedly, Ayer's Cathartic Pills. Except in extreme cases, physicians have abandoned the use of drastic purgatives, and recommend a milder, but no less effective medicine. The favorite is Ayer's Pills, the superior medicinal virtues of which have been certified to under the official seals of State chemists, as well as by hosts of eminent doctors and pharmacists. No other pill so well supplies the demand of the general public for a safe, certain, and agreeable family medicine.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

ANTS IN AFRICA.—Silently, deadily, and irresistibly move these battalions; out of the forest, down, into, across, and up the ditch, through the boma (wood stockade), across the square, and into every nook and cranny conceivable they swarm. The first notice (they generally came at night) would be a loud yell from some of the men. "Look out! Siafu!" There would be no more sleep that night. After experience gained, we found it the best plan to clear out of our houses, rush into the square, and build rings of fire around our persons. To put on one's clothes was to get bitten by dozens all over one's body, unless they had been first thoroughly smoked over a fire. Every now and then yells and curses told how a lazy one had got caught in his bunk. The sides of the huts, the roofs and floor, were simply one seething mass of struggling ants. They were after the cockroaches, mice, and insects that had taken up their abode in the roofs. Now and then squeaks of young mice told their story. As fast as the ants found their load (generally a cockroach) they would make off down the hill in long lines. Luckily, they never touched our granaries; they seemed to prefer animal food. Towards morning there would only be a few thousand lost ones, aimlessly tearing about, apparently looking for the main body which had just decamped.

Usually these raids on us were made after a rain-storm; many of them came into the fort already staggering under loads; these appeared to wander about till the others were ready.

Next day not a cockroach could be found in the place: so that the ants did us a service in ridding us of these pests. The rats had decamped also, and did not return for some days.

We have seen outside the fort armies of red ants two and a half days long, i.e., they would take two and a half days passing a given spot. During the day the march would be incessant, every one marching at his very best; towards night they would huddle up in a seething mass, and if disturbed scatter in all directions.

The width of the stream of ants would be about two inches generally. On the flanks of this were the soldiers, fully twice the length of the workers. On our approach these big chaps would run out and up our legs like lightning. No birds, but of one sort, seemed to trouble them; these were little fellows about as big as sparrows and of a dull gray color.—*Lieut. Stairs, in the Nineteenth Century.*

FEASTING IN THE DAYS OF THE "SPECTATOR."—How formidable was that dinner eaten in London by eight persons of fashion—or, at any rate, served to them—in the time of Swift and Addison and Steele! It began with a sirloin of beef, fish, a shoulder of veal, and a tongue. They drank claret with the fish. This was the first course; then came almond-pudding, fritters, chickens, black puddings, and soup. Wine and small-beer were drunk during the second course. A hot venison pasty was the chief ingredient of the third, but with it were a hare, a rabbit, pigeons, partridges, and goose—with more beer and wine to add to the tumult of sensation. Some took down a dram of brandy—as it were to watch the goose. A tankard of October followed, and it was passed from hand to hand and from mouth to mouth. The Burgundy came on with the cheese. When the ladies had tasted that generous liquor their probation was at an end, and they were suffered to depart to their tea. As they went out of the room they met fresh bottles coming in. Of course there could be but one result of the exuberance of spirits provoked by a dietary of this kind. Our fathers had to conquer the world or die.—*London News.*

BEECHAM'S PILLS

PAINLESS. EFFECTUAL.

In many towns where this wonderful medicine has been introduced, and given a fair trial, it has abolished the family medicine chest, and been found sufficient to cure nine tenths of the ordinary complaints incident to humanity; and when diseases of months and years are thus removed or palliated in a few days, it is not surprising that

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

• SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD. •



• SURE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE. •

Beecham's Pills should maintain their acknowledged popularity in both hemispheres. They cost only 25 cents, although the proverbial expression all over the world is that they are "worth a guinea a box," for in truth one box will oftentimes be the means of saving more than one guinea in doctor's bills.

The GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

**Remember that Beecham's Pills are
A Wonderful Medicine
FOR ALL**

Bilious & Nervous Disorders

SUCH AS

**Constipation,
Weak Stomach,
Sick-Headache,
Loss of Appetite,
Impaired Digestion,
DISORDERED LIVER AND ALL KINDRED DISEASES.**

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. B. F. ALLEN CO., Sole Agents for United States, 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price, 25c.—but inquire first.

Correspondents will please mention

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

CHINESE EDUCATION.—As soon as ever a child is old enough to receive instruction it is sent to schools kept by "literati" who, having acquired a very complete education, have yet not been successful in passing the examinations. There, in a modest room, the little boy receives his first instruction, learns to read, to trace his letters, to understand and to retain sundry precepts taken from our classics. By and by the field of instruction is enlarged. The pupil attacks literature proper, familiarizes himself with poetry, and, anon, with history. Simultaneously he begins to learn drawing and painting in water-colors. He has to store his memory with a considerable number of literary extracts, and so to acquire gradually the style of our great writers.

All this work has taken some years to get through, and the time approaches when all his care and attention have to be given to his first examination, which corresponds to your bachelor's degree. Those who fail, after one or more attempts, return to the rank and file; the fortunate ones prepare for the second examination (for the licentiate'ship), and then for the third or doctor's degree. Successive eliminations reduce the candidates for the last degree to a very small number. At this examination, which is held in the capital every third year, out of ten thousand candidates not more than two hundred succeed in passing; but to these are opened the portals of the Han-Sin Academy.

In order to arrive at that point the candidates must not only have become authors but also politicians. Their studies have included, besides history and general literature, our practical philosophy, which is, in one word, the theory of the art of governing. The doctrines of Confucius and Mencius, explained by a number of commentaries, form the most important part of the programme. It is surely not a small point redounding to the glory of China to have made for so many centuries a philosophic and an essentially humanitarian education a condition *sine qua non* for admission to public functions.—*Asiatic Quarterly Review*.

TRUTH IN THE SHIP'S LOG.—During a certain voyage of a down-east vessel the mate, who usually kept the log, became intoxicated one day and was unable to attend to his duty. As the man very rarely committed the offence, the captain excused him and attended to the log himself, concluding with this:

"The mate has been drunk all day."

Next day the mate was on deck and resumed his duties. Looking at the log, he discovered the entry the captain had made, and ventured to remonstrate with his superior.

"What was the need, sir," he asked, "of putting that down on the log?"

"Wasn't it true?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir; but it doesn't seem necessary to enter it."

"Well," said the captain, "since it was true, it had better stand; it had better stand."

The next day the captain had occasion to look at the log, and at the end of the entry the mate made was this item:

"The captain has been sober all day."

The captain summoned the mate, and thundered, "What did you mean by that entry? Am I not sober every day?"

"Yes, sir; but wasn't it true?"

"Why, of course it was true."

"Well, then, sir," said the mate, "since it was true, I think it had better stand; it had better stand."—*Travellers' Record*.

Exquisite Toilets.—It has been remarked how surprisingly perfect some ladies' toilets are, and we know many that are really envied for this reason. The secret of their success is in a large measure due to the fact that they religiously adhere to using nothing but the most superior articles for the toilet. No lady who thoroughly appreciates good appearance would ever dream of appearing in society with streaky or gray hair. They are both unbecoming, and when a perfect preparation can be obtained for overcoming these difficulties, there is no reasonable justification for their continuance. Patti, Fanny Davenport, and the court hair-dressers of London all enthusiastically endorse the IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR as the only preparation that will give to the hair its natural glossy appearance, and at the same time being perfectly harmless and unaffected by sea or Russian baths. In order to test the intrinsic merits, ladies should call or send sample to the IMPERIAL CHEMICAL Co., 54 West Twenty-Third street, New York, and it will be regenerated free of charge. It is sold by George B. Evans, 1106 Chestnut Street.

The Color of Patti's Hair.—Absurd stories have been written with reference to the reasons why Mme. Patti changed the color of her hair. Much of the gossip is simply intended to fill newspaper space and has no more foundation in fact than the man in the moon. As most of Patti's rôles were those of young, fair-haired maidens, she conceived the idea that it would be much better for her if she could have her hair a proper color, so that she could obviate the discomfiture of wearing a wig. Science came to her rescue in the shape of the IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR, and to her delight it produced a most wonderful shade of hair, that has now become famous as the "Patti shade." It cannot be produced by any other process, and all claims to the contrary are frauds. How the color was changed we will let Patti tell her own story. She writes as follows: "So much has been said in the newspapers about the color of my hair that I deem it but just to say it is your IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR which I have been and am now using. The result has been beyond my highest expectation. The color obtained is most beautiful, uniform, and, best of all, I find it harmless. Your preparation has my cordial recommendation. I believe there is nothing in the world for the hair like it."

Toilet Hints.—When art approaches the nearest to nature it must be admitted that perfection has almost been reached. The same holds true with regard to the toilet. Nature sometimes gives out, and it is here that science supplies the deficiency. Gray hair is never so becoming as the original color was, no matter how you may persuade yourself to the contrary. No lady, therefore, should remain gray, because the necessity can be removed by the application of the IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR. Its merits cannot be disputed for one moment, as the complete endorsements of Adelina Patti, Fanny Davenport, the court hair-dressers of London, Mesdames Duke and Rumball, are indisputable. Any color or shade can be produced by it; indeed, it rivals nature itself. Those who doubt this should send sample of hair to the IMPERIAL CHEMICAL Co., 54 West Twenty-Third Street, New York, and it will be regenerated to the Patti, Cleopatra, or any desired shade free of charge. It is sold by all respectable hair-dressers and druggists at \$1.50 and \$3.00 per bottle.

The affliction of superfluous hair is one of the most annoying that a lady can be subjected to. Such annoyances need no longer be tolerated. The Imperial Hair Remover will remove superfluous hair without the slightest pain, irritation, or fear of disfigurement to the most delicate skin. Sceptical ladies who call at our reception-rooms can test the truth of what we say free of charge. The Remover is sent by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of one dollar.

THE PRETTY FELLOW.—The dress of a pretty fellow was a matter of constant study and care. Embroidered coats, laced waistcoats with gold-worked button-holes, and black velvet breeches, were his delight. For the last-mentioned garments black velvet was for years the extremely fashionable material.

A description of a beau in *Mist's Journal*, 1727, says, "In black velvet breeches let him put all his riches;" and another satire of the same time puts the unanswerable question, "Without black velvet breeches, what is man?"

Fine Mechlin lace to adorn the shirt-bosom and wrists, red-heeled shoes with brilliant buckles, and gold-clocked stockings rolled up over the knees, were also essential parts of the costume of the pretty fellows. Perukes with very long queues were the fashionable wear. They were heavily scented and powdered:

Mix with powder pulvil,
And then let it moulder away on his shoulder.

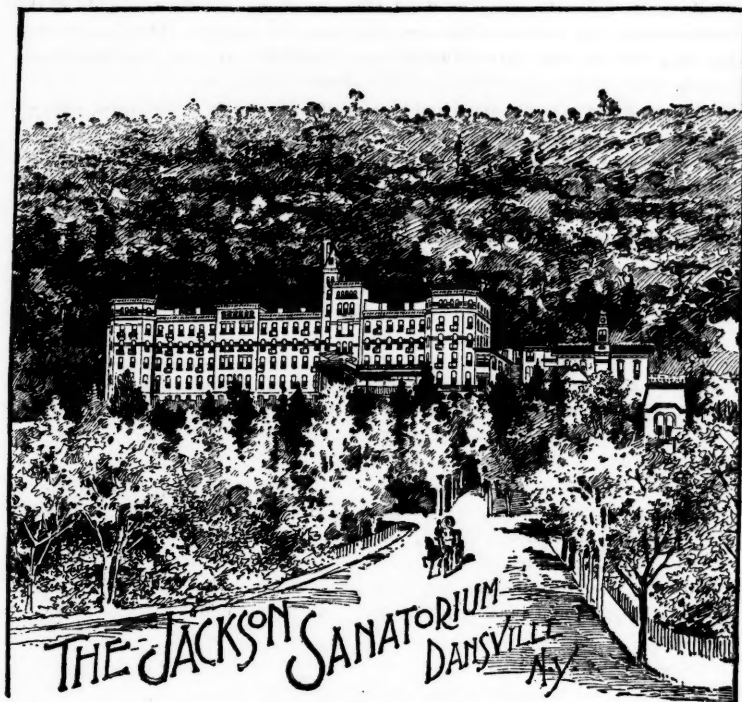
Not only the peruke, but the whole attire, was heavily scented. Musk, civet, and orange-flower water shed their fragrance on the air. In the fob of the laced waistcoat was a gold watch. The macaroni of a later day was accustomed to carry two watches, which seldom agreed,—“one to tell him,” as Walpole said, “what o'clock it was, and the other what it was not.”

A sword and a snuff-box were necessary parts of our beau's equipment. A hilt adorned with rich filigree-work, and an elegant sword-knot with gold tassels, set off the weapon that no pretty fellow was ever man enough to draw. The snuff-box was in constant and universal use. Ladies as well as gentlemen snuffed incessantly. In public places, in churches, and in the play-houses perpetual sneezing and coughing testified to the general devotion to snuff. The pretty fellow took his Scotch, his Havana, or his Strasburg, “véritable tabac,” from an enamelled box, the lid of which was lined with polished metal, so that whenever the beau took a pinch he was able to enjoy the sight of himself in the mirror thus cunningly provided. Moreover, with every pinch he was able to exhibit his diamond ring and his lily-white hand.—*All the Year Round*.

INK.—The ink first used probably was some natural animal pigment, such as the black fluid obtained from various species of cuttle-fish; but the limited supply of this material soon led to the use of a mechanical mixture of water, gum, and lampblack, and the characters were painted, rather than written, by means of a broad-pointed reed. As ink of this simple nature was easily removed from the surface of the parchment by the mere application of moisture, it was early found necessary to contrive some means of forming a more durable ink, and for this purpose the expedient was adopted of treating the mixture with some substance, such as vinegar, of the nature of a mordant, which would penetrate the parchment written upon, and form an ink not liable to fade. A chemical dye, consisting of an infusion of galls with sulphate of iron, was afterwards used, as from its vitreous nature it bit into the medium employed; but a compound vegetable ink containing a good deal of carbon pigment was subsequently adopted, and was very generally employed down to the Middle Ages. With ink of this sort the best and most ancient manuscripts which have been preserved to us were written, and the separate leaves, after being allowed to dry slowly, were bound together in volumes. Pliny and Vitruvius, as well as other writers, give receipts for the manufacture of inks.—*Chambers's Journal*.

HEALTH!

REST!



*The Jackson Sanatorium,
Dansville, Livingston Co., New York,*

For thirty years the leading Health Institution in America, offers exceptional advantages and attractions to invalids and to those who are needing rest.

Under personal care of a *Permanent Staff of Regularly Educated and Experienced Physicians*, having at their command the best therapeutic appliances and conditions.

All valuable forms of baths; electricity; massage; Swedish movements, etc. Delsarte System of Physical Culture.

Elegant (brick and iron) *fire-proof* main building, and twelve cottages, steam-heated and designed to meet every requirement of invalids or seekers of rest and quiet.

Hill-side location, twelve hundred feet above sea-level, in woodland park unsurpassed for healthfulness and scenic beauty. Pure spring-water from rocky heights. Perfect sewerage and drainage. Picturesque lakes, glens, and water-falls in vicinity.

Telegraph, telephone, electric bells, safety elevator, and all modern appliances for comfort and health. *Open all the year.* On direct line of Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, between Buffalo and New York.

For illustrated pamphlet, testimonials, and other information, address

J. ARTHUR JACKSON, Cor. Secretary and Manager,

Dansville, Livingston Co., New York.

Formerly Jackson & Leffingwell.

THE STRANGER'S STORY.—A long silence had fallen on the group around the little stove in the back of the Oklahoma dry-goods store. Each of the rough citizens had told his story or related some experience which once befell him, and the silence that followed an incredible yarn of Jim Jenks was intense.

The stranger from the East had listened throughout in a listless, wandering manner, and yawned exceedingly when the others laughed. The silence thickened with the smoke, and, as they looked at one another in the growing darkness for encouragement to break it, Mr. Mike Swipes, with a slight hem, said,—

"Wal, now, we've hed our say; let the stranger say suthin."

All eyes were turned towards the stranger who had come from the East. He pleaded ignorance of a good story, but they persisted: they weren't particular. After a moment's deliberation, during which all snugly placed themselves in their favorite attitudes, the stranger consented, and began, in a monotonous and sing-song voice, as follows:

"One dark, black night a band of robbers gathered around a camp-fire in the heart of the Harz Mountains, in Germany. They had just returned from a plundering expedition, and were resting themselves. The camp-fire threw a flickering light on the weird scene. The captain of the band was standing in the shadow, leaning against a tree, his hands resting on his gun. His eyes were bent on the ground, and his face bore a troubled expression. Suddenly he turned, and, walking to where his lieutenant stood, said to him,—

"Scuddy, my boy, tell me a thrilling story."

"Scuddy settled himself on a log seat and told the following thrilling tale:

"One dark, black night a band of robbers gathered around a camp-fire in the heart of the Harz Mountains, in Germany. They had just returned from a plundering expedition, and were resting themselves. The camp-fire threw a flickering light on the weird scene. The captain of the band was standing in the shadow, leaning against a tree, his hands resting on his gun. His eyes were bent on the ground, and his face bore a troubled expression. Suddenly he turned, and, walking to where his lieutenant stood, said to him,—

"Scuddy, my boy, tell me a thrilling story."

"Scuddy settled himself on a log seat and told the following thrilling tale:

"One dark, black night a band of robbers gathered around a camp-fire in the heart of the Harz Mountains, in Germany. They had just——" A sudden click was heard in the store, followed in quick succession by two more clicks. Silence again fell on the group. The little oil lamp which had hitherto lighted the scene went out, and all was dark. Somebody struck a light, and in the glare it was found that the stranger had disappeared.

"Huh!" muttered the Hon. Jim Jenks, as he pocketed his shooting-iron: "he saved his skin this 'ere time."—*New York Sun*.

THE GUYOT SUSPENDERS.—The "King of Suspenders" is the title which the manufacturers of the celebrated Guyot shoulder-brace have given their specialty. These suspenders are comfortable, durable, light, easy, healthful, and made of the best materials. Medals have been awarded to the manufacturers at all the great Exhibitions since 1855, in bronze, silver, and gold. The suspenders are retailed at fifty cents. Messrs. Ostheimer Brothers, Philadelphia and New York, have now the exclusive agency for the "Guyot" in the United States and Canada.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

ASSURES

HEALTH

AND

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TO THE

BRAIN

AND


NERVES.

Prepared according to Prof. Percy's formula. Is the original and only preparation of the Hypophosphites from animal and vegetable tissue, the most powerful restorer of the Vital forces.

Especially recommended for Brain Exhaustion, Nervous Prostration, Impaired Vitality, and all forms of Nervous Disease. It directly feeds the Brain and Nerves, Restores Lost Vigor, Sustains Mental and Physical Powers, Prevents Nervous Prostration and Premature Age.

It is invaluable in convalescence from fevers or prostrating diseases, in Bronchitis, and as a Preventive of Consumption. Pamphlet, with testimonials from leading Physicians, eminent Clergy and Educators, sent free. For sale by druggists. Sent by mail (\$1) from 56 West 25th Street, New York.

There are numerous imitations and substitutes.

None genuine without this signature printed on the label, 

F. Crosby Co.

"I look upon a man's wife and children as his preferred creditors. Their claims take precedence by reason of a prior attachment."—REV. H. L. WAYLAND, D.D.

THE law of Pennsylvania as it affects the life insurance companies of that State—no matter where they transact business—confirms the reverend gentleman's opinion. Legal sanction is given to what he declares is morally right. Any money invested in life insurance for the protection of the family is beyond the reach of creditors, should the investor subsequently become insolvent.

It is not so in other States. In New York, for an instance, \$500 per year is the limit of payment which one may make for the benefit of the family, and there are similar laws in several other States.

The moral is obvious.

There are just two legitimate, reserve-maintaining life companies chartered by the State of Pennsylvania actively engaged in business.

The one which affords you the foregoing information, and pays for the privilege of so doing, asks for serious consideration of its claims before effecting your insurance elsewhere.

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE,
921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Send for publications.

HOW TO COOK VEGETABLES.—We have received from W. Atlee Burpee & Co., seedsmen, Philadelphia, Pa., a copy of a new book with the above title, written by Mrs. S. T. Rorer, Principal of the Philadelphia Cooking School. It is a book of one hundred and eighty-two pages, neatly bound, and is the first to treat comprehensively on the important subject of its title. It gives numerous receipts for the cooking of vegetables of all varieties in every style, many of which will be new even to the most experienced housewives. As an illustration of how thoroughly the subject is treated, we would mention that it gives forty ways of cooking potatoes, twenty-six of tomatoes, and twenty-two of corn, twenty-eight ways of making soups, and thirty-seven receipts for salads. Besides how to cook vegetables, it also tells numerous ways of pickling,—how to preserve,—how to can for winter use, as well as how to serve vegetables cold. Altogether, it will be gladly welcomed by thousands of housewives, among whom Mrs. Rorer is an acknowledged authority.

"How to Cook Vegetables" is not published for sale, but is given as a premium on seed orders by the publishers, W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

HOW THREAD CAME TO HAVE NUMBERS.—The seamstress, whether she wants No. 30, or 40, or 120 thread, knows from the number just what kind of sewing it can be used for. When eight hundred and forty yards of yarn weigh seven thousand grains, a pound of cotton, the thread-makers mark it No. 1. If eighteen hundred and sixty yards weigh a pound, it is marked No. 2. For No. 50 yarn it would take fifty multiplied by four hundred and eighty-nine to weigh a pound. This is the whole explanation of the yard measurement as used by the spool-cotton manufacturers. The early-manufactured thread was of three-cord, the number being derived from the number of yards to the pound, just as it is to-day. No. 60 yarn made No. 60 thread, though, in point of fact, the actual calibre of No. 60 thread would equal No. 20 yarn, being made of three No. 20 strands twisted together. When the sewing-machine came into the market as a great thread-consumer, unreasoning in its work and inexorable in its demands for mechanical accuracy, six-cord cotton had to be made in place of the old and rougher three-cord, it being much smoother. As thread numbers were already established, they were not altered for the new article, and No. 60 six-cord and No. 60 three-cord were left identical in both size and number. To effect this the six-cord had to be made of yarn twice as fine as that demanded in making the three-cord variety. The No. 60 cord is made of six strands of No. 120 yarn. The three-cord spool-cotton is of the same number as the yarn is made of. Six-cord spool-cotton is always made from double its number. Thread is a simple thing, but, simple as it is, there are two thousand kinds of it, and each kind goes through hundreds of different processes.—*The Dry-Goods Review*.

A "SAFETY" TO BOYS AND GIRLS FREE.—We desire to call the special attention of the boys and girls, readers of this magazine, to the advertisement of the Western Pearl Company in another part of the magazine. They are giving away bicycles to boys and girls under eighteen years of age on very easy conditions. The company are reliable and will do as they agree. For further particulars, see their advertisement.

Forty years ago almost every mother thought her child must have paregoric or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a few drops too many of them will produce the sleep from which there is no waking. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum, and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is "*A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which, in poisonous doses, produces stupor, coma, convulsions, and death.*" The taste and smell of opium medicines are disguised, and sold under the names of "Bateman's Drops," "Godfrey's Cordial," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician knows of what it is composed.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
—H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.



"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."—ALEX. ROBERTSON, M.D., 1057 Second Avenue, New York.

"From personal knowledge I can say that Castoria is a most excellent medicine for children."—DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria promotes Digestion, assists Teething, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH-POWDER.—Keeps teeth perfect and gums healthy. Orris and Wintergreen. Pink and white colors. Always used when once tried. For sale at all druggists', and 224 William Street, New York.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Remedy for Gout and Rheumatism. Sure, prompt, and effective. Large box 34, small 14 Pills. For sale at all druggists', and 224 William Street, New York.

BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



MILITARY TACTICS OF ANIMALS.—Indian wolves have been seen to leave some of their number in ambush at points on the edge of the jungle, while others drove in antelopes feeding in the open ground beyond. But wolves, as a rule, hunt alone, or in families, except when pressed by hunger. Wild dogs, however, habitually combine to hunt, and Baldwin, in his "Game of Bengal," mentions a case of four or five martens hunting a fawn of the "muntjac," or barking deer.

But in real military organization and strategy monkeys are far ahead of all other animals, and notably the different kinds of baboon. Mansfield Parkins gives an excellent account of the tactics of the dog-faced hamadryads that lived in large colonies in the cracks in the cliffs of the Abyssinian mountains. These creatures used occasionally to plan a foraging expedition into the plain below, and the order of the attack was most carefully organized, the old males marching in front and on the flanks, with a few to close up the rear and keep the rest in order. They had a code of signals, halting or advancing according to the barks of the scouts. When they reached the cornfields, the main body plundered, while the old males watched on all sides, but took nothing for themselves. The others stowed the corn in their cheek-pouches and under their arm-pits. They are also said to dig wells with their hands and work in relays.

The gelada baboons sometimes have battles with the hamadryads, especially when the two species have a mind to rob the same field, and, if fighting in the hills, will roll stones onto their enemies. Not long ago a colony of gelada baboons, which had been fired at by some black soldiers attending a duke of Coburg-Gotha on a hunting expedition on the borders of Abyssinia, blocked a pass for some days by rolling rocks on all comers.—*The Spectator*.

A BIG SIDE-SHOW.—"The Man that eat the live Cock at Islington, and another since, on the 15th of June last, at Stand-up Dick's at Newington Butts, near the Borough of Southwark, is to eat another there on Tuesday next, being St. James's Day, with the Feathers, Bones, and Garbage. Any person may see it performed, paying but 2d. for their admittance."—*Flying Post*, July 20-22, 1699.

JAPANESE ENGLISH.—A firm dealing in fishing-tackle, having sent a circular to a merchant in Tokio, Japan, received the following communication :

"DEAR SIR IN YOURS: We should present to your company the bamboo fishing-rod, a net-basket, and a reel, as we have just convenience; all those were very rough and simple to you laughing for your kind reply which you sent us the catalogue of fishing-tackles last, etc. Wishing we that now at Japan there it was not in prevailing fish gaming, but fishermen, in scarcely there now, but we do not measure how the progression of the germ of the fishing game beforehand. Therefore we may yield of feeling to restock in my store, your country's fishing-tackle, etc. Should you have the kindness to send a such farther country's even in a few partake when we send the money in ordering of them, should you? I am yours, yours truly, —."

It would appear that the writer, through a "yielding of feeling,"—whatever that may be,—is inclined to give an order. Also, he hopes for a development of sport in the form of "fishing game" in Japan.—*All the Year Round*.

QUINA-LAROCHE.—This preparation has for its basis a combination of all the principles of the best cinchonas with a rich special wine; not, like many mixtures, an ordinary compound of drugs, but a result of laborious researches, which has won for its inventor a National Prize of 16,600 francs, and Gold Medals at the Expositions of Paris, Vienna, etc.

Quina-Laroche is *par excellence* the tonic with which to combat stomach affections, loss of appetite, mental depression, anæmia, etc. Quina-Laroche is a powerful preservative against intermittent and continued fevers rebellious to sulphate of quinine, and of exceptional value in cases of tardy convalescence; in combination with iron, is especially recommended for poorness of the blood, chlorosis, difficulties of assimilation, debility, &c. Prevents Influenza and La Grippe.



E. Fougere & Co., Agents, No. 30 North William St., New York. 22 Rue Drouot, Paris.

There are Many Kinds.

THE best are pure cream of tartar baking powders. Cleveland's is in this class and the best in the class.

There are baking powders adulterated with ammonia, palmed off, however, as cream of tartar powders.

Ammonia—everyone knows its pungent, stinging smell and its strong "eating" qualities. It is good in a soap powder, used for scouring and cleaning, but injurious in an article of food. Yet an "ammonia" baking powder trickily advertised as "absolutely pure"—but that's another item. There is no ammonia, no adulteration whatever, in Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder.

"Alum" baking powders are cheap and dear—cheap, because they are made for about four cents a pound and sold for about twenty; dear, because they do less than half as much as a strictly pure cream of tartar powder, and doubly dear, for their continued use injures the health.

There is no alum, no ammonia, no adulteration of any kind, in Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder.

Cleveland Baking Powder Co., 81 & 83 Fulton St., New York.

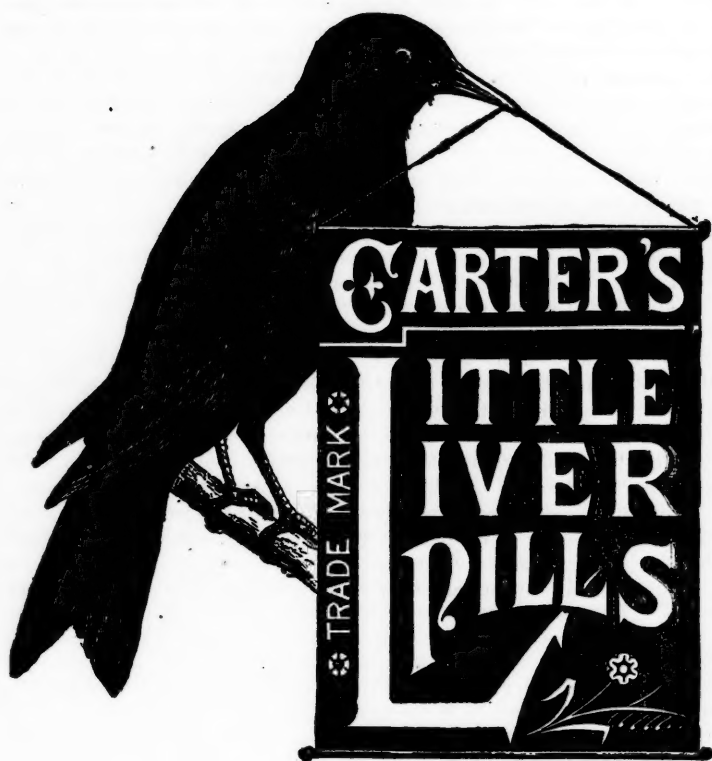
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THACKERAY AT CHARLES DICKENS'S CHILD'S PARTY.—One special party I remember, which seemed to me to go on for years, with its kind, gay hospitality, its music, its streams of children passing and repassing. We were a little shy coming in alone in all the consciousness of new shoes and ribbons, but Mrs. Dickens called us to sit beside her till the long sweeping dance was over, and talked to us as if we were grown up, which is always flattering to little girls. Then Miss Hogarth found us partners, and we, too, formed part of the throng. I remember watching the white satin shoes and long, flowing white sashes of the little Dickens girls, who, were just about our own age, but how much more graceful and beautifully dressed! Our sashes were bright plaids of red and blue (tributes from one of our father's admirers—is it ungrateful to confess now, after all these years, that we could not bear them?), our shoes were only bronze. Shall I also own to this passing shadow, even in all that radiance? But when people are once dancing they are all equal again and happy.

Somehow after the music we all floated into a long supper-room, and I found myself sitting near the head of the table by Mr. Dickens, with another little girl much younger than myself: she wore a necklace and pretty little sausage curls all round her head. Mr. Dickens was very kind to the little girl, and presently I heard him persuading her to sing, and he put his arm round her to encourage her; and then, wonderful to say, the little girl stood up (she was little Miss Hullah), and began very shyly, trembling and blushing at first, but as she blushed and trembled she sang more and more sweetly; and then all the *jeunesse dorée*, consisting of the little Dickens boys and their friends, ranged along the supper-table, clapped and clapped, and Mr. Dickens bent down to her, smiling and thanking her. And then he made a little speech, with one hand on the table,—I think it was thanking the *jeunesse dorée* for their applause,—and they again clapped and laughed; but here my memory fails me, and everything grows very vague and like a dream.

Only this much I do remember very clearly, that we had danced and supped and danced again, and that we were all standing in a hall lighted and hung with bunches of Christmas green, and, as I have said, everything seemed altogether magnificent and important, more magnificent and important every minute, for as the evening went on more and more people kept arriving. The hall was crowded, and the broad staircase was lined with little boys,—thousands of little boys,—whose heads and legs and arms were waving about together. They were making a great noise, and talking and shouting, and the eldest son of the house seemed to be marshalling them. Presently their noise became a cheer, and then another, and we looked up and saw that our own father had come to fetch us, and that his white head was there above the others; then came a third final ringing cheer, and some one went up to him—it was Mr. Dickens himself—and laughed, and said quickly, "That is for you!" and my father looked up surprised, pleased, touched, settled his spectacles, and nodded gravely to the little boys.—*Anne Ritchie, in Macmillan's Magazine.*

A CATALOGUE OF ROSES.—Messrs. Ellwanger & Barry, of Rochester, N.Y., the well-known florists, and owners of the celebrated Mount Hope Nurseries, have issued a descriptive catalogue of select roses, containing accurate descriptions of the best varieties, both old and new, with the years of their introduction, and also the names of their raisers. Every lover and grower of roses should possess one of these catalogues.



positively cure SICK HEADACHE. They also relieve distress from Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side.

Purely vegetable. Sugar-coated. Do not gripe or sicken. SMALL PRICE. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE.

CARTER MEDICINE Co., New York City.

THE PAPUANS.—Every foot of land with the cocoanut or mammy-apple or banana-tree, upon it belongs exclusively to some individual of the tribe, either male or female, is jealously guarded, and poaching is promptly punished, women's rights being recognized and protected strictly.

In fact, in many ways the woman is a more fortunate and valued personage than the man. For instance, a young man courts his sweetheart and must be approved by her before he attempts matrimonial negotiations. After this is settled he has to offer her parents compensation for her loss as a member of the household, which is generally a little over the equivalent of what she takes away with her. Husband and wife thus join a kind of life-partnership, in which it is strictly understood that what property she has brought with her remains hers, as his own property remains his, during their lifetime, or while they agree to live together, for they have separations and divorces also, at times, in New Guinea, in which case, if the woman goes back to her parents they have to refund her compensation to the disappointed husband, unless she can prove ill usage, in which case it is confiscated and the man has no redress.

If the couple live and die together and have children, their joint property is equally divided among the survivors. There is no eldest-son system among the Papuans so far as property is concerned.

They are an industrious race, and male and female have each their own allotted portions of work, and do not vary it in any way. For instance, perhaps half a dozen tribes are allies, one tribe devoting all its energies to market-gardening; that is, the inland tribes are mostly gardeners, while the sea-coast tribes may be pot-makers, boat-builders, net- and mat-makers, or fishers: so they hold markets and barter their different wares among each other.

Each tribe owns its own war-canoe, which has been purchased equally by every property-holder in the tribe, so that, although the chief may be captain while on the waters, he has no greater right to the Lakatoi than any one else, and if it is lost all the partners suffer in the same proportion.—*The Fortnightly Review*.

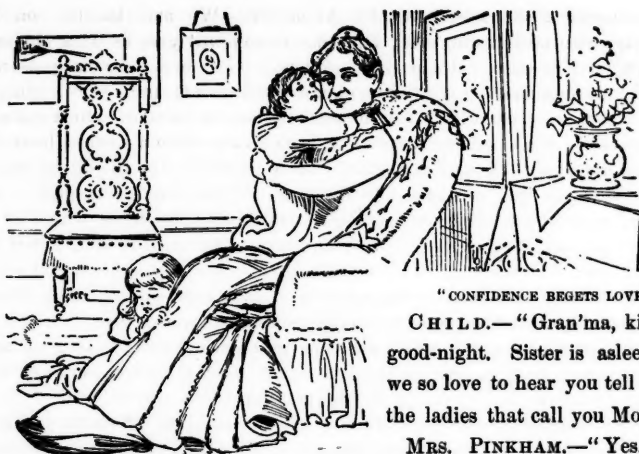
EVER THE SAME.—When Commodore Billings and Mr. Main were on the river Kahima they had for attendant a young man from Kanoga, an island between Kamschatka and North America. One day Mr. Main asked him, "What will the savages do to me if I fall into their power?"

"Sir," said the youth, "you will never fall into their power if I remain with you. I always carry a sharp knife, and if I see you pursued and unable to escape I will plunge my knife into your heart; then the savages can do nothing to you."

This recalls the words of the French knight reported by Joinville: "Swear to me," said Queen Margaret, "that if the Saracens become masters of Damietta you will cut off my head before they can take me."

"Willingly," returned the knight: "I had already thought of doing so if the contingency arrived."—*All the Year Round*.

SEED ANNUAL.—A finely illustrated catalogue for 1891, embodying much useful information for gardeners and farmers, has been issued by D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, Mich. Every one interested in the raising of vegetables or flowers should send for one of these catalogues.



"CONFIDENCE BEGETS LOVE."

CHILD.—"Gran'ma, kiss me good-night. Sister is asleep, but we so love to hear you tell of all the ladies that call you Mother."

MRS. PINKHAM.—"Yes, darling, when you are older perhaps you may do as I have done."

CHILD.—"Everybody loves you, gran'ma; I wish everybody would love me."

MRS. PINKHAM.—"Every one will love you, my child, if they can confide in you."

The above dialogue tells its own story; even the little child, without knowing why her grandmother is so universally loved, sees in her face a light of intellectual sympathy that satisfies her. That sympathy has extended itself all over the world; wherever civilized women exist, Mrs. Pinkham is known and revered. Send stamp for *Guide to Health and Etiquette*.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is the only *Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy* for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women.

It cures the worst forms of Female Complaints, subdues Faintness, Excitability, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, and strengthens and tones the Stomach. Cures Headache, General Debility, Indigestion, etc., and invigorates the whole system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex, *the Compound has no rival*.

All druggists sell it as a *standard article*, or sent by mail in the form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

THE DICTIONNAIRE GÉNÉRAL DE LA LANGUE FRANÇAISE, of MM. Hatzfeld, Darmesteter, and Thomas (Paris, Delagrave), has reached the end of its fourth fascicle, ending with the word *Brouette*. It presents the latest results of philological research, and is preceded by an instructive outline of the history of the French language. All words are respelled phonetically, and their etymology is treated on historical principles. The illustrative citations are rich and abundant.

ANCIENT FOOD AND ANCIENT APPETITE.—We may theorize on food nowadays with much astuteness; but what theory will give us back the appetites enjoyed in the good old days of yore? Our modern cooking is more refined; all manners of high flavors excite our appetite; and yet we cannot eat as they were wont to eat. It is a melancholy fact, to think of which makes us sad at heart. Here are, for instance, a few extracts from a certain household book, or diary, written by the Earl of Surrey in 1523. On the 6th of August in that year the earl, as was his habit, dined in "his lady's chamber." This was but an ordinary dinner, consisting of two messes, at one of which all the servants partook. The guests few in number. This was the simple but substantial fare: "First course—Capons boiled, and a breast of mutton and a piece of beef, chevells, a swan and a pig, a breast of veal, roast capons, and a custard. Second course—Chickens, quails, pigeons, a pasty of venison, and several tarts." But perhaps the most conclusive evidence that we can give of the good appetites prevalent in those days is the active part enacted by the ladies at table. On October 24 we find it related in the same diary that two ladies were served for their breakfast as follows: "To my lady and my Lady Wyndham, a peyse of beyf, a gooyse, a breste of veyle rost, a capon." This is decidedly good fare, we would consider it, for breakfast only.—*The Family Doctor.*

CURIOUS INSTINCT OF THE HORSE.—It is not an uncommon thing in the Argentine pampas—I have on two occasions witnessed it myself—for a riding-horse to come home or to the gate of its owner's house to die. I am speaking of riding-horses that are never doctored nor treated mercifully, that look on their master as an enemy rather than a friend,—horses that live out in the open, and that have to be hunted to the corral or enclosure, or roughly captured with a lasso as they run, when their services are required.

I retain a very vivid recollection of the first occasion of witnessing an action of this kind in a horse, although I was only a boy at the time. On going out one summer evening I saw one of the horses of the establishment standing unsaddled and unbridled, leaning his head over the gate. Going to the spot, I stroked his nose, and then, turning to an old native who happened to be near, asked him what could be the meaning of such a thing. "I think he is going to die," he answered: "horses often come to the house to die." And next morning the poor beast was found lying dead not twenty yards from the gate, although he had not appeared ill when I stroked his nose on the previous evening; but when I saw him lying there dead and remembered the old native's words it seemed to me as marvellous and inexplicable that a horse should act in that way as if some wild creature—a rhea, a fawn, or a dicotyles—had come to exhale his last breath at the gate of his enemy and constant persecutor, man.—*Longman's Magazine.*

BOUFFÉ.—"I was starving," said this great French actor, "in a small provincial town, and had been announced in the bills as 'premier comique du Gymnase.' One evening I played 'Pauvre Jacques,' and the curtain had hardly fallen, when a spectator in the pit got up from his seat and exclaimed in a very audible and indignant voice, 'They call that fellow a "comic" actor, and he never made me laugh once! Au contraire, j'ai pleuré comme un veau!'"—*All the Year Round.*

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Mme. Rowley's Toilet Mask

OR FACE GLOVE.

The following are the claims made for Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask, and the grounds on which it is recommended to ladies for Beautifying, Bleaching, and Preserving the Complexion:

1st. The Mask is soft and pliable in form, and can be easily applied and worn without discomfort or inconvenience.

2d. It is durable and does not dissolve or come asunder, but holds its original shape.

3d. It has been analyzed by eminent scientists and chemical experts and pronounced perfectly pure and harmless.

4th. With ordinary care the Mask will last for years, and its VALUABLE PROPERTIES never become impaired.

5th. The Mask is protected by letters patent, has been introduced ten years, and is the only genuine article of the kind.

6th. It is recommended by eminent physicians and scientific men as a SUBSTITUTE FOR INJURIOUS COSMETICS.

7th. The Mask is unlike the fraudulent appliances used for conveying cosmetics, etc., to the face, AS DAY IS TO NIGHT, and it bears no analogy to them.

15th. The Mask has received the testimony of well-known society and professional ladies, who proclaim it to be the greatest discovery for beautifying purposes ever offered to womankind.



The Toilet Mask or Face Glove
in position to the face.

To be worn 3 times in the week.

8th. The Mask may be worn with perfect privacy, if desired. The closest scrutiny cannot detect that it has been used.

9th. It is a natural beautifier for bleaching and preserving the skin and removing complexion imperfections.

10th. The Mask is sold at a moderate price, and one purchase ends the expense.

11th. Hundreds of dollars uselessly expended for cosmetics, lotions, and like preparations may be saved by those who possess it.

12th. Ladies in every section of the country are using the Mask with gratifying results.

13th. It is safe, simple, cleanly, and effective for beautifying purposes, and never injures the most delicate skin.

14th. While it is intended that the Mask should be worn during sleep, it may be applied, WITH EQUALLY GOOD RESULTS, at any time, to suit the convenience of the wearer.

A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIAL LETTERS:

"I am so rejoiced at having found at last an article that will indeed improve the complexion."

"Every lady who desires a faultless complexion should be provided with the Mask."

"My face is as soft and smooth as an infant's."

"I am perfectly delighted with it."

"As a medium for removing discolorations, softening and beautifying the skin, I consider it unequalled."

"It is, indeed, a perfect success—an inestimable treasure."

"I find it removes freckles, tan, sunburn, and gives the complexion a soft, smooth surface."

"I have worn the mask but two weeks, and am amazed at the change it has made in my appearance."

"The Mask certainly acts upon the skin with a mild and beneficial result, making it smoother and clearer, and seeming to remove pimples, irritation, etc., with each application."

"For softening and beautifying the skin there is nothing to compare with it."

"Your invention cannot fail to supersede everything that is used for beautifying purposes."

COMPLEXION BLEMISHES

may be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the TOILET MASK. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanish from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant, and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little, and saves its user money. It prevents and REMOVES

WRINKLES,

and is both a complexion preserver and beautifier. Famous society ladies, actresses, belles, etc., use it. VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, with proofs and full particulars, mailed free by

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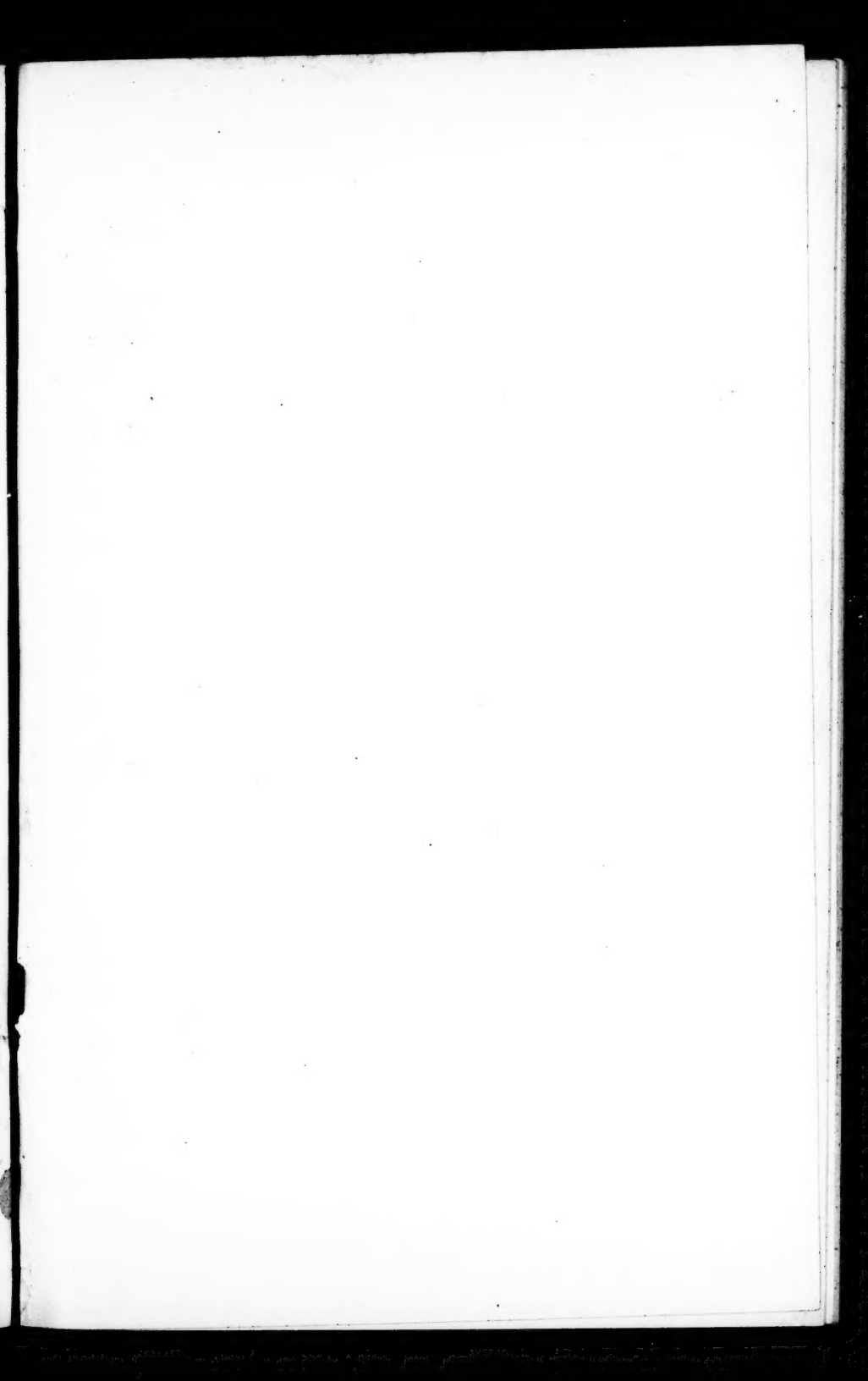
Apply now, while you have our address before you, as this advertisement appears only occasionally. Please mention "Lippincott's Magazine."

ITALIAN FINANCES.—In the budget of 1881, the last year of political neutrality, the expenditure, ordinary and extraordinary, of the kingdom was 1,229,578,938 lire (little more than £49,000,000). In 1889, the eighth year of the policy of alliances, the ordinary and extraordinary expenses were 1,740,578,938 lire (nearly £70,000,000). The treasury is therefore actually burdened with an outlay of over £20,000,000 more than when Italy did not swerve from her neutral policy, and thus the policy of alliances has augmented the charge on the tax-payers by forty per cent. In 1881 the policy of neutrality enabled the government to announce a surplus of 51,000,000 lire (£2,000,000); in 1888–89 the system of alliances added to previous deficits a new one of 230,000,000 lire (£9,000,000).

Nor is this all. While the tax-payer finds the State vastly more exacting, the capacity to meet its fiscal demands decreases. A fatal truckling to the views of Germany, which is interested in keeping up bad blood between France and Italy, has led the Italian government to break off the commercial relations between the two countries. On this head the injury done is extremely grave, as the customs statistics from the first year of the tariff war establish. In 1887 the exports of Italy amounted to 1,109,659,531 lire. In 1888 they had fallen to 967,412,939 lire, thus showing a falling off of 142,246,592 lire; and in 1889 of 150,000,000 lire (£6,000,000), the exports then only amounting to 950,645,760 lire. One may easily imagine what distress this falling off of more than an eighth of the exports must have brought about in numberless industrial families.

But the rupture of commercial relations, having taken place under conditions which led to political irritation, had still graver consequences in the ruin of public credit. The French money-market, which from time immemorial had been that on which Italian finance chiefly leaned, was suddenly closed. Italian paper ceased to be negotiable and commercial bills to be discounted. Hence the extreme difficulty which the state has had in tiding over its difficulties by means of financial expedients. Hence, also, the stoppage of a great number of industries which depended upon credit given by French discount banks. Foremost among these industries is the building trade, the cessation of which has thrown numberless bread-winners out of employment and brought the plague of pauperism, with attendant starvation, on so many Italian cities. What can be more heart-rending than the sight, for instance, in the capital of whole districts covered with half-finished houses which were to have been splendid habitations, but are now beginning to look like ruins! Never, perhaps, was costly architecture so quickly or so strikingly reduced to a state of ruin as in the splendid neighborhoods of the Villa Ludovisi, the Porta Salaria, the Porta Pia, and the Prati di Castello, each of which is a town of grandiose mansions, doorless, windowless, and roofless.—*The Contemporary Review*.

THE OLDEST EPITAPH.—The oldest epitaph in English, which is found in a church-yard in Oxfordshire and dates from the year 1370, to modern readers would be unintelligible, not only from its antique typography but from its obsolete language, the first two lines of which run as follows and may be taken as a sample of the whole: "Man com & se how schal alle dede be: wen yow comes bad & bare: noth hav ven we away fare: all ys werines yt ve for care." The modern reading would be, "Man come and see how shall all dead be, when you come poor and bare; nothing have when we away fare: all is weariness that we for care."—*The Cornhill Magazine*.





MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.

A

DAUGHTER'S HEART.

BY

MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A GRASS COUNTRY," "A LOST WIFE," "THE COST OF A LIE,"
"THIS WICKED WORLD," ETC.

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